POEMS OF
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

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POEMS OF

Gerard Manley Hopkins

THIRD EDITION

The First Edition

with Preface and Notes

by

ROBERT BRIDGES

Enlarged and Edited

with Notes

and a

Biographical Introduction

by

W. H. GARDNER

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I AM indebted to Mrs. Elizabeth Daryush, who helped me to collate certain of the earlier Oxford poems with later versions in the manuscript called A, and who has kindly allowed me to print from that book the renderings into Latin and Greek of certain of Shakespeare's songs. The poems and fragments from the poet's early note-books (now at Campion Hall) are included by kind permission of the Very Rev. Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J.

My thanks are also due to the following, who have given generously of their time and expert knowledge: Sir Idris Bell and Mr. T. Parry (for help in connexion with the Welsh poems); Fr. Vincent Turner, S.J., Professor C. Colleer Abbott, and Mr. R. L. Brigden (for similar services with regard to the poems in Latin and Greek); Fr. T. Corbishley, S.J., and Mr. E. L. Hillman (for valuable suggestions incorporated in the Notes).

In February 1947 Fr. Anthony Bischoff, S.J., discovered at Farm Street the autographs of several more poems, and it is through his kindness and by leave of the Jesuit Provincial that this new material has been included in the present edition. My greatest debt, however, is to Mr. Humphry House, whose researches into the poet's early life have supplied me with much new or more precise information, and whose critical proof-reading has been most helpful.

Finally I must thank Messrs. Secker & Warburg Ltd., who have allowed me to quote *passim* from my *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, vol. i.

W. H. G.

FOREWORD TO FIFTH IMPRESSION

In this new impression nine additional poems and fragments (five of them hitherto unpublished) have been placed in a supplement, so as not to disturb the original pagination, which is essential to facilitate references from other books by or about Hopkins.

Thanks are due to Fr. Anthony Bischoff, S.J., who supplied the texts for Additional Poems, Nos. 7, 8, and 9; to Mr. A. H. B. Coleridge for permission to print Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and to the late Mr. Humphry House and to Fr. T. Corbishley, S.J., for help in checking the texts of Nos. 4, 5, and 6.

In two places (see poems Nos. 36 and 50), I have restored what seems to have been the poet's final intention. In making a number of small additions and corrections to the Notes, I have gratefully availed myself of lights or corroborative suggestions received from other commentators, and particularly Fr. W. A. M. Peters, S.J., Fr. R. V. Schoder, S.J., Mr. James Reeves, and Mr. Geoffrey Grigson.

W. H. G.

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Poems of

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

CATHARINAE

HVNC LIBRVM

QVI FILII EIVS CARISSIMI

POETAE DEBITAM INGENIO LAVDEM EXPECTANTIS

SERVM TAMEN MONVMENTVM ESSET

ANNVM AETATIS XCVIII AGENTI

VETERIS AMICITIAE PIGNVS

D D D

R B

Our generation already is overpast,
And thy lov'd legacy, Gerard, hath lain
Coy in my home; as once thy heart was fain
Of shelter, when God's terror held thee fast
In life's wild wood at Beauty and Sorrow aghast;
Thy sainted sense trammel'd in ghostly pain,
Thy rare ill-broker'd talent in disdain:
Yet love of Christ will win man's love at last.

Hell wars without; but, dear, the while my hands
Gather'd thy book, I heard, this wintry day,
Thy spirit thank me, in his young delight
Stepping again upon the yellow sands.
Go forth: amidst our chaffinch flock display
Thy plumage of far wonder and heavenward flight!

Chilswell, Jan. 1918.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE poems in this book[1] are written some in Running Rhythm, the common rhythm in English use, some in Sprung Rhythm, and some in a mixture of the two. And those in the common rhythm are some counterpointed, some not.

Common English rhythm, called Running Rhythm[2] above, is measured by feet of either two or three syllables and (putting aside the imperfect feet at the beginning and end of lines and also some unusual measures, in which feet seem to be paired together and double or composite feet to arise) never more or less.

Every foot has one principal stress or accent, and this or the syllable it falls on may be called the Stress of the foot and the other part, the one or two unaccented syllables, the Slack.[3] Feet (and the rhythms made out of them) in which the stress comes first are called Falling Feet and Falling Rhythms, feet and rhythm in which the slack comes first are called Rising Feet and Rhythms, and if the stress is between two slacks there will be Rocking Feet and Rhythms. These distinctions are real and true to nature; but for purposes of scanning it is a great convenience to follow the example of music and take the stress always first, as the accent or the chief accent always

[1] That is, the MS. described in the first Editor's preface as B. This preface does not apply to the Early Poems.

[2] G. M. H. used also the term 'Standard Rhythm': see notes to Nos. 31, 32, &c.

[3] In the following footnotes (and *Notes* to the poems) the Stress = (/) and the Slack = (×) or (×× &c.).

comes first in a musical bar. If this is done there will be in common English verse only two possible feet—the so-called accentual Trochee and Dactyl, and correspondingly only two possible uniform rhythms, the so-called Trochaic and Dactylic. But they may be mixed and then what the Greeks called a Logaoedic Rhythm arises.[1] These are the facts and according to these the scanning of ordinary regularly-written English verse is very simple indeed and to bring in other principles is here unnecessary.

But because verse written strictly in these feet and by these principles will become same and tame the poets have brought in licences and departures from rule to give variety, and especially when the natural rhythm is rising, as in the common ten-syllable or five-foot verse, rhymed or blank. These irregularities are chiefly Reversed Feet and Reversed or Counterpoint Rhythm, which two things are two steps or degrees of licence in the same kind. By a reversed foot I mean the putting the stress where, to judge by the rest of the measure, the slack should be and the slack where the stress, and this is done freely at the beginning of a line and, in the course of a line, after a pause; only scarcely ever in the second foot or place and never in the last, unless when the poet designs some extraordinary effect; for these places are characteristic and sensitive and cannot well be touched. But the reversal of the first foot and of some middle foot after a strong pause is a thing so natural that our poets have generally done it, from Chaucer down, without remark and it commonly passes unnoticed and cannot be said to amount to a formal change of rhythm, but

[1] e.g. in Swinburne's famous *Atalanta* chorus and G. M. H.'s imitation of it in No. 26:

× ×⁝/ × | / × × | / × | / ×
'When a sister, born for each strong month-brother,' (l. 1).

rather is that irregularity which all natural growth and motion shews. If however the reversal is repeated in two feet running, especially so as to include the sensitive second foot, it must be due either to great want of ear or else is a calculated effect, the superinducing or *mounting* of a new rhythm upon the old; and since the new or mounted rhythm is actually heard and at the same time the mind naturally supplies the natural or standard foregoing rhythm, for we do not forget what the rhythm is that by rights we should be hearing, two rhythms are in some manner running at once and we have something answerable to counterpoint in music, which is two or more strains of tune going on together, and this is Counterpoint Rhythm.[1] Of this kind of verse Milton is the great master and the choruses of *Samson Agonistes* are written throughout in it—but with the disadvantage that he does not let the reader clearly know what the ground-rhythm is meant to be and so they have struck most readers as merely irregular. And in fact if you counterpoint throughout, since one only of the counter rhythms is actually heard, the other is really destroyed or cannot come to exist, and what is written is one rhythm only and probably Sprung Rhythm, of which I now speak.

Sprung Rhythm, as used in this book, is measured by feet of from one to four syllables, regularly, and for particular effects any number of weak or slack syllables may be used. It has one stress, which falls on the only syllable, if there is only one, or, if there are more, then scanning as above, on the first, and so gives rise to four sorts of feet, a monosyllable and the so-called

[1] First heard in *God's Grandeur*:

/ × | / × | × / | × / × /
'Generations have trod, have trod, have trod,' (l. 5). See note to No. 31, and below, p. 9.

accentual Trochee, Dactyl, and the First Paeon.[1] And there will be four corresponding natural rhythms; but nominally the feet are mixed and any one may follow any other. And hence Sprung Rhythm differs from Running Rhythm in having or being only one nominal rhythm, a mixed or 'logaoedic' one, instead of three, but on the other hand in having twice the flexibility of foot, so that any two stresses may either follow one another running or be divided by one, two, or three slack syllables. But strict Sprung Rhythm cannot be counterpointed. In Sprung Rhythm, as in logaoedic rhythm generally, the feet are assumed to be equally long or strong and their seeming inequality is made up by pause or stressing.

Remark also that it is natural in Sprung Rhythm for the lines to be *rove over*,[2] that is for the scanning of each line immediately to take up that of the one before, so that if the first has one or more syllables at its end the other must have so many the less at its beginning; and in fact the scanning runs on without break from the beginning, say, of a stanza to the end and all the stanza is one long strain, though written in lines asunder.

Two licences are natural to Sprung Rhythm. The one is rests, as in music; but of this an example is scarcely to be found

[1] e.g. in 'The Wreck of the Deutschland':

(*a*) Monosyllabic feet:

```
   × ⋮  /   |   /   |   /    || ×    × ⋮  /  |   /  |   /
 'The  sour  scythe  cringe,  and the blear share come,' (xi. 8).
```

(*b*) Paeons:

```
   /  ×   ×   ×  |   /    ×     ×   ×|   /     ×   ||  ×  ×
 'Startle the poor  sheep back!  is the  shipwrack  then a
  ⋮ /   ×     × |  /    ×    ×  ×   ×|  /    ×    ×
   harvest, does  tempest carry the  grain for thee?' (xxxi. 8).
```

In both lines the caesura really breaks the third foot. Note the extended fifth foot in (*b*) and cf. line 6 of the same stanza. See notes to No. 28.

[2] See R. B.'s note on p. 210.

in this book, unless in the *Echos*, second line.[1] The other is *hangers* or *outrides*, that is one, two, or three slack syllables added to a foot and not counting in the nominal scanning. They are so called because they seem to hang below the line or ride forward or backward from it in another dimension than the line itself, according to a principle needless to explain here.[2] These outriding half feet or hangers are marked by a loop underneath them, and plenty of them will be found.

The other marks are easily understood, namely accents, where the reader might be in doubt which syllable should have the stress; slurs, that is loops *over* syllables, to tie them together into the time of one; little loops at the end of a line to shew that the rhyme goes on to the first letter of the next line; what in music are called pauses ⌒, to shew that the syllable should be dwelt on; and twirls ~, to mark reversed or counterpointed rhythm.[3]

Note on the nature and history of Sprung Rhythm—Sprung Rhythm is the most natural of things. For (1) it is the rhythm of common speech and of written prose, when rhythm is perceived in them. (2) It is the rhythm of all but the most monotonously regular music, so that in the words of choruses and refrains and in songs written closely to music it arises. (3) It is found in nursery rhymes, weather saws, and so on; because, however these may have been once made in running rhythm, the terminations having dropped off by the change

[1] No. 59; but see also the first line of No. 62.

[2] Further explained in G. M. H.'s note to No. 38 (below, p. 229). For examples of outrides see notes to Nos. 36, 38, 39, &c. An historical exposition is given in my *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, vol. i, pp. 84–90.

[3] Illustrations of these marks and others are given below in notes to No. 67. For the 'little loops' to indicate linked rhyme see note to No. 28, st. xiv. 3–4. The mark ~ given above is a mistake: it should be ⌣. G. M. H. frequently confused these two signs (cf. *Letters to R. B.*, p. 43).

of language, the stresses come together and so the rhythm is sprung. (4) It arises in common verse when reversed or counterpointed, for the same reason.

But nevertheless in spite of all this and though Greek and Latin lyric verse, which is well known, and the old English verse seen in 'Pierce Ploughman' are in sprung rhythm, it has in fact ceased to be used since the Elizabethan age, Greene being the last writer who can be said to have recognized it. For perhaps there was not, down to our days, a single, even short, poem in English in which sprung rhythm is employed—not for single effects or in fixed places—but as the governing principle of the scansion. I say this because the contrary has been asserted: if it is otherwise the poem should be cited.

Some of the sonnets in this book[1] are in five-foot, some in six-foot or Alexandrine lines.

Nos. 13 and 22[2] are Curtal-Sonnets, that is they are constructed in proportions resembling those of the sonnet proper, namely, 6+4 instead of 8+6, with however a halfline tailpiece (so that the equation is rather $\frac{12}{2}+\frac{9}{2}=\frac{21}{2}=10\frac{1}{2}$).

[1] See above, p. 5, note 1.

[2] Nos. 37 and 46 in the present edition.

EARLY POEMS

(1860–1875?)

EARLY POEMS
(1860–1875?)

I

The Escorial

Βάτραχος δὲ ποτ' ἀκρίδας ὥς τις ἐρίσδω

I

THERE is a massy pile above the waste
Amongst Castilian barrens mountain-bound;
A sombre length of grey; four towers placed
At corners flank the stretching compass round;
A pious work with threefold purpose crown'd—
A cloister'd convent first, the proudest home
Of those who strove God's gospel to confound
With barren rigour and a frigid gloom—
Hard by a royal palace and a royal tomb.

2

They tell its story thus; amidst the heat
Of battle once upon St. Lawrence' day
Philip took oath, while glory or defeat
Hung in the swaying of the fierce melée,
'So I am victor now, I swear to pay
The richest gift St. Lawrence ever bore,
When chiefs and monarchs came their gifts to lay
Upon his altar, and with rarest store
To deck and make most lordly evermore.'

3

For that staunch saint still prais'd his Master's name
While his crack'd flesh lay hissing on the grate;
Then fail'd the tongue; the poor collapsing frame,
Hung like a wreck that flames not billows beat—
So, grown fantastic in his piety,
Philip, supposing that the gift most meet,
The sculptured image of such faith would be,
Uprais'd an emblem of that fiery constancy.

4

He rais'd the convent as a monstrous grate;
The cloisters cross'd with equal courts betwixt
Formed bars of stone; beyond in stiffen'd state
The stretching palace lay as handle fix'd.
Then laver'd founts and postur'd stone he mix'd
—Before the sepulchre there stood a gate,
A faithful guard of inner darkness fix'd—
But open'd twice, in life and death, to state,
To newborn prince, and royal corse inanimate.

5

While from the pulpit in a heretic land
Ranters screamed rank rebellion, this should be
A fortress of true faith and central stand
Whence with the scourge of ready piety
Legates might rush, zeal-rampant, fiery,
*Upon the stubborn Fleming; and the rod
Of forc'd persuasion issue o'er the free.—
For, where the martyr's bones were thickest trod,
They shrive themselves and cry, 'Good service to our God.'

6

No finish'd proof was this of Gothic grace
With flowing tracery engemming rays
Of colour in high casements face to face;
And foliag'd crownals (pointing how the ways
Of art best follow nature) in a maze
Of finish'd diapers, that fills the eye
And scarcely traces where one beauty strays
And melts amidst another; ciel'd on high
With blazon'd groins, and crowned with hues of majesty.

7

This was no classic temple order'd round
With massy pillars of the Doric mood
Broad-fluted, nor with shafts acanthus-crown'd,
Pourtray'd along the frieze with Titan's brood
That battled Gods for heaven; brilliant-hued,*
With golden fillets and rich blazonry,
Wherein beneath the cornice, horsemen rode†
With form divine, a fiery chivalry—
Triumph of airy grace and perfect harmony.

8

*Fair relics too the changeful Moor had left
Splendid with phantasies aerial,
Of mazy shape and hue, but now bereft
By conqu'rors rude of honour: and not all
Unmindful of their grace, the Escorial
Arose in gloom, a solemn mockery
Of those gilt webs that languish'd in a fall.
This to remotest ages was to be
The pride of faith, and home of sternest piety.

9

. . . .

10

The rang'd long corridors and cornic'd halls,
And damasqu'd arms and foliag'd carving piled—
With painting gleamed the rich pilaster'd walls—
*There play'd the virgin mother with her Child
In some broad palmy mead, and saintly smiled,
And held a cross of flowers in purple bloom;
†He, where the crownals droop'd, himself reviled
And bleeding saw.—There hung from room to room
The skill of dreamy Claude, and Titian's mellow gloom.

11

There in some‡ darken'd landscape Paris fair
Stretches the envied fruit with fatal smile
To golden-girdled Cypris;—Ceres there
Raves through Sicilian pastures many a mile
¶But, hapless youth, Antinous the while
Gazes aslant his shoulder, viewing nigh
Where Phoebus weeps for him whom Zephyr's guile
||Chang'd to a flower; and there, with placid eye
§Apollo views the smitten Python writhe and die.

. . . .

12

Then through the afternoon the summer beam
Slop'd on the galleries; upon the wall
Rich Titians faded; in the straying gleam
The motes in ceaseless eddy shine and fall

Into the cooling gloom; till slowly all
Dimm'd in the long accumulated dust;
Pendant in formal line from cornice tall
*Blades of Milan in circles rang'd, grew rust
And silver damasqu'd plates obscured in age's crust.

13

†But from the mountain glens in autumn late
Adown the clattering gullies swept the rain;
The driving storm at hour of vespers beat
Upon the mould'ring terraces amain;
The Altar-tapers flar'd in gusts; in vain
Louder the monks dron'd out Gregorians slow;
Afar in corridors with painèd strain
Doors slamm'd to the blasts continually; more low,
Then pass'd the wind, and sobb'd with mountain-echo'd woe.

14

Next morn a peasant from the mountain side
Came midst the drizzle telling how last night
Two mazèd shepherds perished in the tide;
But further down the valley, left and right,
Down-splinter'd rocks crush'd cottages.—Drear sight,
An endless round of dead'ning solitude:
Till (fearing ravage worse than in his flight,)
What time the baffled Frank swept back pursu'd
Fell on the palace, and the lust of rabble rude!

15

Since trampled Spain by royal discord torn
Lay bleeding, to Madrid the last they bore,
The choicest remnants thence;—such home forlorn
The monks left long ago: since which no more

Eighth wonder of the earth, in size, in store
And art and beauty: Title now too full—
More wondrous to have borne such hope before
It seems; for grandeur barren left and dull
Than changeful pomp of courts in age more wonderful.

2

A Vision of the Mermaids

ROWING, I reach'd a rock—the sea was low—
Which the tides cover in their overflow,
Marking the spot, when they have gurgled o'er,
With a thin floating veil of water hoar.
A mile astern lay the blue shores away;
And it was at the setting of the day.
Plum-purple was the west; but spikes of light
Spear'd open lustrous gashes, crimson-white;
(Where the eye fix'd, fled the encrimsoning spot,
And, gathering, floated where the gaze was not;)
And through their parting lids there came and went
Keen glimpses of the inner firmament:
Fair beds they seem'd of water-lily flakes
Clustering entrancingly in beryl lakes:
Anon, across their swimming splendour strook,
An intense line of throbbing blood-light shook
A quivering pennon; then, for eye too keen,
Ebb'd back beneath its snowy lids, unseen.
Now all things rosy turn'd: the west had grown
To an orb'd rose, which, by hot pantings blown
Apart, betwixt ten thousand petall'd lips

By interchange gasp'd splendour and eclipse.
The zenith melted to a rose of air;
The waves were rosy-lipp'd; the crimson glare
Shower'd the cliffs and every fret and spire
With garnet wreaths and blooms of rosy-budded fire.
Then, looking on the waters, I was ware
Of something drifting through delighted air,
—An isle of roses,—and another near;—
And more, on each hand, thicken, and appear
In shoals of bloom; as in unpeopled skies,
Save by two stars, more crowding lights arise,
And planets bud where'er we turn our mazèd eyes.
I gazed unhinder'd: Mermaids six or seven,
Ris'n from the deeps to gaze on sun and heaven,
Cluster'd in troops and halo'd by the light,
Those Cyclads made that thicken'd on my sight.
This was their manner: one translucent crest
Of tremulous film, more subtle than the vest
Of dewy gorse blurr'd with the gossamer fine,
From crown to tail-fin floating, fringed the spine,
Droop'd o'er the brows like Hector's casque, and sway'd
In silken undulation, spurr'd and ray'd
With spikèd quills all of intensest hue;
And was as tho' some sapphire molten-blue
Were vein'd and streak'd with dusk-deep lazuli,
Or tender pinks with bloody Tyrian dye.
From their white waists a silver skirt was spread
To mantle o'er the tail, such as is shed
Around the Water-Nymphs in fretted falls,
At red Pompeii on medallion'd walls.
A tinted fin on either shoulder hung:

Their pansy-dark or bronzen locks were strung
With coral, shells, thick-pearlèd cords, whate'er
The abysmal Ocean hoards of strange and rare.
Some trail'd the Nautilus: or on the swell
Tugg'd the boss'd, smooth-lipp'd, giant Strombus-shell.
Some carried the sea-fan; some round the head
With lace of rosy weed were chapleted;
One bound o'er dripping gold a turquoise-gemm'd
Circlet of astral flowerets—diadem'd
Like an Assyrian prince, with buds unsheath'd
From flesh-flowers of the rock; but more were wreath'd
With the dainty-delicate fretted fringe of fingers
Of that jacinthine thing, that, where it lingers
Broiders the nets with fans of amethyst
And silver films, beneath with pearly mist,
The Glaucus cleped; others small braids encluster'd
Of glassy-clear Aeolis, metal-lustred
With growths of myriad feelers, crystalline
To show the crimson streams that inward shine,
Which, lightening o'er the body rosy-pale,
Like shiver'd rubies' dance or sheen of sapphire frail.
Then saw I sudden from the waters break
Far off a Nereid company, and shake
From wings swan-fledged a wheel of watery light
Flickering with sunny spokes, and left and right
Plunge orb'd in rainbow arcs, and trample and tread
The satin-purfled smooth to foam, and spread
Slim-pointed sea-gull plumes, and droop behind
One scarlet feather trailing to the wind;
Then, like a flock of sea-fowl mounting higher,
Thro' crimson-golden floods pass swallow'd into fire.

Soon—as when Summer of his sister Spring
Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,
And boasting 'I have fairer things than these'
Plashes amidst the billowy apple-trees
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind
With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists
Of driving vermeil-rain; and, as he lists,
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,
A glorious wanton;—all the wrecks in showers
Crowd down upon a stream, and, jostling thick
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud:
So those Mermaidens crowded to my rock,
And thicken'd, like that drifted bloom, the flock
Sun-flush'd, until it seem'd their father Sea
Had gotten him a wreath of sweet Spring-broidery.
Careless of me they sported: some would plash
The languent smooth with dimpling drops, and flash
Their filmy tails adown whose length there show'd
An azure ridge; or clouds of violet glow'd
On prankèd scale; or threads of carmine, shot
Thro' silver, gloom'd to a blood-vivid clot.
Some, diving merrily, downward drove, and gleam'd
With arm and fin; the argent bubbles stream'd
Airwards, disturb'd; and the scarce troubled sea
Gurgled, where they had sunk, melodiously.
Others with fingers white would comb among
The drenchèd hair of slabby weeds that swung
Swimming, and languish'd green upon the deep

Down that dank rock o'er which their lush long tresses
weep.
But most in a half-circle watch'd the sun;
And a sweet sadness dwelt on everyone;
I knew not why,—but know that sadness dwells
On Mermaids—whether that they ring the knells
Of seamen whelm'd in chasms of the mid-main,
As poets sing; or that it is a pain
To know the dusk depths of the ponderous sea,
The miles profound of solid green, and be
With loath'd cold fishes, far from man—or what;—
I know the sadness but the cause know not.
Then they, thus ranged, 'gan make full plaintively
A piteous Siren sweetness on the sea,
Withouten instrument, or conch, or bell,
Or stretch'd cords tunable on turtle's shell;
Only with utterance of sweet breath they sung
An antique chaunt and in an unknown tongue.
Now melting upward through the sloping scale
Swell'd the sweet strain to a melodious wail;
Now ringing clarion-clear to whence it rose
Slumber'd at last in one sweet, deep, heart-broken close.
But when the sun had lapsed to Ocean, lo
A stealthy wind crept round seeking to blow,
Linger'd, then raised the washing waves and drench'd
The floating blooms and with tide flowing quench'd
The rosy isles: so that I stole away
And gain'd thro' growing dusk the stirless bay;
White loom'd my rock, the water gurgling o'er,
Whence oft I watch but see those Mermaids now no more.

The End.

3

Winter with the Gulf Stream

The boughs, the boughs are bare enough
But earth has never felt the snow.
Frost-furred our ivies are and rough

With bills of rime the brambles shew.
The hoarse leaves crawl on hissing ground
Because the sighing wind is low.

But if the rain-blasts be unbound
And from dank feathers wring the drops
The clogged brook runs with choking sound

Kneading the mounded mire that stops
His channel under clammy coats
Of foliage fallen in the copse.

A simple passage of weak notes
Is all the winter bird dare try.
The bugle moon by daylight floats

So glassy white about the sky,
So like a berg of hyaline,
And pencilled blue so daintily,

I never saw her so divine.
But through black branches, rarely drest
In scarves of silky shot and shine,

The webbed and the watery west
Where yonder crimson fireball sits
Looks laid for feasting and for rest.

I see long reefs of violets
In beryl-covered fens so dim,
A gold-water Pactolus frets

Its brindled wharves and yellow brim,
The waxen colours weep and run,
And slendering to his burning rim

Into the flat blue mist the sun
Drops out and all our day is done.

4

Spring and Death

I HAD a dream. A wondrous thing:
It seem'd an evening in the Spring:
—A little sickness in the air
From too much fragrance everywhere:—
As I walk'd a stilly wood,
Sudden, Death before me stood:
In a hollow lush and damp,
He seem'd a dismal mirky stamp
On the flowers that were seen
His charnelhouse-grate ribs between,
And with coffin-black he barr'd the green.
'Death,' said I, 'what do you here
At this Spring season of the year?'
'I mark the flowers ere the prime
Which I may tell at Autumn-time.'

Ere I had further question made
Death was vanish'd from the glade.
Then I saw that he had bound
Many trees and flowers round
With a subtle web of black,
And that such a sable track
Lay along the grasses green
From the spot where he had been.
  But the Spring-tide pass'd the same;
Summer was as full of flame;
Autumn-time no earlier came.
And the flowers that he had tied,
As I mark'd not always died
Sooner than their mates; and yet
Their fall was fuller of regret:
  It seem'd so hard and dismal thing,
Death, to mark them in the Spring.

5

A Soliloquy of One of the Spies left in the Wilderness

WHO is this Moses? who made him, we say,
To be a judge and ruler over us?
He slew the Egyptian yesterday. To-day
    In hot sands perilous
He hides our corpses dropping by the way
    Wherein he makes us stray.

Your hands have borne the tent-poles: on you plod:
The trumpet waxes loud: tired are your feet.
Come by the flesh-pots: you shall sit unshod
    And break your pleasant meat;
And bring your offerings to a grateful god,
    And fear no law nor rod.

He feeds me with his manna every day:
My soul does loathe it and my spirit fails.
A press of wingèd things comes down this way:
    The gross flock call them quails.
Into my hand he gives a host for prey,
    Come up, Arise and slay.

Sicken'd and thicken'd by the glare of sand
Who would drink water from a stony rock?
Are all the manna-bushes in the land
    A shelter for this flock?
Behold at Elim wells on every hand
    And seventy palms there stand.

Egypt, the valley of our pleasance, there!
Most wide ye are who call this gust Simoom.
Your parchèd nostrils snuff Egyptian air,
    The comfortable gloom
After the sandfield and the unveinèd glare!
    Goshen is green and fair.

Not Goshen. Wasteful wide huge-girthèd Nile
Unbakes my pores, and streams, and makes all fresh.
I gather points of lote-flower from an isle
    Of leaves of greenest flesh
Are you sandblind? slabs of water many a mile
    Blaze on him all this while.

In beds, in gardens, in thick plots I stand,
Handle the fig, suck the full-sapp'd vine-shoot.
From easy runnels the rich-piecèd land
    I water with my foot.
Must you be gorged with proof? Did ever sand
    So trickle from your hand?

Strike cymbals, sing, eat, drink, be full of mirth.
Forget the waking trumpet, the long law.
Spread o'er the swart face of this prodigal earth.
    Not manna bring, but straw.
Here are sweet messes without price or worth,
    And never thirst or dearth.

Give us the tale of bricks as heretofore;
To knead with cool feet the clay juicy soil.
Who tread the grapes are splay'd with stripes of gore,
    And they who crush the oil
Are spatter'd. We desire the yoke we bore,
    The easy burden of yore.

* * *

Go then: I am contented here to lie.
Take Canaan with your sword and with your bow.
Rise: match your strength with monstrous Talmai
    At Kirjath-Arba: go.—
Sure, this is Nile: I sicken, I know not why,
    And faint as though to die.

6

New Readings

ALTHOUGH the letter said
On thistles that men look not grapes to gather,
I read the story rather
How soldiers platting thorns around CHRIST'S HEAD
Grapes grew and drops of wine were shed.

Though when the sower sowed,
The wingèd fowls took part, part fell in thorn,
And never turned to corn,
Part found no root upon the flinty road—
CHRIST at all hazards fruit hath shewed.

From wastes of rock He brings
Food for five thousand: on the thorns He shed
Grains from His drooping Head;
And would not have that legion of winged things
Bear Him to heaven on easeful wings.

7

HE hath abolished the old drouth,
And rivers run where all was dry,
The field is sopped with merciful dew.
He hath put a new song in my mouth,
The words are old, the purport new,
And taught my lips to quote this word
That I shall live, I shall not die,
But I shall when the shocks are stored
See the salvation of the Lord.

We meet together, you and I,
Meet in one acre of one land,
And I will turn my looks to you,
And you shall meet me with reply,
We shall be sheavèd with one band
In harvest and in garnering,
When heavenly vales so thick shall stand
With corn that they shall laugh and sing.

8

WHERE art thou friend, whom I shall never see,
Conceiving whom I must conceive amiss?
Or sunder'd from my sight in the age that is
Or far-off promise of a time to be;
Thou who canst best accept the certainty
That thou hadst borne proportion in my bliss,
That likest in me either that or this,—
Oh! even for the weakness of the plea
That I have taken to plead with,—if the sound
Of God's dear pleadings have as yet not moved thee,—
And for those virtues I in thee have found,
Who say that had I known I had approved thee,—
For these, make all the virtues to abound,—
No, but for Christ who hath foreknown and loved thee.

9

The Beginning of the End

My love is lessened and must soon be past,
I never promised such persistency
In its condition. No, the tropic tree
Has not a charter that its sap shall last
Into all seasons, though no Winter cast
The happy leafing. It is so with me:
My love is less, my love is less for thee.
I cease the mourning and the abject fast,
And rise and go about my works again
And, save by darting accidents, forget.
But ah! if you could understand how then
That *less* is heavens higher even yet
Than treble-fervent *more* of other men,
Even your unpassioned eyelids might be wet.

I must feed fancy. Show me any one
That reads or holds the astrologic lore,
And I'll pretend the credit given of yore;
And let him prove my passion was begun
In the worst hour that's measured by the sun,
With such malign conjunctions that before
No influential heaven ever wore;
That no recorded devilish thing was done
With such a seconding, nor Saturn took
Such opposition to the Lady-star
In the most murderous passage of his book;
And I'll love my distinction: Near or far
He says his science helps him not to look
At hopes so evil-heaven'd as mine are.

You see that I have come to passion's end;
This means you need not fear the storms, the cries,
That gave you vantage when you would despise:
My bankrupt heart has no more tears to spend.
Else I am well assured I should offend
With fiercer weepings of these desperate eyes
For poor love's failure than his hopeless rise.
But now I am so tired I soon shall send
Barely a sigh to thought of hopes forgone.
Is this made plain? What have I come across
That here will serve me for comparison?
The sceptic disappointment and the loss
A boy feels when the poet he pores upon
Grows less and less sweet to him, and knows no cause.

10

The Alchemist in the City

My window shows the travelling clouds,
Leaves spent, new seasons, alter'd sky,
The making and the melting crowds:
The whole world passes; I stand by.

They do not waste their meted hours,
But men and masters plan and build:
I see the crowning of their towers,
And happy promises fulfill'd.

And I—perhaps if my intent
Could count on prediluvian age,
The labours I should then have spent
Might so attain their heritage,

But now before the pot can glow
With not to be discover'd gold,
At length the bellows shall not blow;
The furnace shall at last be cold.

Yet it is now too late to heal
The incapable and cumbrous shame
Which makes me when with men I deal
More powerless than the blind or lame.

No, I should love the city less
Even than this my thankless lore;
But I desire the wilderness
Or weeded landslips of the shore.

I walk my breezy belvedere
To watch the low or levant sun,
I see the city pigeons veer,
I mark the lower swallows run

Between the tower-top and the ground
Below me in the bearing air;
Then find in the horizon-round
One spot and hunger to be there.

And then I hate the most that lore
That holds no promise of success;
Then sweetest seems the houseless shore,
Then free and kind the wilderness.

Or ancient mounds that cover bones,
Or rocks where rockdoves do repair
And trees of terebinth and stones
And silence and a gulf of air.

There on a long and squarèd height
After the sunset I would lie,
And pierce the yellow waxen light
With free long looking ere I die.

11

MYSELF unholy, from myself unholy
To the sweet living of my friends I look—
Eye greeting doves bright-counter to the rook,
Fresh brooks to salt sand-teasing waters shoaly:

And they are purer, but alas! not solely
The unquestion'd readings of a blotless book.
And so my trust, confusèd, struck, and shook
Yields to the sultry siege of melancholy.

He has a sin of mine, he its near brother,
And partly I hate, partly condone that fall.
This fault in one I found, that in another:

And so, though each have one while I have all,
No *better* serves me now, save *best*; no other
Save Christ: to Christ I look, on Christ I call.

12

To Oxford

NEW-DATED from the terms that reappear,
More sweet-familiar grows my love to thee,
And still thou bind'st me to fresh fealty
With long-superfluous ties, for nothing here

Nor elsewhere can thy sweetness unendear.
This is my park, my pleasaunce; this to me
As public is my greater privacy,
All mine, yet common to my every peer.

Those charms accepted of my inmost thought,
The towers musical, quiet-walled grove,
The window-circles, these may all be sought
By other eyes, and other suitors move,
And all like me may boast, impeached not,
Their special-general title to thy love.

Thus, I come underneath this chapel-side,
So that the mason's levels, courses, all
The vigorous horizontals, each way fall
In bows above my head, as falsified
By visual compulsion, till I hide
The steep-up roof at last behind the small
Eclipsing parapet; yet above the wall
The sumptuous ridge-crest leave to poise and ride.

None besides me this bye-ways beauty try.
Or if they try it, I am happier then:
The shapen flags and drilled holes of sky,
Just seen, may be to many unknown men
The one peculiar of their pleasured eye,
And I have only set the same to pen.

13

Easter Communion

PURE fasted faces draw unto this feast:
God comes all sweetness to your Lenten lips.
You striped in secret with breath-taking whips,
Those crooked rough-scored chequers may be pieced
To crosses meant for Jesus; you whom the East
With draught of thin and pursuant cold so nips
Breathe Easter now; you serged fellowships,
You vigil-keepers with low flames decreased,

God shall o'er-brim the measures you have spent
With oil of gladness; for sackcloth and frieze
And the ever-fretting shirt of punishment
Give myrrhy-threaded golden folds of ease.
Your scarce-sheathed bones are weary of being bent:
Lo, God shall strengthen all the feeble knees.

14

SEE how Spring opens with disabling cold,
And hunting winds and the long-lying snow.
Is it a wonder if the buds are slow?
Or where is strength to make the leaf unfold?
Chilling remembrance of my days of old
Afflicts no less, what yet I hope may blow,
That seed which the good sower once did sow,
So loading with obstruction that threshold

Which should ere now have led my feet to the field.
It is the waste done in unreticent youth
Which makes so small the promise of that yield
That I may win with late-learnt skill uncouth
From furrows of the poor and stinting weald.
Therefore how bitter, and learnt how late, the truth!

15

MY prayers must meet a brazen heaven
And fail or scatter all away.
Unclean and seeming unforgiven
My prayers I scarcely call to pray.
I cannot buoy my heart above;
Above it cannot entrance win.
I reckon precedents of love,
But feel the long success of sin.

My heaven is brass and iron my earth:
Yea iron is mingled with my clay,
So harden'd is it in this dearth
Which praying fails to do away.
Nor tears nor tears this clay uncouth
Could mould, if any tears there were.
A warfare of my lips in truth,
Battling with God, is now my prayer.

16

LET me be to Thee as the circling bird,
Or bat with tender and air-crisping wings
That shapes in half-light his departing rings,
From both of whom a changeless note is heard.
I have found my music in a common word,
Trying each pleasurable throat that sings
And every praised sequence of sweet strings,
And know infallibly which I preferred.
The authentic cadence was discovered late
Which ends those only strains that I approve,
And other science all gone out of date
And minor sweetness scarce made mention of:
I have found the dominant of my range and state—
Love, O my God, to call Thee Love and Love.

17

The Half-way House

LOVE I was shewn upon the mountain-side
And bid to catch Him ere the drop of day.
See, Love, I creep and thou on wings dost ride:
Love, it is evening now and thou away;
Love, it grows darker here and thou art above;
Love, come down to me if thy name be Love.

My national old Egyptian reed gave way;
I took of vine a cross-barred rod or rood.
Then next I hungered: Love when here, they say,
Or once or never took Love's proper food;
But I must yield the chase, or rest and eat.—
Peace and food cheered me where four rough ways meet.

Hear yet my paradox: Love, when all is given,
To see thee I must see thee, to love, love;
I must o'ertake thee at once and under heaven
If I shall overtake thee at last above.
You have your wish; enter these walls, one said:
He is with you in the breaking of the bread.

18

Barnfloor and Winepress

'And he said, If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? Out of the barnfloor, or out of the winepress?'

2 KINGS vi. 27.

THOU that on sin's wages starvest,
Behold we have the joy in harvest:
For us was gather'd the first-fruits
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,
Scourged upon the threshing-floor;
Where the upper mill-stone roof'd His head,
At morn we found the heavenly Bread,
And on a thousand Altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.

Those whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
We shout with them that tread the grapes:
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
Five ways the precious branches torn;
Terrible fruit was on the tree
In the acre of Gethsemane;

For us by Calvary's distress
The wine was rackèd from the press;
Now in our altar-vessels stored
Is the sweet Vintage of our Lord.

In Joseph's garden they threw by
The riv'n Vine, leafless, lifeless, dry:
On Easter morn the Tree was forth,
In forty days reach'd Heaven from earth;
Soon the whole world is overspread;
Ye weary, come into the shade.

The field where He has planted us
Shall shake her fruit as Libanus,
When He has sheaved us in His sheaf,
When He has made us bear His leaf.—
We scarcely call that banquet food,
But even our Saviour's and our blood,
We are so grafted on His wood.

19

For a Picture of St. Dorothea

I BEAR a basket lined with grass;
I am so light, I am so fair,
That men must wonder as I pass
And at the basket that I bear,
Where in a newly-drawn green litter
Sweet flowers I carry,—sweets for bitter.

Lilies I shew you, lilies none,
None in Caesar's gardens blow,—

And a quince in hand,—not one
Is set upon your boughs below;
Not set, because their buds not spring;
Spring not, 'cause world is wintering.

But these were found in the East and South
Where Winter is the clime forgot.—
The dewdrop on the larkspur's mouth
O should it then be quenchèd not?
In starry water-meads they drew
These drops: which be they? stars or dew?

Had she a quince in hand? Yet gaze:
Rather it is the sizing moon.
Lo, linkèd heavens with milky ways!
That was her larkspur row.—So soon?
Sphered so fast, sweet soul?—We see
Nor fruit, nor flowers, nor Dorothy.

20

Heaven-Haven

A nun takes the veil

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

21

The Nightingale

'FROM nine o'clock till morning light
The copse was never more than grey.
The darkness did not close that night
  But day passed into day.
And soon I saw it shewing new
Beyond the hurst with such a hue
As silken garden-poppies do.

'A crimson East, that bids for rain.
So from the dawn was ill begun
The day that brought my lasting pain
  And put away my sun.
But watching while the colour grew
I only feared the wet for you
Bound for the harbour and your crew.

'I did not mean to sleep, but found
I had slept a little and was chill.
And I could hear the tiniest sound,
  The morning was so still—
The bats' wings lisping as they flew
And water draining through and through
The wood: but not a dove would coo.

'You know you said the nightingale
In all our western shires was rare,
That more he shuns our special dale
  Or never lodges there:

And I had thought so hitherto—
Up till that morning's fall of dew,
And now I wish that it were true.

'For he began at once and shook
My head to hear. He might have strung
A row of ripples in the brook,
  So forcibly he sung,
The mist upon the leaves have strewed,
And danced the balls of dew that stood
In acres all above the wood.

'I thought the air must cut and strain
The windpipe when he sucked his breath
And when he turned it back again
  The music must be death.
With not a thing to make me fear,
A singing bird in morning clear
To me was terrible to hear.

'Yet as he changed his mighty stops
Betweens I heard the water still
All down the stair-way of the copse
  And churning in the mill.
But that sweet sound which I preferred,
Your passing steps, I never heard
For warbling of the warbling bird.'

Thus Frances sighed at home, while Luke
Made headway in the frothy deep.
She listened how the sea-gust shook
  And then lay back to sleep.

While he was washing from on deck
She pillowing low her lily neck
Timed her sad visions with his wreck.

22

Nondum

'Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.'
IS. xlv. 15.

God, though to Thee our psalm we raise
No answering voice comes from the skies;
To Thee the trembling sinner prays
But no forgiving voice replies;
Our prayer seems lost in desert ways,
Our hymn in the vast silence dies.

We see the glories of the earth
But not the hand that wrought them all:
Night to a myriad worlds gives birth,
Yet like a lighted empty hall
Where stands no host at door or hearth
Vacant creation's lamps appal.

We guess; we clothe Thee, unseen King,
With attributes we deem are meet;
Each in his own imagining
Sets up a shadow in Thy seat;
Yet know not how our gifts to bring,
Where seek thee with unsandalled feet.

And still th'unbroken silence broods
While ages and while aeons run,

As erst upon chaotic floods
The Spirit hovered ere the sun
Had called the seasons' changeful moods
And life's first germs from death had won.

And still th'abysses infinite
Surround the peak from which we gaze.
Deep calls to deep and blackest night
Giddies the soul with blinding daze
That dares to cast its searching sight
On being's dread and vacant maze.

And Thou art silent, whilst Thy world
Contends about its many creeds
And hosts confront with flags unfurled
And zeal is flushed and pity bleeds
And truth is heard, with tears impearled,
A moaning voice among the reeds.

My hand upon my lips I lay;
The breast's desponding sob I quell;
I move along life's tomb-decked way
And listen to the passing bell
Summoning men from speechless day
To death's more silent, darker spell.

Oh! till Thou givest that sense beyond,
To show Thee that Thou art, and near,
Let patience with her chastening wand
Dispel the doubt and dry the tear;
And lead me child-like by the hand;
If still in darkness not in fear.

Speak! whisper to my watching heart
One word—as when a mother speaks
Soft, when she sees her infant start,
Till dimpled joy steals o'er its cheeks.
Then, to behold Thee as Thou art,
I'll wait till morn eternal breaks.

23

Easter

BREAK the box and shed the nard;
Stop not now to count the cost;
Hither bring pearl, opal, sard;
Reck not what the poor have lost;
Upon Christ throw all away:
Know ye, this is Easter Day.

Build His church and deck His shrine;
Empty though it be on earth;
Ye have kept your choicest wine—
Let it flow for heavenly mirth;
Pluck the harp and breathe the horn:
Know ye not 'tis Easter morn?

Gather gladness from the skies;
Take a lesson from the ground;
Flowers do ope their heavenward eyes
And a Spring-time joy have found;
Earth throws Winter's robes away,
Decks herself for Easter Day.

Beauty now for ashes wear,
Perfumes for the garb of woe.
Chaplets for dishevelled hair,
Dances for sad footsteps slow;
Open wide your hearts that they
Let in joy this Easter Day.

Seek God's house in happy throng;
Crowded let His table be;
Mingle praises, prayer and song,
Singing to the Trinity.
Henceforth let your souls alway
Make each morn an Easter Day.

24

The Habit of Perfection

ELECTED Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-coloured clothes provide
Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

25

Lines for a Picture of St. Dorothea

Dorothea and Theophilus

I BEAR a basket lined with grass.
I′ am so′ light′ and fair′
Men are amazed to watch me pass
With′ the básket I bear′,
Which in newly drawn green litter
Carries treats of sweet for bitter.

See my lilies: lilies none,
None in Caesar's garden blow.
Quinćes, look', when' not one'
Is set in any orchard; no,
Not set because their buds not spring;
Spring not for world is wintering.

But' they came' from' the South',
Where winter-while is all forgot.—
The dewbell in the mallow's mouth
Is' it quénchèd or not'?
In starry, starry shire it grew:
Which' is it', star' or dew'?—

That a quince I pore upon?
O no it is the sizing moon.
Now her mallow-row is gone
In tufts of evening sky.—So soon?
Sphered so fast, sweet soul?—We see
Fruit nor flower nor Dorothy.

How to name it, blessed it!
Suiting its grace with *him* or *her*?
Dorothea—or was your writ
Sérvèd bý méssenger'?
Your parley was not done and there!
You went into the partless air.

It waned into the world of light,
Yet made its market here as well:
My eyes hold yet the rinds and bright
Remainder of a miracle.
O this is bringing! Tears may swarm
Indeed while such a wonder 's warm.

Ah dip in blood the palmtree pen
And wordy warrants are flawed through.
More will wear this wand and then
The warpèd world we shall undo.
Proconsul!—Is Sapricius near?—
I find another Christian here.

26

Ad Mariam

When a sister, born for each strong month-brother,
  Spring's one daughter, the sweet child May,
Lies in the breast of the young year-mother
  With light on her face like the waves at play,
Man from the lips of him speaketh and saith,
At the touch of her wandering wondering breath
Warm on his brow: lo! where is another
  Fairer than this one to brighten our day?

We have suffered the sons of Winter in sorrow
  And been in their ruinous reigns oppressed,
And fain in the springtime surcease would borrow
  From all the pain of the past's unrest;
And May has come, hair-bound in flowers,
With eyes that smile through the tears of the hours,
With joy for to-day and hope for to-morrow
  And the promise of Summer within her breast!

And we that joy in this month joy-laden,
  The gladdest thing that our eyes have seen,
O thou, proud mother and much proud maiden—
  Maid yet mother as May hath been—

To thee we tender the beauties all
Of the month by men called virginal.
And, where thou dwellest in deep-groved Aidenn,
  Salute thee, mother, the maid-month's Queen!

For thou, as she, wert the one fair daughter
  That came when a line of kings did cease,
Princes strong for the sword and slaughter,
  That, warring, wasted the land's increase,
And like the storm-months smote the earth
Till a maid in David's house had birth,
That was unto Judah as May and brought her
  A son for King whose name was peace.

Wherefore we love thee, wherefore we sing to thee,
  We, all we, through the length of our days,
The praise of the lips and the hearts of us bring to thee,
  Thee, oh maiden, most worthy of praise;
For lips and hearts they belong to thee
Who to us are as dew to grass and tree,
For the fallen rise and the stricken spring to thee,
  Thee May-hope of our darkened ways!

27

Rosa Mystica

'The Rose in a mystery'—where is it found?
Is it anything true? Does it grow upon ground?
It was made of earth's mould, but it went from men's eyes,
And its place is a secret, and shut in the skies.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  Find me a place by thee, Mother of mine.

But where was it formerly? Which is the spot
That was blest in it once, though now it is not?
It is Galilee's growth; it grew at God's will
And broke into bloom upon Nazareth Hill.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  I shall look on thy loveliness, Mother of mine.

What was its season, then? How long ago?
When was the summer that saw the Bud blow?
Two thousands of years are near upon past
Since its birth, and its bloom, and its breathing its last.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  I shall keep time with thee, Mother of mine.

Tell me the name now, tell me its name:
The heart guesses easily, is it the same?
Mary, the Virgin, well the heart knows,
She is the Mystery, she is that Rose.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  I shall come home to thee, Mother of mine.

Is Mary that Rose, then? Mary, the Tree?
But the Blossom, the Blossom there, who can it be?
Who can her Rose be? It could be but One:
Christ Jesus, our Lord—her God and her Son.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  Shew me thy Son, Mother, Mother of mine.

What was the colour of that Blossom bright?
White to begin with, immaculate white.
But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood,
When the Rose ran in crimsonings down the Cross-wood.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  I shall worship the Wounds with thee, Mother of mine.

How many leaves had it? Five they were then,
Five like the senses, and members of men;
Five is the number by nature, but now
They multiply, multiply, who can tell how.
  In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
  Make me a leaf in thee, Mother of mine.

Does it smell sweet, too, in that holy place?
Sweet unto God, and the sweetness is grace;
The breath of it bathes the great heaven above,
In grace that is charity, grace that is love.
  To thy breast, to thy rest, to thy glory divine
  Draw me by charity, Mother of mine.

POEMS
(1876–1889)

POEMS

(1876–1889)

28

THE WRECK OF THE DEUTSCHLAND

To the
happy memory of five Franciscan Nuns
exiles by the Falk Laws
drowned between midnight and morning of
Dec. 7th, 1875

PART THE FIRST

I

THOU mastering me
God! giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of living and dead;
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,
And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
Thy doing: and dost thou touch me afresh?
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.

2

I did say yes
O at lightning and lashed rod;
Thou heardst me truer than tongue confess
Thy terror, O Christ, O God;
Thou knowest the walls, altar and hour and night:
The swoon of a heart that the sweep and the hurl of thee trod
Hard down with a horror of height:
And the midriff astrain with leaning of, laced with fire of stress.

3

The frown of his face
Before me, the hurtle of hell
Behind, where, where was a, where was a place?
I whirled out wings that spell
And fled with a fling of the heart to the heart of the Host.
My heart, but you were dovewinged, I can tell,
Carrier-witted, I am bold to boast,
To flash from the flame to the flame then, tower from the grace to the grace.

4

I am soft sift
In an hourglass—at the wall
Fast, but mined with a motion, a drift,
And it crowds and it combs to the fall;
I steady as a water in a well, to a poise, to a pane,
But roped with, always, all the way down from the tall
Fells or flanks of the voel, a vein
Of the gospel proffer, a pressure, a principle, Christ's gift.

5

I kiss my hand
To the stars, lovely-asunder
Starlight, wafting him out of it; and
Glow, glory in thunder;
Kiss my hand to the dappled-with-damson west:
Since, tho' he is under the world's splendour and wonder,
His mystery must be instressed, stressed;
For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless when I understand.

6

Not out of his bliss
Springs the stress felt
Nor first from heaven (and few know this)
Swings the stroke dealt—
Stroke and a stress that stars and storms deliver,
That guilt is hushed by, hearts are flushed by and melt—
But it rides time like riding a river
(And here the faithful waver, the faithless fable and miss).

7

It dates from day
Of his going in Galilee;
Warm-laid grave of a womb-life grey;
Manger, maiden's knee;
The dense and the driven Passion, and frightful sweat;
Thence the discharge of it, there its swelling to be,
Though felt before, though in high flood yet—
What none would have known of it, only the heart, being hard at bay,

8

Is out with it! Oh,
We lash with the best or worst
Word last! How a lush-kept plush-capped sloe
Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,
Gush!—flush the man, the being with it, sour or sweet,
Brim, in a flash, full!—Hither then, last or first,
To hero of Calvary, Christ,'s feet—
Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of it—men go.

9

Be adored among men,
God, three-numberèd form;
Wring thy rebel, dogged in den,
Man's malice, with wrecking and storm.
Beyond saying sweet, past telling of tongue,
Thou art lightning and love, I found it, a winter and warm;
Father and fondler of heart thou hast wrung:
Hast thy dark descending and most art merciful then.

10

With an anvil-ding
And with fire in him forge thy will
Or rather, rather then, stealing as Spring
Through him, melt him but master him still:
Whether at once, as once at a crash Paul,
Or as Austin, a lingering-out swéet skíll,
Make mercy in all of us, out of us all
Mastery, but be adored, but be adored King.

11

'Some find me a sword; some
The flange and the rail; flame,
Fang, or flood' goes Death on drum,
And storms bugle his fame.
But wé dream we are rooted in earth—Dust!
Flesh falls within sight of us, we, though our flower the same,
Wave with the meadow, forget that there must
The sour scythe cringe, and the blear share come.

12

On Saturday sailed from Bremen,
American-outward-bound,
Take settler and seamen, tell men with women,
Two hundred souls in the round—
O Father, not under thy feathers nor ever as guessing
The goal was a shoal, of a fourth the doom to be drowned;
Yet did the dark side of the bay of thy blessing
Not vault them, the millions of rounds of thy mercy not reeve even them in?

13

Into the snows she sweeps,
Hurling the haven behind,
The Deutschland, on Sunday; and so the sky keeps,
For the infinite air is unkind,
And the sea flint-flake, black-backed in the regular blow,
Sitting Eastnortheast, in cursed quarter, the wind;
Wiry and white-fiery and whirlwind-swivellèd snow
Spins to the widow-making unchilding unfathering deeps.

14

She drove in the dark to leeward,
She struck—not a reef or a rock
But the combs of a smother of sand: night drew her
Dead to the Kentish Knock;
And she beat the bank down with her bows and the ride of her keel:
The breakers rolled on her beam with ruinous shock;
And canvas and compass, the whorl and the wheel
Idle for ever to waft her or wind her with, these she endured.

15

Hope had grown grey hairs,
Hope had mourning on,
Trenched with tears, carved with cares,
Hope was twelve hours gone;
And frightful a nightfall folded rueful a day
Nor rescue, only rocket and lightship, shone,
And lives at last were washing away:
To the shrouds they took,—they shook in the hurling and horrible airs.

16

One stirred from the rigging to save
The wild woman-kind below,
With a rope's end round the man, handy and brave—
He was pitched to his death at a blow,
For all his dreadnought breast and braids of thew:
They could tell him for hours, dandled the to and fro
Through the cobbled foam-fleece, what could he do
With the burl of the fountains of air, buck and the flood of the wave?

17

They fought with God's cold—
And they could not and fell to the deck
(Crushed them) or water (and drowned them) or rolled
With the sea-romp over the wreck.
Night roared, with the heart-break hearing a heart-broke rabble,
The woman's wailing, the crying of child without check—
Till a lioness arose breasting the babble,
A prophetess towered in the tumult, a virginal tongue told.

18

Ah, touched in your bower of bone
Are you! turned for an exquisite smart,
Have you! make words break from me here all alone,
Do you!—mother of being in me, heart.
O unteachably after evil, but uttering truth,
Why, tears! is it? tears; such a melting, a madrigal start!
Never-eldering revel and river of youth,
What can it be, this glee? the good you have there of your own?

19

Sister, a sister calling
A master, her master and mine!—
And the inboard seas run swirling and hawling;
The rash smart sloggering brine
Blinds her; but she that weather sees one thing, one;
Has one fetch in her: she rears herself to divine
Ears, and the call of the tall nun
To the men in the tops and the tackle rode over the storm's brawling.

20

She was first of a five and came
Of a coifèd sisterhood.
(O Deutschland, double a desperate name!
O world wide of its good!
But Gertrude, lily, and Luther, are two of a town,
Christ's lily and beast of the waste wood:
From life's dawn it is drawn down,
Abel is Cain's brother and breasts they have sucked the same.)

21

Loathed for a love men knew in them,
Banned by the land of their birth,
Rhine refused them. Thames would ruin them;
Surf, snow, river and earth
Gnashed: but thou art above, thou Orion of light;
Thy unchancelling poising palms were weighing the worth,
Thou martyr-master: in thy sight
Storm flakes were scroll-leaved flowers, lily showers—sweet heaven was astrew in them.

22

Five! the finding and sake
And cipher of suffering Christ.
Mark, the mark is of man's make
And the word of it Sacrificed.
But he scores it in scarlet himself on his own bespoken,
Before-time-taken, dearest prizèd and priced—
Stigma, signal, cinquefoil token
For lettering of the lamb's fleece, ruddying of the rose-flake.

23

Joy fall to thee, father Francis,
Drawn to the Life that died;
With the gnarls of the nails in thee, niche of the lance, his
Lovescape crucified
And seal of his seraph-arrival! and these thy daughters
And five-livèd and leavèd favour and pride,
Are sisterly sealed in wild waters,
To bathe in his fall-gold mercies, to breathe in his all-fire glances.

24

Away in the loveable west,
On a pastoral forehead of Wales,
I was under a roof here, I was at rest,
And they the prey of the gales;
She to the black-about air, to the breaker, the thickly
Falling flakes, to the throng that catches and quails
Was calling 'O Christ, Christ, come quickly':
The cross to her she calls Christ to her, christens her wild-worst Best.

25

The majesty! what did she mean?
Breathe, arch and original Breath.
Is it love in her of the being as her lover had been?
Breathe, body of lovely Death.
They were else-minded then, altogether, the men
Woke thee with a *we are perishing* in the weather of Gennesareth.
Or is it that she cried for the crown then,
The keener to come at the comfort for feeling the combating keen?

26

For how to the heart's cheering
The down-dugged ground-hugged grey
Hovers off, the jay-blue heavens appearing
Of pied and peeled May!
Blue-beating and hoary-glow height; or night, still higher,
With belled fire and the moth-soft Milky Way,
What by your measure is the heaven of desire,
The treasure never eyesight got, nor was ever guessed what for the hearing?

27

No, but it was not these.
The jading and jar of the cart,
Time's tasking, it is fathers that asking for ease
Of the sodden-with-its-sorrowing heart,
Not danger, electrical horror; then further it finds
The appealing of the Passion is tenderer in prayer apart:
Other, I gather, in measure her mind's
Burden, in wind's burly and beat of endragonèd seas.

28

But how shall I . . . make me room there:
Reach me a . . . Fancy, come faster—
Strike you the sight of it? look at it loom there,
Thing that she . . . there then! the Master,
Ipse, the only one, Christ, King, Head:
He was to cure the extremity where he had cast her;
Do, deal, lord it with living and dead;
Let him ride, her pride, in his triumph, despatch and have done with his doom there.

29

Ah! there was a heart right
There was single eye!
Read the unshapeable shock night
And knew the who and the why;
Wording it how but by him that present and past,
Heaven and earth are word of, worded by?—
The Simon Peter of a soul! to the blast
Tarpeian-fast, but a blown beacon of light.

30

Jesu, heart's light,
Jesu, maid's son,
What was the feast followed the night
Thou hadst glory of this nun?—
Feast of the one woman without stain.
For so conceivèd, so to conceive thee is done;
But here was heart-throe, birth of a brain,
Word, that heard and kept thee and uttered thee outright.

31

Well, she has thee for the pain, for the
Patience; but pity of the rest of them!
Heart, go and bleed at a bitterer vein for the
Comfortless unconfessed of them—
No not uncomforted: lovely-felicitous Providence
Finger of a tender of, O of a feathery delicacy, the breast of the
Maiden could obey so, be a bell to, ring of it, and
Startle the poor sheep back! is the shipwrack then a harvest,
does tempest carry the grain for thee?

32

I admire thee, master of the tides,
Of the Yore-flood, of the year's fall;
The recurb and the recovery of the gulf's sides,
The girth of it and the wharf of it and the wall;
Stanching, quenching ocean of a motionable mind;
Ground of being, and granite of it: past all
Grasp God, throned behind
Death with a sovereignty that heeds but hides, bodes but abides;

33

With a mercy that outrides
The all of water, an ark
For the listener; for the lingerer with a love glides
Lower than death and the dark;
A vein for the visiting of the past-prayer, pent in prison,
The-last-breath penitent spirits—the uttermost mark
Our passion-plungèd giant risen,
The Christ of the Father compassionate, fetched in the storm of his strides.

34

Now burn, new born to the world,
Doubled-naturèd name,
The heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled
Miracle-in-Mary-of-flame,
Mid-numbered He in three of the thunder-throne!
Not a dooms-day dazzle in his coming nor dark as he came;
Kind, but royally reclaiming his own;
A released shower, let flash to the shire, not a lightning of fire hard-hurled.

35

Dame, at our door
Drowned, and among our shoals,
Remember us in the roads, the heaven-haven of the Reward:
Our King back, oh, upon English souls!
Let him easter in us, be a dayspring to the dimness of us, be a crimson-cresseted east,
More brightening her, rare-dear Britain, as his reign rolls,
Pride, rose, prince, hero of us, high-priest,
Our hearts' charity's hearth's fire, our thoughts' chivalry's throng's Lord.

29

Penmaen Pool

For the Visitors' Book at the Inn

WHO long for rest, who look for pleasure
Away from counter, court, or school
O where live well your lease of leisure
But here at, here at Penmaen Pool?

You'll dare the Alp? you'll dart the skiff?—
Each sport has here its tackle and tool:
Come, plant the staff by Cadair cliff;
Come, swing the sculls on Penmaen Pool.

What's yonder?—Grizzled Dyphwys dim:
The triple-hummocked Giant's stool,
Hoar messmate, hobs and nobs with him
To halve the bowl of Penmaen Pool.

And all the landscape under survey,
At tranquil turns, by nature's rule,
Rides repeated topsyturvy
In frank, in fairy Penmaen Pool.

And Charles's Wain, the wondrous seven,
And sheep-flock clouds like worlds of wool,
For all they shine so, high in heaven,
Shew brighter shaken in Penmaen Pool.

The Mawddach, how she trips! though throttled
If floodtide teeming thrills her full,
And mazy sands all water-wattled
Waylay her at ebb, past Penmaen Pool.

But what's to see in stormy weather,
When grey showers gather and gusts are cool?—
Why, raindrop-roundels looped together
That lace the face of Penmaen Pool.

Then even in weariest wintry hour
Of New Year's month or surly Yule
Furred snows, charged tuft above tuft, tower
From darksome darksome Penmaen Pool.

And ever, if bound here hardest home,
You've parlour-pastime left and (who'll
Not honour it?) ale like goldy foam
That frocks an oar in Penmaen Pool.

Then come who pine for peace or pleasure
Away from counter, court, or school,
Spend here your measure of time and treasure
And taste the treats of Penmaen Pool.

30

The Silver Jubilee:

To James First Bishop of Shrewsbury on the 25th Year of his Episcopate July 28, 1876

1

THOUGH no high-hung bells or din
Of braggart bugles cry it in—
  What is sound? Nature's round
Makes the Silver Jubilee.

2

Five and twenty years have run
Since sacred fountains to the sun
  Sprang, that but now were shut,
Showering Silver Jubilee.

3

Feasts, when we shall fall asleep,
Shrewsbury may see others keep;
  None but you this her true,
This her Silver Jubilee.

4

Not today we need lament
Your wealth of life is some way spent:
  Toil has shed round your head
Silver but for Jubilee.

5

Then for her whose velvet vales
Should have pealed with welcome, Wales,
  Let the chime of a rhyme
Utter Silver Jubilee.

31

God's Grandeur

THE world is charged with the grandeur of God.
  It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
  It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
  And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
  And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
  There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
  Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
  World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

32

The Starlight Night

LOOK at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
  O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
  The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!

The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

33

Spring

NOTHING is so beautiful as spring—
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden.—Have, get, before it cloy,
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

34

The Lantern out of Doors

SOMETIMES a lantern moves along the night,
  That interests our eyes. And who goes there?
  I think; where from and bound, I wonder, where,
With, all down darkness wide, his wading light?

Men go by me whom either beauty bright
  In mould or mind or what not else makes rare:
  They rain against our much-thick and marsh air
Rich beams, till death or distance buys them quite.

Death or distance soon consumes them: wind
  What most I may eye after, be in at the end
I cannot, and out of sight is out of mind.

Christ minds; Christ's interest, what to avow or amend
  There, éyes them, heart wánts, care haúnts, foot fóllows kínd,
Their ránsom, théir rescue, ánd first, fást, last friénd.

35

The Sea and the Skylark

ON ear and ear two noises too old to end
  Trench—right, the tide that ramps against the shore;
  With a flood or a fall, low lull-off or all roar,
Frequenting there while moon shall wear and wend.

Left hand, off land, I hear the lark ascend,
  His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeinèd score
  In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour
And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend.

How these two shame this shallow and frail town!
How ring right out our sordid turbid time,
Being pure! We, life's pride and cared-for crown,

Have lost that cheer and charm of earth's past prime:
Our make and making break, are breaking, down
To man's last dust, drain fast towards man's first slime.

36

The Windhover:

To Christ our Lord

I CAUGHT this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

37

Pied Beauty

GLORY be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

38

Hurrahing in Harvest

SUMMER ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks arise
Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour
Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;
And, éyes, heárt, what looks, what lips yet gave you a
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
  Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!—
These things, these things were here and but the beholder
  Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
  And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under
      his feet.

39

The Caged Skylark

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage
  Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house,
      dwells—
  That bird beyond the remembering his free fells;
This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage,
  Both sing sometímes the sweetest, sweetest spells,
  Yet both droop deadly sómetimes in their cells
Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest—
Why, hear him, hear him babble and drop down to his nest,
  But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,
But uncumbered: meadow-down is not distressed
  For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bónes rísen.

40

In the Valley of the Elwy

I REMEMBER a house where all were good
   To me, God knows, deserving no such thing:
   Comforting smell breathed at very entering,
Fetched fresh, as I suppose, off some sweet wood.
That cordial air made those kind people a hood
   All over, as a bevy of eggs the mothering wing
   Will, or mild nights the new morsels of spring:
Why, it seemed of course; seemed of right it should.

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
All the air things wear that build this world of Wales;
   Only the inmate does not correspond:
God, lover of souls, swaying considerate scales,
Complete thy creature dear O where it fails,
   Being mighty a master, being a father and fond.

41

The Loss of the Eurydice

Foundered March 24, 1878

THE Eurydice—it concerned thee, O Lord:
Three hundred souls, O alas! on board,
      Some asleep unawakened, all un-
warned, eleven fathoms fallen

Where she foundered! One stroke
Felled and furled them, the hearts of oak!
      And flockbells off the aerial
Downs' forefalls beat to the burial.

For did she pride her, freighted fully, on
Bounden bales or a hoard of bullion?—
    Precious passing measure,
Lads and men her lade and treasure. 12

She had come from a cruise, training seamen—
Men, boldboys soon to be men:
    Must it, worst weather,
Blast bole and bloom together? 16

No Atlantic squall overwrought her
Or rearing billow of the Biscay water:
    Home was hard at hand
And the blow bore from land. 20

And you were a liar, O blue March day.
Bright sun lanced fire in the heavenly bay;
    But what black Boreas wrecked her? he
Came equipped, deadly-electric, 24

A beetling baldbright cloud thorough England
Riding: there did storms not mingle? and
    Hailropes hustle and grind their
Heavengravel? wolfsnow, worlds of it, wind there? 28

Now Carisbrook keep goes under in gloom;
Now it overvaults Appledurcombe;
    Now near by Ventnor town
It hurls, hurls off Boniface Down. 32

Too proud, too proud, what a press she bore!
Royal, and all her royals wore.
    Sharp with her, shorten sail!
Too late; lost; gone with the gale. 36

This was that fell capsize,
As half she had righted and hoped to rise
    Death teeming in by her portholes
Raced down decks, round messes of mortals. 40

Then a lurch forward, frigate and men;
'All hands for themselves' the cry ran then;
    But she who had housed them thither
Was around them, bound them or wound them with her. 44

Marcus Hare, high her captain,
Kept to her—care-drowned and wrapped in
    Cheer's death, would follow 47
His charge through the champ-white water-in-a-wallow,

All under Channel to bury in a beach her
Cheeks: Right, rude of feature,
    He thought he heard say
'Her commander! and thou too, and thou this way.' 52

It is even seen, time's something server,
In mankind's medley a duty-swerver,
    At downright 'No or yes?'
Doffs all, drives full for righteousness. 56

Sydney Fletcher, Bristol-bred,
(Low lie his mates now on watery bed)
    Takes to the seas and snows
As sheer down the ship goes. 60

Now her afterdraught gullies him too down;
Now he wrings for breath with the deathgush brown;
    Till a lifebelt and God's will
Lend him a lift from the sea-swill. 64

Now he shoots short up to the round air;
Now he gasps, now he gazes everywhere;
    But his eye no cliff, no coast or
Mark makes in the rivelling snowstorm. 68

Him, after an hour of wintry waves,
A schooner sights, with another, and saves,
    And he boards her in Oh! such joy
He has lost count what came next, poor boy.— 72

They say who saw one sea-corpse cold
He was all of lovely manly mould,
    Every inch a tar,
Of the best we boast our sailors are. 76

Look, foot to forelock, how all things suit! he
Is strung by duty, is strained to beauty,
    And brown-as-dawning-skinned
With brine and shine and whirling wind. 80

O his nimble finger, his gnarled grip!
Leagues, leagues of seamanship
    Slumber in these forsaken
Bones, this sinew, and will not waken. 84

He was but one like thousands more,
Day and night I deplore
    My people and born own nation,
Fast foundering own generation. 88

I might let bygones be—our curse
Of ruinous shrine no hand or, worse,
    Robbery's hand is busy to
Dress, hoar-hallowèd shrines unvisited; 92

Only the breathing temple and fleet
Life, this wildworth blown so sweet,
    These daredeaths, ay this crew, in
Unchrist, all rolled in ruin— 96

Deeply surely I need to deplore it,
Wondering why my master bore it,
    The riving off that race
So at home, time was, to his truth and grace 100

That a starlight-wender of ours would say
The marvellous Milk was Walsingham Way
    And one—but let be, let be:
More, more than was will yet be.— 104

O well wept, mother have lost son;
Wept, wife; wept, sweetheart would be one:
    Though grief yield them no good
Yet shed what tears sad truelove should. 108

But to Christ lord of thunder
Crouch; lay knee by earth low under:
    'Holiest, loveliest, bravest,
Save my hero, O Hero savest. 112

And the prayer thou hearst me making
Have, at the awful overtaking,
    Heard; have heard and granted
Grace that day grace was wanted.' 116

Not that hell knows redeeming,
But for souls sunk in seeming
    Fresh, till doomfire burn all,
Prayer shall fetch pity eternal. 120

42

The May Magnificat

MAY is Mary's month, and I
Muse at that and wonder why:
    Her feasts follow reason,
    Dated due to season—

Candlemas, Lady Day;
But the Lady Month, May,
    Why fasten that upon her,
    With a feasting in her honour?

Is it only its being brighter
Than the most are must delight her?
    Is it opportunest
    And flowers finds soonest?

Ask of her, the mighty mother:
Her reply puts this other
    Question: What is Spring?—
    Growth in every thing—

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
Grass and greenworld all together;
    Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
    Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life within;
    And bird and blossom swell
    In sod or sheath or shell.

All things rising, all things sizing
Mary sees, sympathising
    With that world of good,
    Nature's motherhood.

Their magnifying of each its kind
With delight calls to mind
    How she did in her stored
    Magnify the Lord.

Well but there was more than this:
Spring's universal bliss
    Much, had much to say
    To offering Mary May.

When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple
Bloom lights the orchard-apple
    And thicket and thorp are merry
    With silver-surfèd cherry

And azuring-over greybell makes
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes
    And magic cuckoocall
    Caps, clears, and clinches all—

This ecstasy all through mothering earth
Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth
    To remember and exultation
    In God who was her salvation.

43

Binsey Poplars

felled 1879

MY aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,
Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,
All felled, felled, are all felled;
  Of a fresh and following folded rank
          Not spared, not one
          That dandled a sandalled
      Shadow that swam or sank
On meadow and river and wind-wandering
  weed-winding bank.

O if we but knew what we do
      When we delve or hew—
  Hack and rack the growing green!
      Since country is so tender
  To touch, her being só slender,
  That, like this sleek and seeing ball
  But a prick will make no eye at all,
  Where we, even where we mean
          To mend her we end her,
      When we hew or delve:
After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.
  Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve
    Strokes of havoc únselve
      The sweet especial scene,
  Rural scene, a rural scene,
  Sweet especial rural scene.

44

Duns Scotus's Oxford

TOWERY city and branchy between towers;
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmèd, lark-charmèd, rook-racked,
river-rounded;
The dapple-eared lily below thee; that country and town did
Once encounter in, here coped and poisèd powers;

Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there, sours
That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded
Best in; graceless growth, thou hast confounded
Rural rural keeping—folk, flocks, and flowers.

Yet ah! this air I gather and I release
He lived on; these weeds and waters, these walls are what
He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;

Of realty the rarest-veinèd unraveller; a not
Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;
Who fired France for Mary without spot.

45

Henry Purcell

The poet wishes well to the divine genius of Purcell and praises him that, whereas other musicians have given utterance to the moods of man's mind, he has, beyond that, uttered in notes the very make and species of man as created both in him and in all men generally.

HAVE fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear
To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heaves in Henry Purcell,
An age is now since passed, since parted; with the reversal
Of the outward sentence low lays him, listed to a heresy, here.

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear,
Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might nursle:
It is the forgèd feature finds me; it is the rehearsal
Of own, of abrúpt sélf there so thrusts on, so throngs the ear.

Let him oh! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me! only I'll
Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moonmarks, to his
    pelted plumage under
Wings: so some great stormfowl, whenever he has walked his
    while

The thunder-purple seabeach plumèd purple-of-thunder,
If a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal
    smile
Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with wonder.

46

Peace

When will you ever, Peace, wild wooddove, shy wings shut,
Your round me roaming end, and under be my boughs?
When, when, Peace, will you, Peace? I'll not play hypocrite
To own my heart: I yield you do come sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace allows
Alarms of wars, the daunting wars, the death of it?

O surely, reaving Peace, my Lord should leave in lieu
Some good! And so he does leave Patience exquisite,
That plumes to Peace thereafter. And when Peace here does
    house
He comes with work to do, he does not come to coo,
        He comes to brood and sit.

47

The Bugler's First Communion

A BUGLER boy from barrack (it is over the hill
There)—boy bugler, born, he tells me, of Irish
Mother to an English sire (he
Shares their best gifts surely, fall how things will),

This very very day came down to us after a boon he on
My late being there begged of me, overflowing
Boon in my bestowing,
Came, I say, this day to it—to a First Communion.

Here he knelt then ín regimental red.
Forth Christ from cupboard fetched, how fain I of feet
To his youngster take his treat!
Low-latched in leaf-light housel his too huge godhead.

There! and your sweetest sendings, ah divine,
By it, heavens, befall him! as a heart Christ's darling, dauntless;
Tongue true, vaunt- and tauntless;
Breathing bloom of a chastity in mansex fine.

Frowning and forefending angel-warder
Squander the hell-rook ranks sally to molest him;
March, kind comrade, abreast him;
Dress his days to a dexterous and starlight order.

How it dóes my heart good, visiting at that bleak hill,
When limber liquid youth, that to all I teach
Yields tender as a pushed peach,
Hies headstrong to its wellbeing of a self-wise self-will!

Then though I should tread tufts of consolation
Dáys áfter, só I in a sort deserve to
 And do serve God to serve to
Just such slips of soldiery Christ's royal ration.

Nothing élse is like it, no, not all so strains
Us: fresh youth fretted in a bloomfall all portending
 That sweet's sweeter ending;
Realm both Christ is heir to and thére réigns.

O now well work that sealing sacred ointment!
O for now charms, arms, what bans off bad
 And locks love ever in a lad!
Let mé though see no more of him, and not disappointment

Those sweet hopes quell whose least me quickenings lift,
In scarlet or somewhere of some day seeing
 That brow and bead of being,
An our day's God's own Galahad. Though this child's drift

Seems by a divíne doom chánnelled, nor do I cry
Disaster there; but may he not rankle and roam
 In backwheels though bound home?—
That left to the Lord of the Eucharist, I here lie by;

Recorded only, I have put my lips on pleas
Would brandle adamantine heaven with ride and jar, did
 Prayer go disregarded:
Forward-like, but however, and like favourable heaven heard
 these.

48

Morning Midday and Evening Sacrifice

THE dappled die-away
Cheek and wimpled lip,
The gold-wisp, the airy-grey
Eye, all in fellowship—
This, all this beauty blooming,
This, all this freshness fuming,
Give God while worth consuming.

Both thought and thew now bolder
And told by Nature: Tower;
Head, heart, hand, heel, and shoulder
That beat and breathe in power—
This pride of prime's enjoyment
Take as for tool, not toy meant
And hold at Christ's employment.

The vault and scope and schooling
And mastery in the mind,
In silk-ash kept from cooling,
And ripest under rind—
What life half lifts the latch of,
What hell stalks towards the snatch of,
Your offering, with despatch, of!

49

Andromeda

Now Time's Andromeda on this rock rude,
With not her either beauty's equal or
Her injury's, looks off by both horns of shore,
Her flower, her piece of being, doomed dragon's food.
  Time past she has been attempted and pursued
By many blows and banes; but now hears roar
A wilder beast from West than all were, more
Rife in her wrongs, more lawless, and more lewd.

  Her Perseus linger and leave her tó her extremes?—
Pillowy air he treads a time and hangs
His thoughts on her, forsaken that she seems,
  All while her patience, morselled into pangs,
Mounts; then to alight disarming, no one dreams,
With Gorgon's gear and barebill, thongs and fangs.

50

The Candle Indoors

Some candle clear burns somewhere I come by.
I muse at how its being puts blissful back
With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black,
Or to-fro tender trambeams truckle at the eye.
By that window what task what fingers ply,
I plod wondering, a-wanting, just for lack
Of answer the eagerer a-wanting Jessy or Jack
There/God to aggrándise, God to glorify.—

Come you indoors, come home; your fading fire
Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault:
You there are master, do your own desire;
What hinders? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault
In a neighbour deft-handed? are you that liar
And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?

51

The Handsome Heart:

at a Gracious Answer

'But tell me, child, your choice; what shall I buy
You?'—'Father, what you buy me I like best.'
With the sweetest air that said, still plied and pressed,
He swung to his first poised purport of reply.

What the heart is! which, like carriers let fly—
Doff darkness, homing nature knows the rest—
To its own fine function, wild and self-instressed,
Falls light as ten years long taught how to and why.

Mannerly-hearted! more than handsome face—
Beauty's bearing or muse of mounting vein,
All, in this case, bathed in high hallowing grace . . .

Of heaven what boon to buy you, boy, or gain
Not granted!—Only . . . O on that path you pace
Run all your race, O brace sterner that strain!

52

At the Wedding March

God with honour hang your head,
Groom, and grace you, bride, your bed
With lissome scions, sweet scions,
Out of hallowed bodies bred.

Each be other's comfort kind:
Déep, déeper than divined,
Divine charity, dear charity,
Fast you ever, fast bind.

Then let the march tread our ears:
I to him turn with tears
Who to wedlock, his wonder wedlock,
Déals tríumph and immortal years.

53

Felix Randal

Felix Randal the farrier, O he is dead then? my duty all ended,
Who have watched his mould of man, big-boned and hardy-
    handsome
Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in it and some
Fatal four disorders, fleshed there, all contended?

Sickness broke him. Impatient he cursed at first, but mended
Being anointed and all; though a heavenlier heart began some
Months earlier, since I had our sweet reprieve and ransom
Tendered to him. Ah well, God rest him all road ever he
    offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it endears.
My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had quenched thy tears,
Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix, poor Felix Randal;

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boisterous years,
When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers,
Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and battering sandal!

54

Brothers

How lovely the elder brother's
Life all laced in the other's,
Lóve-laced!—what once I well
Witnessed; so fortune fell.
When Shrovetide, two years gone, 5
Our boys' plays brought on
Part was picked for John,
Young Jóhn; then fear, then joy
Ran revel in the elder boy.
Their night was come now; all 10
Our company thronged the hall;
Henry, by the wall,
Beckoned me beside him:
I came where called, and eyed him
By meanwhiles; making mý play 15
Turn most on tender byplay.

For, wrung all on love's rack,
My lad, and lost in Jack,
Smiled, blushed, and bit his lip;
Or drove, with a diver's dip, 20
Clutched hands down through clasped knees—
Truth's tokens tricks like these,
Old telltales, with what stress
He hung on the imp's success.
Now the other was bráss-bóld: 25
Hé had no work to hold
His heart up at the strain;
Nay, roguish ran the vein.
Two tedious acts were past;
Jack's call and cue at last; 30
When Henry, heart-forsook,
Dropped eyes and dared not look.
Eh, how áll rúng!
Young dog, he did give tongue!
But Harry—in his hands he has flung 35
His tear-tricked cheeks of flame
For fond love and for shame.
   Ah Nature, framed in fault,
There 's comfort then, there 's salt;
Nature, bad, base, and blind, 40
Dearly thou canst be kind;
There dearly thén, deárly,
I'll cry thou canst be kind.

55

Spring and Fall:

to a young child

MÁRGARÉT, are you gríeving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves, líke the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Áh! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you wíll weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrow's spríngs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It ís the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

56

Inversnaid

THIS darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fáwn-fróth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, féll-frówning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

57

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies dráw fláme;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves—goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells;
Crying *Whát I dó is me: for that I came.*

Í say móre: the just man justices;
Kéeps gráce: thát keeps all his goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is—
Chríst—for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

58

Ribblesdale

Earth, sweet Earth, sweet landscape, with leavès throng
And louchèd low grass, heaven that dost appeal
To, with no tongue to plead, no heart to feel;
That canst but only be, but dost that long—

Thou canst but be, but that thou well dost; strong
Thy plea with him who dealt, nay does now deal,
Thy lovely dale down thus and thus bids reel
Thy river, and o'er gives all to rack or wrong.

And what is Earth's eye, tongue, or heart else, where
Else, but in dear and dogged man?—Ah, the heir
To his own selfbent so bound, so tied to his turn,
To thriftless reave both our rich round world bare
And none reck of world after, this bids wear
Earth brows of such care, care and dear concern.

59

The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo

(*Maidens' song from St. Winefred's Well*)

THE LEADEN ECHO

How to kéep—is there ány any, is there none such, nowhere
known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, láce, latch
or catch or key to keep
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty, . . . from vanish-
ing away?

Ó is there no frowning of these wrinkles, rankèd wrinkles deep,
Dówn? no waving off of these most mournful messengers, still messengers, sad and stealing messengers of grey?
No there 's none, there 's none, O no there 's none,
Nor can you long be, what you now are, called fair,
Do what you may do, what, do what you may,
And wisdom is early to despair:
Be beginning; since, no, nothing can be done
To keep at bay
Age and age's evils, hoar hair,
Ruck and wrinkle, drooping, dying, death's worst, winding sheets, tombs and worms and tumbling to decay;
So be beginning, be beginning to despair.
O there 's none; no no no there 's none:
Be beginning to despair, to despair,
Despair, despair, despair, despair.

THE GOLDEN ECHO

Spare!
There ís one, yes I have one (Hush there!);
Only not within seeing of the sun,
Not within the singeing of the strong sun,
Tall sun's tingeing, or treacherous the tainting of the earth's air,
Somewhere elsewhere there is ah well where! one,
Oñe. Yes I cán tell such a key, I dó know such a place,
Where whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that 's fresh and fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and swiftly away with, done away with, undone,

Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet dearly and dangerously sweet
Of us, the wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-matchèd face,
The flower of beauty, fleece of beauty, too too apt to, ah! to fleet,
Never fleets móre, fastened with the tenderest truth
To its own best being and its loveliness of youth: it is an ever-lastingness of, O it is an all youth!
Come then, your ways and airs and looks, locks, maiden gear, gallantry and gaiety and grace,
Winning ways, airs innocent, maiden manners, sweet looks, loose locks, long locks, lovelocks, gaygear, going gallant, girlgrace—
Resign them, sign them, seal them, send them, motion them with breath,
And with sighs soaring, soaring síghs deliver
Them; beauty-in-the-ghost, deliver it, early now, long before death
Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God, beauty's self and beauty's giver.
See; not a hair is, not an eyelash, not the least lash lost; every hair
Is, hair of the head, numbered.
Nay, what we had lighthanded left in surly the mere mould
Will have waked and have waxed and have walked with the wind what while we slept,
This side, that side hurling a heavyheaded hundredfold
What while we, while we slumbered.
O then, weary then whý should we tread? O why are we so haggard at the heart, so care-coiled, care-killed, so fagged, so fashed, so cogged, so cumbered,

When the thing we freely fórfeit is kept with fonder a care,
Fonder a care kept than we could have kept it, kept
Far with fonder a care (and we, we should have lost it) finer,
    fonder
A care kept.—Where kept? Do but tell us where kept,
    where.—
Yonder.—What high as that! We follow, now we follow.—
    Yonder, yes yonder, yonder,
Yonder.

60

The Blessed Virgin compared to the Air we Breathe

Wild air, world-mothering air,
Nestling me everywhere,
That each eyelash or hair
Girdles; goes home betwixt
The fleeciest, frailest-flixed
Snowflake; that 's fairly mixed
With, riddles, and is rife
In every least thing's life;
This needful, never spent,
And nursing element; 10
My more than meat and drink,
My meal at every wink;
This air, which, by life's law,
My lung must draw and draw
Now but to breathe its praise,
Minds me in many ways

Of her who not only
Gave God's infinity
Dwindled to infancy
Welcome in womb and breast, 20
Birth, milk, and all the rest
But mothers each new grace
That does now reach our race—
Mary Immaculate,
Merely a woman, yet
Whose presence, power is
Great as no goddess's
Was deemèd, dreamèd; who
This one work has to do—
Let all God's glory through, 30
God's glory which would go
Through her and from her flow
Off, and no way but so.

I say that we are wound
With mercy round and round
As if with air: the same
Is Mary, more by name.
She, wild web, wondrous robe,
Mantles the guilty globe,
Since God has let dispense 40
Her prayers his providence:
Nay, more than almoner,
The sweet alms' self is her
And men are meant to share
Her life as life does air.
If I have understood,

She holds high motherhood
Towards all our ghostly good
And plays in grace her part
About man's beating heart, 50
Laying, like air's fine flood,
The deathdance in his blood;
Yet no part but what will
Be Christ our Saviour still.
Of her flesh he took flesh:
He does take fresh and fresh,
Though much the mystery how,
Not flesh but spirit now
And makes, O marvellous!
New Nazareths in us, 60
Where she shall yet conceive
Him, morning, noon, and eve;
New Bethlems, and he born
There, evening, noon, and morn—
Bethlem or Nazareth,
Men here may draw like breath
More Christ and baffle death;
Who, born so, comes to be
New self and nobler me
In each one and each one 70
More makes, when all is done,
Both God's and Mary's Son.
Again, look overhead
How air is azurèd;
O how! nay do but stand
Where you can lift your hand
Skywards: rich, rich it laps

Round the four fingergaps.
Yet such a sapphire-shot,
Charged, steepèd sky will not 80
Stain light. Yea, mark you this:
It does no prejudice.
The glass-blue days are those
When every colour glows,
Each shape and shadow shows.
Blue be it: this blue heaven
The seven or seven times seven
Hued sunbeam will transmit
Perfect, not alter it.
Or if there does some soft, 90
On things aloof, aloft,
Bloom breathe, that one breath more
Earth is the fairer for.
Whereas did air not make
This bath of blue and slake
His fire, the sun would shake,
A blear and blinding ball
With blackness bound, and all
The thick stars round him roll
Flashing like flecks of coal, 100
Quartz-fret, or sparks of salt,
In grimy vasty vault.
      So God was god of old:
A mother came to mould
Those limbs like ours which are
What must make our daystar
Much dearer to mankind;
Whose glory bare would blind

Or less would win man's mind.
Through her we may see him 110
Made sweeter, not made dim,
And her hand leaves his light
Sifted to suit our sight.
Be thou then, O thou dear
Mother, my atmosphere;
My happier world, wherein
To wend and meet no sin;
Above me, round me lie
Fronting my froward eye
With sweet and scarless sky; 120
Stir in my ears, speak there
Of God's love, O live air,
Of patience, penance, prayer:
World-mothering air, air wild,
Wound with thee, in thee isled,
Fold home, fast fold thy child.

61

To what serves Mortal Beauty?

To what serves mortal beauty | —dangerous; does set dancing blood—the O-seal-that-so | feature, flung prouder form
Than Purcell tune lets tread to? | See: it does this: keeps warm
Men's wits to the things that are; | what good means—where
a glance
Master more may than gaze, | gaze out of countenance.
Those lovely lads once, wet-fresh | windfalls of war's storm,

How then should Gregory, a father, | have gleanèd else from swarm-
ed Rome? But God to a nation | dealt that day's dear chance.
To man, that needs would worship | block or barren stone,
Our law says: Love what are | love's worthiest, were all known;
World's loveliest—men's selves. Self | flashes off frame and face.
What do then? how meet beauty? | Merely meet it; own,
Home at heart, heaven's sweet gift; | then leave, let that alone.
Yea, wish that though, wish all, | God's better beauty, grace.

62

Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves

EARNEST, earthless, equal, attuneable, | vaulty, voluminous, .. stupendous
Evening strains to be tíme's vást, | womb-of-all, home-of-all, hearse-of-all night.
Her fond yellow hornlight wound to the west, | her wild hollow hoarlight hung to the height
Waste; her earliest stars, earl-stars, | stárs principal, overbend us,
Fíre-féaturing heaven. For earth | her being has unbound, her dapple is at an end, as-
tray or aswarm, all throughther, in throngs; | self ín self steepèd and páshed—qúite
Disremembering, dísmémbering | áll now. Heart, you round me right
With: Óur évening is over us; óur night | whélms, whélms, ánd will end us.

Only the beak-leaved boughs dragonish ¦ damask the tool-
    smooth bleak light; black,
Ever so black on it. Óur tale, O óur oracle! ¦ Lét life, wáned,
    ah lét life wind
Off hér once skéined stained véined varíety ¦ upon, áll on twó
    spools; párt, pen, páck
Now her áll in twó flocks, twó folds—black, white; ¦ right,
    wrong; reckon but, reck but, mind
But thése two; wáre of a wórld where bút these ¦ twó tell, each
    off the óther; of a rack
Where, selfwrung, selfstrung, sheathe-and shelterless, ¦ thóughts
    agaínst thoughts ín groans grínd.

63

(The Soldier)

YES. Whý do we áll, seeing of a soldier, bless him? bless
Our redcoats, our tars? Both these being, the greater part,
But frail clay, nay but foul clay. Here it is: the heart,
Since, proud, it calls the calling manly, gives a guess
That, hopes that, makesbelieve, the men must be no less;
It fancies, feigns, deems, dears the artist after his art;
And fain will find as sterling all as all is smart,
And scarlet wear the spirit of wár thére express.

Mark Christ our King. He knows war, served this soldiering
    through;
He of all can reeve a rope best. There he bides in bliss
Now, and séeing somewhére some mán do all that man can do,
For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,
And cry 'O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too:
Were I come o'er again' cries Christ 'it should be this'.

64

(Carrion Comfort)

NOT, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man
In me ór, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.
But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan
With darksome devouring eyes my bruisèd bones? and fan,
O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.
Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,
Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, chéer.
Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, fóot tród
Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.

65

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?

My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief
Woe, world-sorrow; on an age-old anvil wince and sing—
Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked 'No ling-
ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief'.

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

66

Tom's Garland:

upon the Unemployed

Tom—garlanded with squat and surly steel
Tom; then Tom's fallowbootfellow piles pick
By him and rips out rockfire homeforth—sturdy Dick;
Tom Heart-at-ease, Tom Navvy: he is all for his meal
Sure, 's bed now. Low be it: lustily he his low lot (feel
That ne'er need hunger, Tom; Tom seldom sick,
Seldomer heartsore; that treads through, prickproof, thick
Thousands of thorns, thoughts) swings though. Commonweal
Little I reck ho! lacklevel in, if all had bread:
What! Country is honour enough in all us—lordly head,
With heaven's lights high hung round, or, mother-ground
That mammocks, mighty foot. But nó way sped,
Nor mind nor mainstrength; gold go garlanded
With, perilous, O nó; nor yet plod safe shod sound;
Undenizened, beyond bound

Of earth's glory, earth's ease, all; no one, nowhere,
In wide the world's weal; rare gold, bold steel, bare
In both; care, but share care—
This, by Despair, bred Hangdog dull; by Rage,
Manwolf, worse; and their packs infest the age.

67

Harry Ploughman

HARD as hurdle arms, with a broth of goldish flue
Breathed round; the rack of ribs; the scooped flank; lank
Rope-over thigh; knee-nave; and barrelled shank—
Head and foot, shoulder and shank—
By a grey eye's heed steered well, one crew, fall to;
Stand at stress. Each limb's barrowy brawn, his thew
That onewhere curded, onewhere sucked or sank—
Soared or sank—,
Though as a beechbole firm, finds his, as at a roll-call, rank
And features, in flesh, what deed he each must do—
His sinew-service where do.

He leans to it, Harry bends, look. Back, elbow, and liquid waist
In him, all quail to the wallowing o' the plough: 's cheek crimsons; curls
Wag or crossbridle, in a wind lifted, windlaced—
See his wind- lilylocks -laced;
Churlsgrace, too, child of Amansstrength, how it hangs or hurls
Them—broad in bluff hide his frowning feet lashed! raced
With, along them, cragiron under and cold furls—
With-a-fountain's shining-shot furls.

68

To seem the stranger lies my lot, my life
Among strangers. Father and mother dear,
Brothers and sisters are in Christ not near
And he my peace my parting, sword and strife.
  England, whose honour O all my heart woos, wife
To my creating thought, would neither hear
Me, were I pleading, plead nor do I: I wear-
y of idle a being but by where wars are rife.

  I am in Ireland now; now I am at a thírd
Remove. Not but in all removes I can
Kind love both give and get. Only what word
Wisest my heart breeds dark heaven's baffling ban
Bars or hell's spell thwarts. This to hoard unheard,
Heard unheeded, leaves me a lonely began.

69

I WAKE and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hoürs we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.
   With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives alas! away

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

70

PATIENCE, hard thing! the hard thing but to pray,
But bid for, Patience is! Patience who asks
Wants war, wants wounds; weary his times, his tasks;
To do without, take tosses, and obey.
Rare patience roots in these, and, these away,
Nowhere. Natural heart's ivy, Patience masks
Our ruins of wrecked past purpose. There she basks
Purple eyes and seas of liquid leaves all day.

We hear our hearts grate on themselves: it kills
To bruise them dearer. Yet the rebellious wills
Of us we do bid God bend to him even so.
And where is he who more and more distils
Delicious kindness?—He is patient. Patience fills
His crisp combs, and that comes those ways we know.

71

MY own heart let me more have pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

I cast for comfort I can no more get
By groping round my comfortless, than blind
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
Thirst 's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size
At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather—as skies
Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

72

That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection

CLOUD-PUFFBALL, torn tufts, tossed pillows | flaunt forth, then chevy on an air-
built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs | they throng; they glitter in marches.
Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, | wherever an elm arches,
Shivelights and shadowtackle in long | lashes lace, lance, and pair.
Delightfully the bright wind boisterous | ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare
Of yestertempest's creases; | in pool and rut peel parches
Squandering ooze to squeezed | dough, crust, dust; stanches, starches
Squadroned masks and manmarks | treadmire toil there

Footfretted in it. Million-fuelèd, ¦ nature's bonfire burns on.
But quench her bonniest, dearest ¦ to her, her clearest-selvèd
 spark
Man, how fast his firedint, ¦ his mark on mind, is gone!
Both are in an unfathomable, all is in an enormous dark
Drowned. O pity and indig¦nation! Manshape, that shone
Sheer off, disseveral, a star, ¦ death blots black out; nor mark
 Is any of him at all so stark
But vastness blurs and time ¦ beats level. Enough! the Resur-
 rection,
A heart's-clarion! Away grief's gasping, ¦ joyless days, de-
 jection.
 Across my foundering deck shone
A beacon, an eternal beam. ¦ Flesh fade, and mortal trash
Fall to the residuary worm; ¦ world's wildfire, leave but ash:
 In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
I am all at once what Christ is, ¦ since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, ¦ patch, matchwood, immortal
 diamond,
 Is immortal diamond.

73

In honour of

St. Alphonsus Rodriguez

Laybrother of the Society of Jesus

Honour is flashed off exploit, so we say;
And those strokes once that gashed flesh or galled shield
Should tongue that time now, trumpet now that field,
And, on the fighter, forge his glorious day.

On Christ they do and on the martyr may;
But be the war within, the brand we wield
Unseen, the heroic breast not outward-steeled,
Earth hears no hurtle then from fiercest fray.

Yet God (that hews mountain and continent,
Earth, all, out; who, with trickling increment,
Veins violets and tall trees makes more and more)
Could crowd career with conquest while there went
Those years and years by of world without event
That in Majorca Alfonso watched the door.

74

Justus quidem tu es, Domine, si disputem tecum: verumtamen justa loquar ad te: Quare via impiorum prosperatur? &c.

THOU art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?
Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes
Now, leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again
With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
Them; birds build—but not I build; no, but strain,
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

75

To R. B.

THE fine delight that fathers thought; the strong
Spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame,
Breathes once and, quenchèd faster than it came,
Leaves yet the mind a mother of immortal song.
Nine months she then, nay years, nine years she long
Within her wears, bears, cares and combs the same:
The widow of an insight lost she lives, with aim
Now known and hand at work now never wrong.
  Sweet fire the sire of muse, my soul needs this;
I want the one rapture of an inspiration.
O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,
My winter world, that scarcely breathes that bliss
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.

UNFINISHED POEMS
FRAGMENTS
LIGHT VERSE
ETC.

(1864-1889)

UNFINISHED POEMS, FRAGMENTS, LIGHT VERSE, ETC.

A. 1864–1866?

76

Fragments of

Pilate

THE pang of Tartarus, Christians hold,
Is this, from Christ to be shut out.
This outer cold, my exile from of old,
From God and man is hell no doubt.
Would I could hear the other Pilates shout.
But yet they say Christ comes at the last day.
Then will he keep in this stay?

Unchill'd I handle stinging snow;
The sun whose vast afflictive heat
Does lay men low with one blade's sudden blow
Cleaves not my brain, burns not my feet,
When the fierce skies are blue to black albeit
The shearing rays contract me with their blaze
Most dead-alive upon those days

[Betwixt the morsels of the snow,
Under the shrinking blue black heat,
When the winds blow, when the strong rains twist and flow
Along my face and hands and feet]

3

Then I seek out the shadow and stones
And to those stones become akin
My several moans come distant in their tones
As though they were not from within
And for that fearful hour life is more thin
And numbs and starves, as between wharves
A freezing runnel sobs and dwarfs.

4

Sometimes I see the summit stake
High up the balanced stony air—
In whose dead lake even a voice may make
The hanging snows rush down and bare
Their rocky lodges. Then the weather rare
Allows the sound of bells in hamlets round
To come to me from the underground.

5

Often when winds impenitent
Beat, heave and the strong mountain tire
I can stand pent in the monstrous element
And feel no blast.—The fretful fire
Breathe o'er my bare nerve rather I desire.
They swathe and lace the shroud-plaits o'er my face,
But to be ransom'd from this place.

6

Whatever time this vapourous roof,
The screen of my captivity,
Holds off aloof, that signal is and proof
Not of clear skies, but storm to be.

But then I make an eager shift to see
Houses that make abode beside the lake,
And then my heart goes near to break.

7

The clouds come like ill-balanced crags,
Shouldering, Down valleys smokes the gloom.
The thunder brags. In joints of sparkling jags
The lightnings leap. The day of doom!
I cry 'O rocks and mountains make me room.'
And yet I know it would be better so,
Aye, sweet to taste beside this woe.

* * *

There is a day of all the year
When life revisits me nerve and vein.
They all come here and stand before me clear
I try the Christus o'er again.
Sir! Christ! against this multitude I strain—
Lord, but they cry so loud. And what am I?
And all in one say 'Crucify!'

Before that rock, my seat, He stands;
And then—I choke to tell this out—
I give commands for water for my hands;
And some of those who stand about
Vespillo my centurion hacks out
Some ice that locks the glacier to the rocks
And in a bason brings the blocks.

I choose one; but when I desire
To wash before the multitude

The vital fire does suddenly retire
From hands now clammy with strange blood.
My frenzied working is not understood.
Now I grow numb. My tongue strikes on the gum
And cleaves, I struggle and am dumb.

I hear the multitude tramp by.
O here is the most piteous part,
For he whom I sent forth to crucify,
Whispers 'If thou have warmth at heart
Take courage; this shall need no further art.'

* * *

I have a hope if so it be,
A hope of an approved device;
I will break free from the Jews' company,
And find a flint, a fang of ice,
Or fray a granite from the precipice:
When this is sought trees will be wanting not,
And I shall shape one to my thought.

Thus I shall make a cross, and in't
Will add a footrest there to stand,
And with sharp flint will part my feet and dint
The point fast in, and my left hand
Lock with my right; then knot a barken band
To hold me quite fix'd in the selfsame plight;
And thus I will thrust in my right:—

I'll take in hand the blady stone
And to my palm the point apply,
And press it down, on either side a bone,
With hope, with shut eyes, fixedly;
Thus crucified as I did crucify.

77

A Voice from the World

Fragments of 'An answer to Miss Rossetti's *Convent Threshold*'*

At last I hear the voice well-known;
Doubtless the voice: now fall'n now spent,
Now coming from the alien eaves,—
You would not house beneath my own;
To alien eaves you fled and went,—
Now like the bird that shapes alone
A turn of seven notes or five,
When skies are hard as any stone,
The fall is o'er, told off the leaves,
'Tis marvel she is yet alive.
Once it was scarce perceivèd Lent
For orience of the daffodil;
Once, jostling thick, the bluebell sheaves
The peacock'd copse were known to fill;
Through other bars it used the thrill,
And carried me with ravishment,
Your signal, when apart we stood,
Thorn-engaged, impaled and pent
With just such sweet potential skill,
Late in the green weeks of April
Cuckoo calls cuckoo up the wood,
Five notes or seven, late and few:
From parts unlook'd for, alter'd, spent,
At last I hear the voice I knew.

* * *

* The text of *The Convent Threshold* is given in the Appendix, p. 295.

I plead: familiarness endears
My evil words thorny with pain:
I plead: and you will give your tears:
I plead: and ah! how much in vain!

* * *

I know I mar my cause with words:
So be it; I must maim and mar.
Your comfort is as sharp as swords;
And I cry out for wounded love.
And you are gone so heavenly far
You hear nor care of love and pain.
My tears are but a cloud of rain;
My passion like a foolish wind
Lifts them a little way above.
But you, so spherèd, see no more—
You see but with a holier mind—
You hear and alter'd do not hear
Being a stoled apparel'd star.
You should have been with me as near
As halves of sweet-pea-blossom are;
But now are fled, and hard to find
As the seventh Pleiad, yea behind
Exilèd most remote El Khor.

* * *

The love of women is not so strong,—
'Tis falsely given—as love in men;
A thing that weeps, enduring long:
But mine is dreadful leaping pain,
Phrenzy, but edged and clear of brain
Ruinous heart-beat, wandering, death.

I walk towards eve our walks again;
When lily-yellow is the west,
Say, o'er it hangs a water-cloud
And ravell'd into strings of rain.
At once I struggle with my breath.
'The light was so, the wind so loud
No louder, when I was with you.
Always the time remembereth
Its very looks in other years,
Only with us is old and new.'
I fall, I tear and shower the weed,
I bite my hands, my looks I shroud;
My cry is like a bleat; a few
Intolerable tears I bleed.
Then is my misery full indeed:
I die, I die, I do not live.—
Alas! I rave where calm is due;
I would remember. Love, forgive.
I cannot calm, I cannot heed.

I storm and shock you. So I fail,
And like a self-outwitted blast
Fling to the convent wicket fast.
Who would not shelter from the hail?
But is there a place for tenderness,
There was a charm would countervail
The spell of woe if any could.
Once in a drawer of Indian wood
You folded (did you not?) your dress.
The essence ne'er forgot the fold;
And I esteem'd the sandal good

And now I get some precious slips.

* * *

*. . . . . you dreamed
I [dream'd] my counterpart. It seem'd
[A bell] at midnight woke the town
[And all] into the Duomo ran:
You met me, I had hasten'd down:
That night the judgment day began:
'Twas said of none but all men knew:
Nocturns I thought were hurried through.
Some knelt, some stood: I seem'd to feel
Who knelt were for the Lord's right hand;
They are the goats who stand, said I.
I stood; but does she stand or kneel?
I strove to look; I lost the trick
Of nerve; the clammy ball was dry.
Then came the benediction.
His lips moved fast in sense too thick!
The others heard; I could not hear
. . . .†
Save me: and you were standing near.

An angel came: 'The judgment done,
Mercy is left enough for one:
Choose, one for hell and one for heaven!'
You cried 'But I have served thee well,
O Lord; but I have wrought and striven;
Duly, dear Lord, my prize is won.
I did repent; I am forgiven.

* Two pages of the MS. at this place are badly smudged: words in brackets are conjectural—[H. H.].

† This line is at the bottom of the page, and quite illegible—[H. H.].

Give him the gift.' I cannot tell
But all the while it seem'd to me
I reason'd the futility.
Or this, or else I do not love,
I inly said; but could not move
My fast-lodged tongue. '. . .*
I yield' I would have cried. At last
Something I said; I swooned and fell.
The angel lifted us above.
The bitterness of death was past,
My love; and all was sweet and well.

* * *

. . . .

Who say that angels, in your ear
Are heard, that cry 'She does repent',
Let charity thus begin at home,—
Teach me the paces that you went
I can send up an Esau's cry;
Tune it to words of good intent.
This ice, this lead, this steel, this stone,
This heart is warm to you alone;
Make it to God. I am not spent
So far but I have yet within
The penetrative element
That shall unglue the crust of sin.
Steel may be melted and rock rent.
Penance shall clothe me to the bone.
Teach me the way: I will repent.

* * *

*** Apparently not completed in MS., though space is left for the missing words—[H. H.].**

But grant my penitence begun:
I need not, love, I need not break
Remember'd sweetness. For my thought
No house of Rimmon may I take,
To bow but little, and worship not?
Is not some little Bela set
Before the mountain?—No, not one,
The heaven-enforcèd answer comes,
Yea, to myself I answer make:
Who can but barter slender sums
By slender losses are undone;
They breathe not who are late to run.—
O hideous vice to haggle yet
For more with Him who gives thee all,
Freely forgives the monstrous debt!
Having the infinitely great
Therewith to hanker for the small!

Knowledge is strong but love is sweet.—
I found the ways were sown with salt
Where you and I were wont to tread;
Not further'd much my foolish feet
For all the miles that they were sped;
No flowers to find, no place to halt,
No colour in the overhead,
No running in the river-bed;
And passages where we used to meet,—
Fruit-cloistering hyacinth-warding woods,
I call'd them and I thought them then—
When you were learner and I read,

Are waste, and had no wholesome foods,
Unpalateable fruits to eat.
What have I more than other men,
For learning stored and garnerèd?
And barely to escape the curse,
I who was wise would be untaught,
And fain would follow I who led.
How shall I search, who never sought?
How turn my passion-pastured thought
To gentle manna and simple bread?

78

I MUST hunt down the prize
  Where my heart lists.
Must see the eagle's bulk, render'd in mists,
  Hang of a treble size.

Must see the waters roll
  Where the seas set
Towards wastes where round the ice-blocks tilt and fret
  Not so far from the pole.

or

Must see the green seas roll
  Where waters set
Towards those wastes where the ice-blocks tilt and fret,
  Not so far from the pole.

79

WHY should their foolish bands, their hopeless hearses
Blot the perpetual festival of day?
Ravens, for prosperously-boded curses
Returning thanks, might offer such array.
Heaven comfort sends, but harry it away,
Gather the sooty plumage from Death's wings
And the poor corse impale with it and fray
Far from its head an angel's hoverings.
And count the rosy cross with bann'd disastrous things.

80

WHY if it be so, for the dismal morn
Into his hollow'd palm should moan the blast;
And in grey bands the sun should lie still born;
And straight showers parallel should follow fast;
And, swarter still, the rolling pines should cast
Their heads together in a stormy blot.

Bala.

81

IT was a hard thing to undo this knot.
The rainbow shines but only in the thought
Of him that looks. Yet not in that alone,
For who makes rainbows by invention?
And many standing round a waterfall
See one bow each, yet not the same to all,

But each a hand's breadth further than the next.
The sun on falling waters writes the text
Which yet is in the eye or in the thought.
It was a hard thing to undo this knot.

Maentwrog.

82

Six Epigrams

(i)

Of virtues I most warmly bless,
Most rarely seen, Unselfishness.
And to put graver sins aside,
I own a preference for Pride.

(In the van between Ffestiniog and Bala.)

(ii)

Modern Poets.

Our swans are now of such remorseless quill,
Themselves live singing and their hearers kill.

(iii)

On a Poetess.

Miss M.'s a nightingale. 'Tis well
Your simile I keep.
It is the way with Philomel
To sing while others sleep.

(iv)

You ask why can't Clarissa hold her tongue.
Because she fears her fingers will be stung.

(v)

On one who borrowed his sermons.

Herclots' preachings I'll no longer hear:
They're out of date—lent sermons all the year.

(vi)

'Boughs being pruned, birds preenèd, show more fair;
To grace them spires are shaped with corner squinches;
Enrichèd posts are chamfer'd; everywhere
He heightens worth who guardedly diminishes;
Diamonds are better cut; who pare, repair;
Is statuary rated by its inches?
Thus we shall profit, while gold coinage still
Is worth and current with a lessen'd mill.'

83

—I AM like a slip of comet,
Scarce worth discovery, in some corner seen
Bridging the slender difference of two stars,
Come out of space, or suddenly engender'd
By heady elements, for no man knows;
But when she sights the sun she grows and sizes
And spins her skirts out, while her central star
Shakes its cocooning mists; and so she comes
To fields of light; millions of travelling rays
Pierce her; she hangs upon the flame-cased sun,
And sucks the light as full as Gideon's fleece:

But then her tether calls her; she falls off,
And as she dwindles shreds her smock of gold
Between the sistering planets, till she comes
To single Saturn, last and solitary;
And then she goes out into the cavernous dark.
So I go out: my little sweet is done:
I have drawn heat from this contagious sun:
To not ungentle death now forth I run.

84

No, they are come; their horn is lifted up;
They stand, they shine in the sun; Fame has foregone
All quests save the recital of their greatness;
Their clarions from all corners of the field
With potent lips call down cemented towers;
Their harness beams like scythes in morning grass;
Like flame they gather on our cliffs at evening,
At morn they come upon our lands like rains;
They plough our vales; you see the unsteady flare
Flush through their heaving columns; when they halt
They seem to fold the hills with golden capes;
They draw all coverts, cut the fields, and suck
The treasure from all cities. . . .

85

Now I am minded to take pipe in hand
And yield a song to the decaying year;
Now while the full-leaved hursts unalter'd stand,
    And scarcely does appear

The Autumn yellow feather in the boughs
While there is neither sun nor rain;
And a gray heaven does the hush'd earth house,
And bluer gray the flocks of trees look in the plain.

So late the hoar green chestnut breaks a bud,
And feeds new leaves upon the winds of Fall;
So late there is no force in sap or blood;
The fruit against the wall
Loose on the stem has done its summering;
These should have starv'd with the green broods of spring,
Or never been at all;
[ ] too late or else much, much too soon,
Who first knew moonlight by the hunter's moon.

86

The cold whip-adder unespied
With wavèd passes there shall glide
Too near thee, and thou must abide
The ringèd blindworm hard beside.

87

Fragments of

Richard

(i)

As void as clouds that house and harbour none,
Whose gaps and hollows are not browsed upon,
As void as those the gentle downs appear
On such a season of the day and year.

There was no bleat of ewe, no chime of wether,
Only the bellèd foxgloves lisp'd together.
Yet there came one who sent his flock before him.
Alone upon the hill-top, heaven o'er him,
And where the brow in first descending bow'd
He sat and wrought his outline on a cloud.
His sheep seem'd to come from it as they stept,
One and then one, along their walks, and kept
Their changing feet in flicker all the time
And to their feet the narrow bells gave rhyme.
Affinèd well to that sweet solitude,
He was a shepherd of the Arcadian mood
That not Arcadia knew nor Haemony.
His tale and telling has been given to me.

. . . .

(ii)

But what drew shepherd Richard from his downs,
And bred acquaintance of unusèd towns?
What put taught graces on his country lip,
And brought the sense of gentle fellowship,
That many centres found in many hearts?
What taught the humanities and the round of arts?
And for the tinklings on the falls and swells
Gave the much music of our Oxford bells?

. . . .

(iii)

'Sylvester, come, Sylvester, you may trust
Your footing now to the much-dreaded dust,
Crisp'd up and starchy from a short half-hour
Of standing to the blossom-hitting shower

That still makes counter-roundels in the pond.
A rainbow also shapes itself beyond
The shining slates and houses. Come and see.
You may quote Wordsworth, if you like, to me.'
Sylvester came: they went by Cumnor hill,
Met a new shower, and saw the rainbow fill
From one frail horn that crumbled to the plain
His steady wheel quite to the full again.
They watched the brush of the swift stringy drops,
Help'd by the darkness of a block of copse
Close-rooted in the downward-hollowing fields;
Then sought such leafy shelter as it yields,
And each drew bluebells up, and for relief
Took primroses, their pull'd and plotted leaf
Being not forgotten, for primroses note
The blue with brighter places not remote.

. . . .

(iv)

There was a meadow level almost: you traced
The river wound about it as a waist.
Beyond, the banks were steep; a brush of trees
Rounded it, thinning skywards by degrees,
With parallel shafts,—as upward-parted ashes,—
Their highest sprays were drawn as fine as lashes,
With centres duly touch'd and nestlike spots,—
And oaks,—but these were leaved in sharper knots.
Great butter-burr leaves floor'd the slope corpse ground
Beyond the river, all the meadow's round,
And each a dinted circle. The grass was red
And long, the trees were colour'd, but the o'er-head,

Milky and dark, with an attuning stress
Controll'd them to a grey-green temperateness,
Making the shadow sweeter. A spiritual grace
Which Wordsworth would have dwelt on, about the place
Led Richard with a sweet undoing pain
To trace some traceless loss of thought again.
Here at the very furthest reach away
(The furthest reach this side, on that the bay
Most dented) lay Sylvester, reading Keats'
Epistles, while the running pastoral bleats
Of sheep from the high fields and other wild
Sounds reach'd him. Richard came. Sylvester smiled
And said 'I like this: it is almost isled,
The river spans it with so deep a hip.
I hope that all the places on our trip
Will please us so.'

. . . .

88

The Queen's Crowning

1. They were wedded at midnight
   By shine of candles three,
   And they were bedded till daylight
   Before he went to sea.

2. 'When are you home, my love,' she said,
   'When are you home from sea?'
   'You may look for me home, my love,' he said,
   'In two years or in three.'

3. 'Heaven make the time be short,' she said,
   'Although it were years three.
 Heaven make it sweet to you,' she said,
   'And make it short to me.

4. And what is your true name?' she said,
   'Your name and your degree?
 How shall I call my love,' she said,
   'When he is over the sea?'

5. 'O I am the king's son,' he said,
   'Lord William they call me.
 I give you my love and I give you my land,
   When I come home from sea.'

6. He yearn'd, he yearn'd to have his love,
   For two years and for three.
 Then he set sail in a golden ship
   With a golden company.

7. Or ever he set his foot to the land
   He saw his brothers three.
 'O have you here a foreign lady
   Come with you from over the sea?'

8. 'O I have here no foreign lady
   Come with me from over the sea.'
 'Then will you wed with an English lady,
   As wedded you must be?'

9. Says 'Get you, get you a lady to wed
   That has both gold and fee.
 Ere you set sail the king was dead.
   The crown has come to thee.'

10. 'And if I chose a love to wed
   That was of low degree?
The crown should be unto her head
   And what were that to thee?'

11. One has gone to the king's steward,
   Shewn him both gold and fee:
Said 'Who then is this lowly woman,
   And truly tell to me.'

12. The king's friend told the thing that was hid
   Because of gold and fee.
Said, it was not meet the king should wed
   With one of low degree.

13. They have held his eyes with blindfold bands
   Because he should not see.
They have bound his feet, they have bound his hands:
   It was but one to three.

14. They have taken out their long brands,
   They bow'd him on his knee.
'It is for the shame of the lowly woman
   That this has come to thee.'

15. They have happ'd him with the sand and stone
   That was beside the sea.
In his heart said everyone
   The crown shall be for me.

16. Lowly Alice sat in her bower
   With a two years child at her knee.
'I think it is seven days,' she said,
   'Thy father thou shalt see.'

17. Lowly Alice looked abroad
Over field and tree,
And she was ware of a servingman
Came running over the lea.

18. 'O what will you now, good servingman,
O what will you now with me?'
Says 'Are you not Lord William's love
That is of low degree?'

19. 'I am Lord William's love,' she said,
'And Alice they call me.'
'Lord William comes hunting tomorrow morning,
And he will come to thee.

20. But how will you Lord William know
Beside his brothers three?'
'Because he is my love,' she said,
'And is so fair to see.'

21. 'Yet how will you Lord William know
Beside his brothers three?
His three brothers are each as tall
And each as fair as he.

22. If it be a white rose in his hand,
A lily if it should be,
In this wise you may know your lord
Beside his brothers three:

23. If he wear the crown upon his head
Among his brothers three,
If he wear a crown upon his head
And bring a crown for thee.'

24. She heard the hunt the morrow morning
And she came out to see.
And there she never saw the king,
But saw his brothers three.

25. She stood before them in the glen,
She kneeled upon her knee.
'O where is Lord William, my lords,' she said,
'I pray you tell to me.'

26. Two made answer in one breath
And each said 'I am he.'
'Fie, you are not Lord William,' she said;
'O fie that this should be.'

27. Then up and spake the third brother,
Said 'Listen now to me.
Lord William is king of all this land
And thou of low degree.'

28. 'Fie,' she said unto them all,
'No truth between you three.
If he were king of all this land
He would have come for me.'

29. As she lay weeping at the night
She heard but knockings three.
'It is as cold as death without:
Open the door to me.'

30. Said 'Who is this that stands without?'
Said 'Open, open to me.'
When she had made the door wide
Her true love she might see.

31. 'O why art thou so wan,' she said,
'And why so short with me?
And art thou come from English land,
Or come from over the sea?'

32. 'I am not come from English land,
Nor yet from over the sea.
If I were come from Paradise,
It were more like to be.'

33. 'Is it a lily in your hand,
Is it a rose I see?
Did you pull it in the king's garden
When you came forth for me?'

34. 'I did not pull it in the king's garden
When I came forth for thee.
If it were a flower of Paradise,
It were more like to be.'

35. 'Is that the King's crown on your head,
And have you a crown for me?'
'If it were a crown of Paradise,
It were more like to be.'

36. The more she asked, the more he spoke,
The fairer waxèd he.
The more he told, the less she spoke,
The wanner wanèd she.

37. 'Wilt thou follow me, my true love,
If I give thee kisses three?
Wilt thou follow me, my true love?
I have a crown for thee.'

38. 'O I will follow thee, my true love.
Give me thy kisses three.
Sweeter thy kisses, my own love,
Than all the crowns to me.'

39. He gave her kisses cold as ice;
Down upon ground fell she.
She has gone with him to Paradise.
There shall her crowning be.

89

TOMORROW meet you? O not tomorrow.
I would not make the trial.
Fear hindrance and espial
And after that sad sorrow.
But with a sweet persistency
He dallies yet and yet with me
And will not take denial.

or Then severance and sorrow.

90

The Summer Malison

MAIDENS shall weep at merry morn,
And hedges break and lose the kine,
And field-flowers make the fields forlorn,
And noonday have a shallow shine,
And barley turn to weed and wild,
And seven ears crown the lodged corn,
And mother have no milk for child,
And father be overworn.

And John shall lie, where winds are dead,
And hate the ill-visaged cursing tars,
And James shall hate his faded red,
Grown wicked in the wicked wars.
No rains shall fresh the flats of sea,
Nor close the clayfields' sharded sores,
And every heart think loathingly
  Its dearest changed to bores.

91

Floris in Italy. Floris, having found by chance that Giulia loves him, reasons with himself (or perhaps with Henry) in defence of his not returning her love. Her beauty is urged.

Beauty it may be is the meet of lines,
Or careful-spacèd sequences of sound,
These rather are the arc where beauty shines,
The temper'd soil where only her flower is found.
Allow at least it has one term and part
Beyond, and one within the looker's eye;
And I must have the centre in my heart
To spread the compass on the all-starr'd sky:
For only try by gazing to divide
One star by daylight from the strong blue air,
And find it will not therefore be descried
Because its place is known and charted there.
No, love prescriptive, love with place assign'd,
Love by monition, heritage, or lot,
Love by prenatal serfdom still confined
Even to the tillage of the sweetest spot,—

It is a regimen on the imperfect wind,
Piecing the elements out by plan and plot.
Though self-made bands at last may true love bind,
New love is free love, or true love 'tis not.

Or Say beauty lies but in the meet of lines,
In careful-spaced sequences of sound

* * *

To turn the compass on the all-starr'd sky

* * *

Is to give regimen to the imperfect wind
And slender elements to piece and plot.
The — — elements — —— — ——

* * *

New love is free love, or true love 'tis not. [*exit*

Henry. Thus he ties spider's web across his sight
And gives for tropes his judgment all away,
Gilds with some sparky fancies his black night
And stumbling swears he walks by light of day.
Blindness! A learnèd fool and well-bred churl
That swinishly refuses such a pearl!

or Such spider's web he ties across his sight,
And gives for tropes his judgment all away,
Gilds with some sparky fancies blinding night,
And stumbling swears he walks by light of day.
A learnèd fool indeed and well-bred churl
That swinishly refuses such a pearl!

92

How looks the night? There does not miss a star.
The million sorts of unaccounted motes
Now quicken, sheathed in the yellow galaxy.
There is no parting or bare interstice
Where the stint compass of a skylark's wings
Would not put out some tiny golden centre.

93

Shakspere

In the lodges of the perishable souls
He has his portion. God, who stretch'd apart
Doomsday and death—whose dateless thought must chart
All time at once and span the distant goals,
Sees what his place is; but for us the rolls
Are shut against the canvassing of art.
Something we guess or know: some spirits start
Upwards at once and win their aureoles.

. . . .

94

Trees by their yield
Are known; but I—
My sap is sealed,
My root is dry.

If life within
I none can shew
(Except for sin),
Nor fruit above,—
It must be so—
I do not love.

Will no one show
I argued ill?
Because, although
Self-sentenced, still
I keep my trust.
If He would prove
And search me through
Would he not find
(What yet there must
Be hid behind

. . . .

95

A Complaint

I THOUGHT that you would have written: my birthday came and went,
And with the last post over I knew no letter was sent.
And if you write at last, it never can be the same:
What *would* be a birthday letter that after the birthday came?

I know what you will tell me—neglectful that you are not.
But is not that my grievance—you promised and you forgot?
It 's the day that makes the charm; no after-words could succeed
Though they took till the seventeenth of next October to read.

Think this, my birthday falls in saddening time of year;
Only the dahlias blow, and all is Autumn here.
Hampstead was never bright; and whatever Miss Cully's charms
It is hardly a proper treat for a birthday to rest in her arms.

Our sex should be born in April perhaps or the lily-time;
But the lily is past, as I say, and the rose is not in its prime:
What I did ask then was a circle of rose-red sealing-wax
And a few leaves not lily-white but charactered over with blacks.

But late is better than never: you see you have managed so,
You have made me quote almost the dismalest proverb I know:
For a letter comes at last: (shall I say before Christmas is come?)
And I must take your amends, cry Pardon, and then be dumb.

96

MOONLESS darkness stands between.
Past, O Past, no more be seen!
But the Bethlehem star may lead me
To the sight of Him who freed me
From the self that I have been.
Make me pure, Lord: Thou art holy;
Make me meek, Lord: Thou wert lowly;
Now beginning, and alway:
Now begin, on Christmas day.

97

THE earth and heaven, so little known,
Are measured outwards from my breast.
I am the midst of every zone
And justify the East and West;

The unchanging register of change
My all-accepting fixèd eye,
While all things else may stir and range
All else may whirl or dive or fly.

The swallow, favourite of the gale,
Will on the moulding strike and cling,
Unvalve or shut his vanèd tail
And sheathe at once his leger wing.

He drops upon the wind again;
His little pennon is unfurled.
In motion is no weight or pain,
Nor permanence in the solid world.

There is a vapour stands in the wind;
It shapes itself in taper skeins:
You look again and cannot find,
Save in the body of the rains.

And these are spent and ended quite;
The sky is blue, and the winds pull
Their clouds with breathing edges white
Beyond the world; the streams are full

And millbrook-slips with pretty pace
Gallop along the meadow grass.—
O lovely ease in change of place!
I have desired, desired to pass . . . .

98

Summa

The best ideal is the true
And other truth is none.
All glory be ascribèd to
The holy Three in One.

Man is most low, God is most high,
As sure as heaven it is
There must be something to supply
All insufficiencies,
For souls that might have blessed the time
And breathed delightful breath
In sordidness of care and crime
The city tires to death,
And faces fit for leisure gaze
And daylight and sweet air,
Missing prosperity and praise
Are never known for fair.

B. 1876–1889

99

Moonrise

I awoke in the Midsummer not to call night, | in the white and the walk of the morning:
The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe | of a fingernail held to the candle,
Or paring of paradisaïcal fruit, | lovely in waning but lustreless,

Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow, ¦ of dark Maenefa the mountain;
A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged him, ¦ entangled him, not quit utterly.
This was the prized, the desirable sight, ¦ unsought, presented so easily,
Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me, ¦ eyelid and eyelid of slumber.

100

The Woodlark

Teevo cheevo cheevio chee:
O where, what can thát be?
Weedio-weedio: there again!
So tiny a trickle of sóng-strain;
And all round not to be found
For brier, bough, furrow, or gréen ground
Before or behind or far or at hand
Either left either right
Anywhere in the súnlight.

Well, after all! Ah but hark—
'I am the little wóodlark.
The skylark is my cousin and he
Is known to men more than me.
Round a ring, around a ring
And while I sail (must listen) I sing.

To-day the sky is two and two
With white strokes and strains of the blue.
The blue wheat-acre is underneath
And the braided ear breaks out of the sheath,

The ear in milk, lush the sash,
And crush-silk poppies aflash,
The blood-gush blade-gash
Flame-rash rudred
Bud shelling or broad-shed
Tatter-tassel-tangled and dingle-a-danglèd
Dandy-hung dainty head.

And down . . . the furrow dry
Sunspurge and oxeye
And lace-leaved lovely
Foam-tuft fumitory.

I ám so véry, O só very glád
That I dó thínk there is not to be had
[Anywhere any more joy to be in.
Cheevio:] when the cry within
Says Go on then I go on
Till the longing is less and the good gone,
But down drop, if it says Stop,
To the all-a-leaf of the tréetop.
And after that off the bough
[Hover-float to the hedge brow.]

Through the velvety wind V-winged
[Where shake shadow is sun's-eye-ringed]
To the nest's nook I balance and buoy
With a sweet joy of a sweet joy,
Sweet, of a sweet, of a sweet joy
Of a sweet—a sweet—sweet—joy.'

101

WHAT being in rank-old nature should earlier have that breath been
That hére pérsonal tells off these heart-song powerful peals?—
A bush-browed, beetle-brówed bíllow is it?
With a soúth-wésterly wínd blústering, with a tide rolls reels
Of crumbling, fore-foundering, thundering all-surfy seas in; seen
Úndemeath, their glassy barrel, of a fairy green.

. . . .

Or a jaunting vaunting vaulting assaulting trumpet telling.

102

Cheery Beggar

BEYOND Mágdalen and by the Bridge, on a place called there the Plain,
In Summer, in a burst of summertime
Following falls and falls of rain,
When the air was sweet-and-sour of the flown fineflower of
Those goldnails and their gaylinks that hang along a lime;

. . . .

The motion of that man's heart is fine
Whom want could not make píne, píne
That struggling should not sear him, a gift should cheer him
Like that poor pocket of pence, poor pence of mine.

. . . .

103

Denis, whose motionable, alert, most vaulting wit
Caps occasion with an intellectual fit.
Yet Arthur is a Bowman: his three-heeled timber'll hit
The bald and bóld blínking gold when áll 's dóne
Right rooting in the bare butt's wincing navel in the sight of
the sun.

. . . .

104

The furl of fresh-leaved dogrose down
His cheeks the forth-and-flaunting sun
Had swarthed about with lion-brown
Before the Spring was done.

His locks like all a ravel-rope's-end,
With hempen strands in spray—
Fallow, foam-fallow, hanks—fall'n off their ranks,
Swung down at a disarray.

Or like a juicy and jostling shock
Of bluebells sheaved in May
Or wind-long fleeces on the flock
A day off shearing day.

Then over his turnèd temples—here—
Was a rose, or, failing that,
Rough-Robin or five-lipped campion clear
For a beauty-bow to his hat,
And the sunlight sidled, like dewdrops, like dandled
diamonds
Through the sieve of the straw of the plait.

. . . .

St. Winefred's Well

Act I. Sc. 1

Enter Teryth from riding, Winefred following.

T. What is it, Gwen, my girl? ' why do you hover and haunt me?

W. You came by Caerwys, sir?'

V. I came by Caerwys.

W. There

Some messenger there might have ' met you from my uncle.

T. Your uncle met the messenger—' met me; and this the message:

Lord Beuno comes to-night.'

W. To-night, sir!

T. Soon, now: therefore

Have all things ready in his room.'

W. There needs but little doing.

T. Let what there needs be done. ' Stay! with him one companion,

His deacon, Dirvan: Warm ' twice over must the welcome be,

But both will share one cell.—' This was good news, Gwenvrewi.

W. Ah yes!

T. Why, get thee gone then; ' tell thy mother I want her.

Exit Winefred.

No man has such a daughter. ' The fathers of the world

Call no such maiden 'mine'. ' The deeper grows her dearness

And more and more times laces ' round and round my heart,
The more some monstrous hand ' gropes with clammy fingers there,
Tampering with those sweet bines, ' draws them out, strains them, strains them;
Meantime some tongue cries 'What, Teryth! ' what, thou poor fond father!
How when this bloom, this honeysuckle, ' that rides the air so rich about thee,
Is all, all sheared away, ' thus!' Then I sweat for fear.
Or else a funeral, ' and yet 'tis not a funeral,
Some pageant which takes tears ' and I must foot with feeling that
Alive or dead my girl ' is carried in it, endlessly
Goes marching thro' my mind. ' What sense is this? It has none.
This is too much the father; ' nay the mother. Fanciful!
I here forbid my thoughts ' to fool themselves with fears.

Enter Gwenlo.

. . . .

ACT II.—*Scene, a wood ending in a steep bank over a dry dene. Winefred having been murdered within, re-enter Caradoc with a bloody sword.*

C. My héart, where have we been? ' What have we séen, my mind?
What stroke has Carádoc's right arm dealt? ' what done? Head of a rebel
Struck óff it has; written ' upon lovely limbs,
In bloody letters, lessons ' of earnest, of revenge;

Monuments of my earnest, ' records of my revenge,
On one that went against me ' whéreas I had warned her—
Warned her! well she knew. ' I warned her of this work.
What work? what harm's done? There is ' no harm done,
none yet;
Perhaps we struck no blow, ' Gwenvrewi lives perhaps;
To makebelieve my mood was— ' mock. O I might think
so
But here, here is a workman ' from his day's task sweats.
Wiped I am sure this was; ' it seems not well; for still,
Still the scarlet swings ' and dances on the blade.
So be it. Thou steel, thou butcher,
I cán scour thee, fresh burnish thee, ' sheathe thee in thy
dark lair; these drops
Never, never, never ' in their blue banks again.
The woeful, Cradock, O ' the woeful word! Then what,
What have we seen? Her head, ' sheared from her
shoulders, fall,
And lapped in shining hair, ' roll to the bank's edge; then
Down the beetling banks, ' like water in waterfalls,
It stooped and flashed and fell ' and ran like water away.
Her eyes, oh and her eyes!
In all her beauty, and sunlight ' to it is a pit, den, darkness,
Foam-falling is not fresh to it, ' rainbow by it not beaming,
In all her body, I say, ' no place was like her eyes,
No piece matched those eyes ' kept most part much cast
down
But, being lifted, immortal, ' of immortal brightness.
Several times I saw them, ' thrice or four times turning;
Round and round they came ' and flashed towards heaven:
O there,

There they did appeal. ' Therefore airy vengeances
Are afoot; heaven-vault fast purpling ' portends, and what
first lightning
Any instant falls means me. ' And I do not repent;
I do not and I will not ' repent, not repent.
The blame bear who aroused me. ' What I have done
violent
I have líke a líon dóne, ' líonlíke dóne,
Honouring an uncontrolled ' royal wrathful nature,
Mantling passion in a grandeur, ' crimson grandeur.
Now be my pride then perfect, ' áll one piece. Henceforth
In a wide world of defiance ' Caradoc lives alone,
Loyal to his own soul, laying ' his ówn law down, no law
nor
Lord now curb him for ever. ' O daring! O deep insight!
What is virtue? Valour; ' only the heart valiant.
And right? Only resolution; ' will, his will unwavering
Who, like me, knowing his nature ' to the heart home,
nature's business,
Despatches with no flinching. ' But wíll flesh, O can flésh
Second this fiery strain? ' Not always; O no no!
We cannot live this life out; ' sometimes we must weary
And in this darksome world ' what comfort can I find?
Down this darksome world ' cómfort whére can I find
When 'ts light I quenched; its rose, ' time's one rich rose,
my hand,
By her bloom, fast by ' her fresh, her fleecèd bloom,
Hideous dáshed dówn, leaving ' earth a winter withering
With no now, no Gwenvrewi. ' I must miss her most
That might have spared her were it ' but for passion-sake.
Yes,

To hunger and not have, yét ' hope ón for, to storm and
strive and
Be at every assault fresh foiled, ' worse flung, deeper dis-
appointed,
The turmoil and the torment, ' it has, I swear, a sweetness,
Keeps a kind of joy in it, ' a zest, an edge, an ecstasy,
Next after sweet success. ' I am not left even this;
I all my being have hacked ' in half with her neck: one part,
Reason, selfdisposal, ' choice of better or worse way,
Is corpse now, cannot change; ' my other self, this soul,
Life's quick, this kínd, this kéen self-feeling,
With dreadful distillation ' of thoughts sour as blood,
Must all day long taste murder. ' What do nów then? Do?
Nay,
Déed-bound I am; one deed tréads all dówn here ' cramps
all doing. What do? Not yield,
Not hope, not pray; despair; ' ay, that: brazen despair out,
Brave all, and take what comes— ' as here this rabble is
come,
Whose bloods I reck no more of, ' no more rank with hers
Than sewers with sacred oils. ' Mankind, that mob, comes.
Come!

Enter a crowd, among them Teryth, Gwenlo, Beuno.

. . . .

After Winefred's raising from the dead and the breaking out of the fountain.

BEUNO. O now while skies are blue, ' now while seas are salt,
While rushy rains shall fall ' or brooks shall fleet from
fountains,

While sick men shall cast sighs, ' of sweet health all despairing,
While blind men's eyes shall thírst after ' daylight, draughts of daylight,
Or deaf ears shall desire that ' lípmusic that's lóst upon them,
While cripples are, while lepers, ' dancers in dismal limb-dance,
Fallers in dreadful frothpits, ' waterfearers wild,
Stone, palsy, cancer, cough, ' lung-wasting, womb-notbearing,
Rupture, running sores, ' what more? in brief, in burden,
As long as men are mortal ' and God merciful,
So long to this sweet spot, ' this leafy lean-over,
This Dry Dene, nów no longer dry ' nor dumb, but moist and musical
With the uproll and the downcarol ' of day and night delivering
Water, which keeps thy name, ' (for not in róck wrítten,
But in pale water, fráil water, ' wild rash and reeling water,
That will not wear a print, ' that will not stain a pen,
Thy venerable record, ' virgin, is recorded).
Here to this holy well ' shall pilgrimages be,
And not from purple Wales only ' nor from elmy England,
But from beyond seas, Erin, ' France and Flanders, everywhere,
Pilgrims, still pilgrims, móre ' pílgrims, still more poor pilgrims.

. . . .

What sights shall be when some ' that swung, wretches, on crutches

Their crutches shall cast from them, ' on heels of air departing,
Or they go rich as roseleaves ' hence that loathsome cáme hither!
Not now to náme even
Those dearer, more divine ' boons whose haven the heart is.

. . . .

As sure as what is most sure, ' sure as that spring primroses
Shall new-dapple next year, ' sure as to-morrow morning,
Amongst come-back-again things, ' thíngs with a revival, things with a recovery,
Thy name . . .

. . . .

106

On St. Winefred

besides her miraculous cures
filling a bath and turning a mill

As wishing all about us sweet,
She brims her bath in cold or heat;
She lends, in aid of work and will,
Her hand from heaven to turn a mill—
Sweet soul! not scorning honest sweat
And favouring virgin freshness yet.

107

(Margaret Clitheroe)

God's counsel cólumnar-severe
But chaptered in the chief of bliss
Had always doomed her down to this—
Pressed to death. He plants the year;
The weighty weeks without hands grow,
Heaved drum on drum; but hands also
Must deal with Margaret Clitheroe.

The very victim would prepare.
Like water soon to be sucked in
Will crisp itself or settle and spin
So she: one sees that here and there
She mends the way she means to go.
The last thing Margaret's fingers sew
Is a shroud for Margaret Clitheroe.

The Christ-ed beauty of her mind
Her mould of features mated well.
She was admired. The spirit of hell
Being to her virtue clinching-blind
No wonder therefore was not slow
To the bargain of its hate to throw
The body of Margaret Clitheroe.

Great Thecla, the plumed passionflower,
Next Mary mother of maid and nun

. . . .

And every saint of bloody hour
And breath immortal thronged that show;
Heaven turned its starlight eyes below
To the murder of Margaret Clitheroe.

She was a woman, upright, outright;
Her will was bent at God. For that
Word went she should be crushed out flat

. . . .

Fawning fawning crocodiles
Days and days came round about
With tears to put her candle out;
They wound their winch of wicked smiles
To take her; while their tongues would go
God lighten your dark heart—but no,
Christ lived in Margaret Clitheroe.

She held her hands to, like in prayer;
They had them out and laid them wide
(Just like Jesus crucified);
They brought their hundredweights to bear.
Jews killed Jesus long ago
God's son; these (they did not know)
God's daughter Margaret Clitheroe.

When she felt the kill-weights crush
She told His name times-over three;
I suffer this she said *for Thee.*
After that in perfect hush
For a quarter of an hour or so
She was with the choke of woe.—
It is over, Margaret Clitheroe.

She caught the crying of those Three,
The Immortals of the eternal ring,
The Utterer, Utterèd, Uttering,
And witness in her place would she.
She not considered whether or no
She pleased the Queen and Council. So
To the death with Margaret Clitheroe!

Within her womb the child was quick.
Small matter of that then! Let him smother
And wreck in ruins of his mother.

. . . .

108

REPEAT that, repeat,
Cuckoo, bird, and open ear wells, heart-springs, delightfully sweet,
With a ballad, with a ballad, a rebound
Off trundled timber and scoops of the hillside ground, hollow hollow hollow ground:
The whole landscape flushes on a sudden at a sound.

109

'THE child is father to the man.'
How can he be? The words are wild.
Suck any sense from that who can:
'The child is father to the man.'
No; what the poet did write ran,
'The man is father to the child.'
'The child is father to the man!'
How *can* he be? The words are wild.

On a Piece of Music

How all 's to one thing wrought!
The members, how they sit!
O what a tune the thought
Must be that fancied it.

Nor angel insight can
Learn how the heart is hence:
Since all the make of man
Is law's indifference.

[Who shaped these walls has shewn
The music of his mind,
Made known, though thick through stone,
What beauty beat behind.]

Not free in this because
His powers seemed free to play:
He swept what scope he was
To sweep and must obey.

Though down his being's bent
Like air he changed in choice,
That was an instrument
Which overvaulted voice.

What makes the man and what
The man within that makes:
Ask whom he serves or not
Serves and what side he takes.

For good grows wild and wide,
Has shades, is nowhere none;
But right must seek a side
And choose for chieftain one.

Therefore this masterhood,
This piece of perfect song,
This fault-not-found-with good
Is neither right nor wrong,

No more than red and blue,
No more than Re and Mi,
Or sweet the golden glue
That's built for by the bee.

[Who built these walls made known
The music of his mind,
Yet here he has but shewn
His ruder-rounded rind.
His brightest blooms lie there unblown,
His sweetest nectar hides behind.]

III

(Ash-boughs)

a.

NOT of áll my eyes see, wandering on the world,
Is anything a milk to the mind so, so sighs deep
Poetry tó it, as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.
Say it is ásh-boughs: whether on a December day and furled
Fast ór they in clammyish lashtender combs creep
Apart wide and new-nestle at heaven most high.

They touch heaven, tabour on it; how their talons sweep
The smouldering enormous winter welkin! May
Mells blue and snow white through them, a fringe and fray
Of greenery: it is old earth's groping towards the steep
Heaven whom she childs us by.

(*Variant from line* 7.) *b.*

They touch, they tabour on it, hover on it[; here, there hurled],
With talons sweep
The smouldering enormous winter welkin. [Eye,
But more cheer is when] May
Mells blue with snowwhite through their fringe and fray
Of greenery and old earth gropes for, grasps at steep
Heaven with it whom she childs things by.

112

The times are nightfall, look, their light grows less;
The times are winter, watch, a world undone:
They waste, they wither worse; they as they run
Or bring more or more blazon man's distress.
And I not help. Nor word now of success:
All is from wreck, here, there, to rescue one—
Work which to see scarce so much as begun
Makes welcome death, does dear forgetfulness.

Or what is else? There is your world within.
There rid the dragons, root out there the sin.
Your will is law in that small commonweal . . .

113

. . . .

HOPE holds to Christ the mind's own mirror out
To take His lovely likeness more and more.
It will not well, so she would bring about
An ever brighter burnish than before
And turns to wash it from her welling eyes
And breathes the blots off all with sighs on sighs.
Her glass is blest but she as good as blind
Holds till hand aches and wonders what is there;
Her glass drinks light, she darkles down behind,
All of her glorious gainings unaware.

. . . .

I told you that she turned her mirror dim
Betweenwhiles, but she sees herself not Him.

. . . .

114

To his Watch

MORTAL my mate, bearing my rock-a-heart
Warm beat with cold beat company, shall I
Earlier or you fail at our force, and lie
The ruins of, rifled, once a world of art?
The telling time our task is; time's some part,
Not all, but we were framed to fail and die—
One spell and well that one. There, ah thereby
Is comfort's carol of all or woe's worst smart.

Field-flown, the departed day no morning brings
Saying 'This was yours' with her, but new one, worse,
And then that last and shortest . . .

115

STRIKE, churl; hurl, cheerless wind, then; heltering hail
May's beauty massacre and wispèd wild clouds grow
Out on the giant air; tell Summer No,
Bid joy back, have at the harvest, keep Hope pale.

116

THEE, God, I come from, to thee go,
All day long I like fountain flow
From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

What I know of thee I bless,
As acknowledging thy stress
On my being and as seeing
Something of thy holiness.

Once I turned from thee and hid,
Bound on what thou hadst forbid;
Sow the wind I would; I sinned:
I repent of what I did.

Bad I am, but yet thy child.
Father, be thou reconciled,
Spare thou me, since I see
With thy might that thou art mild.

I have life before me still
And thy purpose to fulfil;
Yea a debt to pay thee yet:
Help me, sir, and so I will.

But thou bidst, and just thou art,
Me shew mercy from my heart
Towards my brother, every other
Man my mate and counterpart.

. . . . .

117

To him who ever thought with love of me
Or ever did for my sake some good deed
I will appear, looking such charity
And kind compassion, at his life's last need
That he will out of hand and heartily
Repent he sinned and all his sins be freed.

118

WHAT shall I do for the land that bred me,
Her homes and fields that folded and fed me?—
Be under her banner and live for her honour:
Under her banner I'll live for her honour.
  CHORUS. Under her banner live for her honour.

Not the pleasure, the pay, the plunder,
But country and flag, the flag I am under—
There is the shilling that finds me willing
To follow a banner and fight for honour.
  CH. We follow her banner, we fight for her honour.

Call me England's fame's fond lover,
Her fame to keep, her fame to recover.
Spend me or end me what God shall send me,
But under her banner I live for her honour.
  CH. Under her banner we march for her honour.

Where is the field I must play the man on?
O welcome there their steel or cannon.
Immortal beauty is death with duty,
If under her banner I fall for her honour.
  CH. Under her banner we fall for her honour.

119

On the Portrait of Two Beautiful Young People

A Brother and Sister

O I admire and sorrow! The heart's eye grieves
Discovering you, dark tramplers, tyrant years.
A juice rides rich through bluebells, in vine leaves,
And beauty's dearest veriest vein is tears.

Happy the father, mother of these! Too fast:
Not that, but thus far, all with frailty, blest
In one fair fall; but, for time's aftercast,
Creatures all heft, hope, hazard, interest.

And are they thus? The fine, the fingering beams
Their young delightful hour do feature down
That fleeted else like day-dissolvèd dreams
Or ringlet-race on burling Barrow brown.

She leans on him with such contentment fond
As well the sister sits, would well the wife;
His looks, the soul's own letters, see beyond,
Gaze on, and fall directly forth on life.

But ah, bright forelock, cluster that you are
Of favoured make and mind and health and youth,
Where lies your landmark, seamark, or soul's star?
There's none but truth can stead you. Christ is truth.

There's none but good can bé good, both for you
And what sways with you, maybe this sweet maid;
None good but God—a warning wavèd to
One once that was found wanting when Good weighed.

Man lives that list, that leaning in the will
No wisdom can forecast by gauge or guess,
The selfless self of self, most strange, most still,
Fast furled and all foredrawn to No or Yes.

Your feast of; that most in you earnest eye
May but call on your banes to more carouse.
Worst will the best. What worm was here, we cry,
To have havoc-pocked so, see, the hung-heavenward boughs?

Enough: corruption was the world's first woe.
What need I strain my heart beyond my ken?
O but I bear my burning witness though
Against the wild and wanton work of men.

. . . .

120

THE sea took pity: it interposed with doom:
'I have tall daughters dear that heed my hand:
Let Winter wed one, sow them in her womb,
And she shall child them on the New-world strand.'

. . . .

Epithalamion

HARK, hearer, hear what I do; lend a thought now, make believe
We are leafwhelmed somewhere with the hood
Of some branchy bunchy bushybowered wood,
Southern dene or Lancashire clough or Devon cleave,
That leans along the loins of hills, where a candycoloured, where a gluegold-brown
Marbled river, boisterously beautiful, between
Roots and rocks is danced and dandled, all in froth and waterblowballs, down.
We are there, when we hear a shout
That the hanging honeysuck, the dogeared hazels in the cover
Makes dither, makes hover
And the riot of a rout
Of, it must be, boys from the town
Bathing: it is summer's sovereign good.

By there comes a listless stranger: beckoned by the noise
He drops towards the river: unseen
Sees the bevy of them, how the boys
With dare and with downdolphinry and bellbright bodies huddling out,
Are earthworld, airworld, waterworld thorough hurled, all by turn and turn about.

This garland of their gambols flashes in his breast
Into such a sudden zest
Of summertime joys
That he hies to a pool neighbouring; sees it is the best

There; sweetest, freshest, shadowiest;
Fairyland; silk-beech, scrolled ash, packed sycamore, wild wychelm, hornbeam fretty overstood
By. Rafts and rafts of flake-leaves light, dealt so, painted on the air,
Hang as still as hawk or hawkmoth, as the stars or as the angels there,
Like the thing that never knew the earth, never off roots
Rose. Here he feasts: lovely all is! No more: off with—down he dings
His bleachèd both and woolwoven wear:
Careless these in coloured wisp
All lie tumbled-to; then with loop-locks
Forward falling, forehead frowning, lips crisp
Over finger-teasing task, his twiny boots
Fast he opens, last he offwrings
Till walk the world he can with bare his feet
And come where lies a coffer, burly all of blocks
Built of chancequarrièd, selfquainèd rocks
And the water warbles over into, filleted with glassy grassy quicksilvery shivès and shoots
And with heavenfallen freshness down from moorland still brims,
Dark or daylight on and on. Here he will then, here he will the fleet
Flinty kindcold element let break across his limbs
Long. Where we leave him, froliclavish, while he looks about him, laughs, swims.

Enough now; since the sacred matter that I mean
I should be wronging longer leaving it to float
Upon this only gambolling and echoing-of-earth note—

What is . . . the delightful dene?
Wedlock. What is water? Spousal love.

. . . .

. . . .

Father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends
Into fairy trees, wild flowers, wood ferns
Rankèd round the bower

. . . .

122

The shepherd's brow, fronting forked lightning, owns
The horror and the havoc and the glory
Of it. Angels fall, they are towers, from heaven—a story
Of just, majestical, and giant groans.
But man—we, scaffold of score brittle bones;
Who breathe, from groundlong babyhood to hoary
Age gasp; whose breath is our *memento mori*—
What bass is *our* viol for tragic tones?
He! Hand to mouth he lives, and voids with shame;
And, blazoned in however bold the name,
Man Jack the man is, just; his mate a hussy.
And I that die these deaths, that feed this flame,
That . . . in smooth spoons spy life's masque mirrored: tame
My tempests there, my fire and fever fussy.

TRANSLATIONS LATIN AND WELSH POEMS ETC.

TRANSLATIONS, LATIN AND WELSH POEMS, ETC.

123

Aeschylus: Prometheus Desmotes

Lines 88–127

PROMETHEUS

DIVINITY of air, fleet-feather'd gales,
Ye river-heads, thou billowy deep that laugh'st
A countless laughter, Earth Mother of all,
Thou sun, allseeing eyeball of the day,
Witness to me! Look you, I am a god,
And these are from the gods my penalties.
  Look with what unseemliness
  I a thousand thousand years
  Must watch down with weariness
    Fallen from my peers.
  The young chief of the bless'd of heaven
  Hath devised new pains for me
      And hath given
  This indignity of chains.
  What is, and what is to be,
  All alike is grief to me;
  I look all ways but only see
The drear dull burden of unending pains.

* * *

Ah well a day!—
What was that echo caught anigh me,
That scent from breezes breathing by me,
Sped of gods, or mortal sign,
Of half-human, half-divine?
To the world's end, to the last hill
Comes one to gaze upon my ill;
Be this thy quest or other, see
A god enchain'd of destiny,
Foe of Zeus and hate of all
That wont to throng Zeus' banquet-hall,
Sith I lov'd and lov'd too well
The race of man; and hence I fell.
Woe is me, what do I hear?
Fledgèd things do rustle near;
Whispers of the mid-air stirring
With light pulse of pinions skirring,
And all that comes is fraught to me with fear.

124

Love me as I love thee. O double sweet!
But if thou hate me who love thee, albeit
Even thus I have the better of thee:
Thou canst not hate so much as I do love thee.

125

Inundatio Oxoniana

VERNA diu saevas senserunt pascua nubes
Imbribus assiduis, et aquosi copia caeli
Ingruit et spretae direpto limine ripae
Fit mare per patulos ventisque furentibus agros.
Interrupta locis candenti gramina surgunt
Laetius in pelago, pars lenibus edita dorsis
Quae viret: at vacuus jam caetera condidit humor.
Vix indiscretas proprio deducitur alveo
Isis aquas; liquidos exercent libera tractus
Flabra, vadisque novis Austro juvat ire secundo;
Invia velificant nemorum et penetratur opacas
In salices; inter discussae culmina silvae
Populus insolitis dat currere mersa carinis.
   At quinto tandem si sol equitaverit orbi
Per purum, toties si riserit igneus aether,
Deficient reduces undae. Tum saepe marinus
Fertur odor campo et madidas levis occupat auras,
Urbem qui subeat mediam lustretque domorum
Intima; tristem adeo non usquam averteris algam,
Hinc quota vis morbi, quoties adiisse querentur,
Tecta petis nostri vicinam obnoxia febrem.
At vicibus vertisse solum est, aegrosque calores
Jam fugere: his non perpetui versamur in umbris.
Pars ascripta solo sedes servabit avitas
Tutior, indigenae plebes assueta periclo:
Hinc almo certe submotae numine pestes,
Namque licet tepidos in nostra Favonius imbres
Arva iteret pernox, resupina impune fatigat

Ipse loca et campis obducitur aequor inerme.
Vix rubeant immo siccis sua lilia pratis,
Quot capita ad notos agitari videris amnes,
Debita ni paullum fecundo luserit unda
Diluvio interea, dubii se pandere fluctus
Ni poterint prius et limum posuisse sequacem.
Dulcia sic fluviis praetendit fortior arbos
Vimina; sic crescunt salices; eques avia quaerit
Aequora sic, tumidasque libentius itur in herbas.

126

Elegiacs

Tristi tu, memini, virgo cum sorte fuisti

TRISTI tu, memini, virgo cum sorte fuisti,
   Illo nec steterat tempore primus amor.
Jamque abeo: rursus tu sola relinqueris: ergo
   Tristior haec aetas; tristis et illa fuit.
Adsum gratus ego necopini apparitor ignis,
   Inter ego vacuas stella serena nives.

127

Elegiacs

After *The Convent Threshold*

(Paragraphs 1 and 9)

FRATERNO nobis interluit unda cruore
   Et novus exstincti stat patris, Aule, cruor.
O mihi tu summe et semper suavissime rerum,
   Divisam longe jam cruor ille tenet.

It via per stellas sublimis et aureus ordo
  Excipiens noctem nocte dieque diem:
Hanc ingressa poli seras elabar ad arces
  Sub vitreasque domos ad vitreumque mare.
Candida quos perhibes praecellere lilia forma
  Purpurea infecti sunt male labe pedes.
Purpurea sunt labe pedes et tristibus exsto
  Indicio guttis criminis ipsa mei,
Gaudia quae fuerint et qui post gaudia fletus
  Et qui conciderit nec recidivus amor.
At neque habent illi tantum nec sanguis inhaeret
  Scilicet admotis ille abolendus aquis:
Si penitus caecum possim recludere pectus,
  Haec penitus caeco pectore culpa latet.
Sed mare quod mixta rutilat flammaque vitroque—
  Illud molle vitrum, limpidus ignis erat—
Afferat ah captis oro medicamina plantis
  Infectaeque notae suppositique doli.
Quumque sit exstructo monstratum limite caelum
  O adeas mecum quae subit astra viam.

* * * * * * *

Hesternae referam quot vidi insomnia noctis
  Ambiguaeque umbrae noxve diesve foret.
Plurima tum nobis gelido coma rore madebat:
  Creverat ex gelida ros liquefactus humo.
Huc ades atque tua num tangar imagine quaeris,
  An memor et requies hactenus illa tui.
Ista quod quondam saliebat imagine pectus
  Urgenti dictis stat tibi pulvis iners.

Percipio quaesita tamen, nec reddere vocem
  Non erat, et tardo pauca sopore dabam:
Sunt tristes thalami, funesta toralia nobis;
  Impositoque rigent frigida saxa toro.
Tu dulces thalamos, tu quaere novos hymenaeos,
  Adde, licet, grato mollia membra toro.
Est tibi quae melius te foverit altera conjunx,
  Suavior exstat amor qui sit amore meo.
Perculeras valide trepidas ad talia palmas,
  Visaque sunt subitis membra labare modis.
Extrema haec sensi; crassae simul intima terrae
  Volvor et in vacuos praecipitata locos.
At neque te festis plausu dare signa choreis
  Nec rata sum nimio membra labare mero.

128

HORACE: *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*

(ODES I. xxxviii)

AH child, no Persian—perfect art!
Crowns composite and braided bast
They tease me. Never know the part
    Where roses linger last.

Bring natural myrtle, and have done:
Myrtle will suit your place and mine:
And set the glasses from the sun
    Beneath the tackled vine.

129

HORACE: *Odi profanum volgus et arceo*

(ODES III. 1)

TREAD back—and back, the lewd and lay!—
Grace guard your tongues!—what never ear
Heard yet, the Muses' man, today
I bid the boys and maidens hear.

Kings herd it on their subject droves
But Jove's the herd that keeps the kings—
Jove of the Giants: simple Jove's
Mere eyebrow rocks this round of things.

Say man than man may more enclose
In rankèd vineyards; one with claim
Of blood to our green hustings goes;
One with more conscience, cleaner fame;

One better backed comes crowding by:—
That level power whose word is Must
Dances the balls for low or high:
Her urn takes all, her deal is just.

Sinner who saw the blade that hung
Vertical home, could Sicily fare
Be managed tasty to that tongue?
Or bird with pipe, viol with air

Bring sleep round then?—sleep not afraid
Of country bidder's calls or low
Entries or banks all over shade
And Tempe with the west to blow.

Who stops his asking mood at par
The burly sea may quite forget
Nor fear the violent calendar
At Haedus-rise, Arcturus-set,

For hail upon the vine nor break
His heart at farming, what between
The dog-star with the fields abake
And spiting snows to choke the green.

Fish feel their waters drawing to
With our abutments: there we see
The lades discharged and laded new,
And Italy flies from Italy.

But fears, fore-motions of the mind,
Climb quits: one boards the master there
On brazèd barge and hard behind
Sits to the beast that seats him—Care.

O if there 's that which Phrygian stone
And crimson wear of starry shot
Not sleek away; Falernian-grown
And oils of Shushan comfort not,

Why . . . .
. . . .

Why should I change a Sabine dale
For wealth as wide as weariness?

130

Jesu Dulcis Memoria

JESUS to cast one thought upon
Makes gladness after He is gone,
But more than honey and honeycomb
Is to come near and take Him home.

Song never was so sweet in ear,
Word never was such news to hear,
Thought half so sweet there is not one
As Jesus God the Father's Son.

Jesu, their hope who go astray,
So kind to those who ask the way,
So good to those who look for Thee,
To those who find what must Thou be?

To speak of that no tongue will do
Nor letters suit to spell it true;
But they can guess who have tasted of
What Jesus is and what is love.

Jesu, a springing well Thou art,
Daylight to head and treat to heart,
And matched with Thee there 's nothing glad
That can be wished or can be had.

Wish us good morning when we wake
And light us, Lord, with Thy day-break.
Beat from our brains the thicky night
And fill the world up with delight.

Be our delight, O Jesu, now
As by and by our prize art Thou,
And grant our glorying may be
World without end alone in Thee.

131

S. Thomae Aquinatis

Rhythmus ad SS. Sacramentum

'Adoro te supplex, latens deitas'

GODHEAD here in hiding, whom I do adore
Masked by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more,
See, Lord, at thy service low lies here a heart
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived;
How says trusty hearing? that shall be believed;
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do;
Truth himself speaks truly or there 's nothing true.

On the cross thy godhead made no sign to men;
Here thy very manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are my belief,
And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he:
This faith each day deeper be my holding of,
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

O thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
Living Bread the life of us for whom he died,
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind,
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

Bring the tender tale true of the Pelican;
Bathe me, Jesu Lord, in what thy bosom ran—
Blood that but one drop of has the world to win
All the world forgiveness of its world of sin.

Jesu whom I look at shrouded here below,
I beseech thee send me what I thirst for so,
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light
And be blest for ever with thy glory's sight.

132

Oratio Patris Condren: O Jesu vivens in Maria

JESU that dost in Mary dwell,
Be in thy servants' hearts as well,
In the spirit of thy holiness,
In the fullness of thy force and stress,
In the very ways that thy life goes,
And virtues that thy pattern shows,
In the sharing of thy mysteries;
And every power in us that is
Against thy power put under feet
In the Holy Ghost the Paraclete
To the glory of the Father. Amen.

133

O Deus, ego amo te

O God, I love thee, I love thee—
Not out of hope of heaven for me
Nor fearing not to love and be
  In the everlasting burning.
Thou, thou, my Jesus, after me
  Didst reach thine arms out dying,
For my sake sufferedst nails and lance,
Mocked and marrèd countenance,
  Sorrows passing number,
  Sweat and care and cumber,
Yea and death, and this for me,
  And thou couldst see me sinning:
Then I, why should not I love thee,
Jesu, so much in love with me?
Not for heaven's sake; not to be
Out of hell by loving thee;
Not for any gains I see;
But just the way that thou didst me
I do love and I will love thee:
What must I love thee, Lord, for then?
For being my king and God. Amen.

134

The Same

(*Welsh Version*)

Ochenaid Sant Francis Xavier

Apostol yr Indiaid.

NID, am i Ti fy ngwared i,
Y'th garaf, Duw, yn lân,
Nac, am mai'r rhai na'th garant Di,
Y berni am fyth i dân.

Ti, ti a'm hymgofleidiaist oll,
Fy Jesu, ar y Groes;
Gan wayw, hoelion, enllib mawr,
Goddefaist ddirfawr loes;

Aneirif ddolur darfu it,
A phoen, a chwŷs eu dwyn,
Hyn erofi pechadur oll,
Hyd farw er fy mwyn.

Gan hyny, 'r hygar Jesu, pam
Na'th garwn yn ddilyth?
Nid er cael gennyt nef na phwyth,
Na rhag fy mhoeni byth;

Ond megis Ti a'm ceraist i,
A'th garaf, garu'r wyf,
Yn unig am Dy fod yn Dduw,
A'th fod i mi yn Rhwyf.

135

Cywydd

Annerch i'r tra pharcedig D. Th. Brown esgob yr Amwythig, wedi cyrhaedd o hono ei bummed flwyddyn ar hugain, yr hon a elwir y Jubil; a chwyno y mae'r bardd fôd daiar a dŵr yn tystiolaethu yn fwy i hên grefydd Gwynedd nag y bydd dŷn, a dywed hefyd mai gobeithia fod hyny gael i ei gyfnewid o waith yr esgob.

Y MAE'N llewyn yma'n llon
Â ffrydan llawer ffynon,
Gweddill gwyn gadwyd i ni
Gan Feuno a Gwenfrewi.
Wlaw neu wlith, ni chei wlâd braidd
Tan rôd sydd fal hon iraidd.
Gwan ddwfr a ddwg, nis dwg dŷn,
Dyst ffyddlon am ein dyffryn;
Hen ddaiar ddengys â'i gwêdd
Ran drag'wyddawl o rinwedd;
Ni ddiffyg ond naws ddyniol,
Dŷn sydd yn unig yn ôl.
Dâd, o dy law di ela
Fardd a lîf â'r hardd brîf dda;
Tydi a ddygi trwy ffŷdd
Croyw feddygiaeth, maeth crefydd;
A gwela Gwalia'r awr hon
Gwîr saint, glân îr gwyryfon.

Brân Maenefa a'i cant
Ebrill y pedwerydd ar hugain
1876.

136

Ad Episcopum Salopiensem

QUÒD festas luces juvat instaurare Beatis
  Natalesque suis mos cumulare rosis,
His, pater, indiciis et consuetudine laeti
  Hac, colimus lecto te, pia turba, die;
Quique tuam quamcumque alias foret aptus in horam
  Serus in hanc nobis est revolutus honor.
Venit enim quintus vegeto et vigesimus annus
  Ex quo sacra tuumst laurea nacta caput.
Ut reor, is numerus mortalia saecula quadrat:
  Saecla quadras, eadem dimidiare queas.
Si Pius ille Petri pertingit et amplius annos
  Est cui longaevi nempe Joannis erunt.
Haud tamen ista animis in tempora vertor aruspex:
  Unum ego qui nunc est auguror esse diem;
Qui felix—at enim est felix patriaeque tibique:
  Tu quod es, hoc ut sis, id putat illa suum.
Te pastore, Deo quod visumst, integer Angli
  Grex in divinum coepimus ire gregem.
Quin etiam alma tuis sic secum agit Anglia lustris:
  'Scilicet ex illo tempore sancta feror.
His mihi post tantas, immania saecula, clades,
  His mihi, prisca, viris tu recidiva, fides.
Ergo optatarum salvete exordia rerum,
  Vos in fortunis O elementa meis.
Hinc ego jam numeror fastis ego candida vestris;
  Quae potui per vos sponsa placere Deo.'

137

AD REVERENDUM PATREM FRATREM THOMAM BURKE O.P. COLLEGIUM S. BEUNONIS INVISENTEM

IGNOTUM spatiari horto, discumbere mensis,
  Et nova mirabar sacra litare virum.
Simplicibus propior quam nos candore columbis
  Ille erat et qualis veste referret ovem.
Mox ut quaesivi: Monacho quod nomen et ordo
  Qui velit ad nostros unicus esse lares;
Pura caput tonsum cui velat lana cucullo
  Et cadit ad medium cui toga pura pedem,
Nescio quod duplex a tergo, a pectore peplum est,
  Atque terit laevum magna corona latus? 10
Respondent: Haec vox toto clamantis in orbe
  Perque hominum Domino corda parantis iter;
Huic fuit Oceanus submissis utilis undis:
  Audiit occidua hunc, hunc oriente plaga.
Sed monachus non est verum est ex Fratribus unus,
  Quem pater agnoscit stelliger ille suum;
Doctus Aquinatis reserare oracula Thomae,
  Si tamen est illo nunc quod in ore latet,
Quem tam Gudinus, Godatus, tamque Gonetus,
  Tam Cajetanus perspicuum esse jubent, 20
Jamdudum innumeri patientem interpretis et quem
  Torqueat in sensus, nec mora, quisque suos.
Praeterea teneris fuit hic tironibus olim
  Ductor et insuetae candida norma viae.
At non omnis in his, vel, si placet, omnis in his est,
  Sic tamen in magnis ut levis esse queat,
Intermiscet enim cum sacris ludicra curis,
  Nec vox nec facies constet ut una viro.

Haec et plura monent atque addunt nomen, at illud
Non tulit aut aegre nostra Camoena tulit. 30
Talem ego nunc hominem multum salvere juberem
Ancipitem sed me scrupulus unus habet;
Num sese velit ille a me laudarier Anglo,
Toto qui cives sternit in orbe meos.
Quidquid erit, passim mea dat Guenefrida salutem:
Huic det et aversum solvat amore sinum.
Quodque etiam possit plebi prodesse fideli,
Muneris id nostro debeat ille solo.

138

A.M.D.G.

In Festo Nativitatis

Ad Matrem Virginem

Hymnus Eucharisticus

MATER Jesu mei,
Mater magni Dei,
Doce me de Eo,
De parvo dulci Deo.
Quantum amavisti
Quem tu concepisti,
Non concipiendum,
Dominum tremendum,
Sed in te contractum,
Verbum carnem factum?

Et contemnit idem
Ne cor meum quidem:
Meum cor indignum
Quod capiat tantum signum,
Indignum O quod gerat
Qui mane mecum erat,
Subit, O Maria,
In eücharistia.
Ipse vult intrare:
Nolo me negare.

Candens exemplare,
Doce me amare.
Dic, ut plus ametur,
Qualis videretur
Vulva dum lateret,
Necdum appareret,
Cum tua fecit laetam
Vox Elisabetham,
Laetam matre matrem,
Laetum fratre fratrem.
Doce me gaudere,
Rosa, tuo vere,
Virga, tuo flore,
Vellus, tuo rore,
Arca, tua lege,
Thronus, tuo rege,
Acies, tuo duce,
Luna, tua luce,
Stella, tuo sole,
Parens, tua prole.
Nam tumeo et abundo
Immundo adhuc mundo;
Sum contristatus Sanctum
Spiritum et planctum
Custodi feci meo
Cum exhiberem Deo
Laesum atque caesum
In mea carne Jesum.
Demum quid sensisti
Ipsum cum vidisti
Tandem visu pleno
Parvulum in foeno,
Ecce tremebundum
Qui fixum firmat mundum
Et involutum pannos
Qui aeternos annos
Nondum natus de te
Volvebat in quiete?
Quae tu tum dicebas
Et quae audiebas?
Etsi fuit mutus
Tamen est locutus.
Da complecti Illum,
Mihi da pauxillum
Tuo ex amore
Et oscula ab ore.
Qui pro me vult dari,
Infans mihi fari,
Mecum conversari,
Tu da contemplari,
Mater magni Dei,
Mater Jesu mei.
L. D. S.

139

(*May Lines*)

Ab initio et ante saecula creata sum et usque ad futurum saeculum non desinam

O PRAEDESTINATA bis
Quo fuisti
A saeculorum saeculis
Mater Christi,
Post praevisa merita
Innocentis,
Iterum post scelera
Nostrae gentis,
Quamvis illa purior
Sit corona
Magis haec commendat cor-
di Dei dona.
Utique deiparam
Te mirarer,
At non pastu tuo tam
Delectarer;
Confiterer virginem
Matrem factam,
At non inter omnes sem-
per te intactam,
Sed bifronti gloriae
Tibi erunt
Haec quae stant et illa quae
Conciderunt—

Et redempta scelera
Nostrae gentis
Et praevisa merita
Innocentis.

140

Milton

(*translated from Dryden*)

Ævo diversi tres et regione poetae
Hellados, Ausoniae sunt Britonumque decus.
Ardor in hoc animi, majestas praestat in illo,
Tertius ingenio junxit utrumque suo.
Scilicet inventrix cedens Natura labori
'Quidquid erant isti' dixerat 'unus eris.'

141

Songs from Shakespeare, in Latin and Greek

(i)

'Come unto these yellow sands'

(*The Tempest*, I. ii)

Ocius O flavas, has ocius O ad arenas,
Manusque manibus jungite;
Post *Salve* dictum, post oscula; dum neque venti
Ferum neque obstrepit mare.
Tum pede sic agiles terram pulsabitis et sic
Pulsabitis terram pede.

Vos, dulces nymphae, spectabitis interea; quin
  Plausu modos signabitis.
Lascivae latrare; ita plaudere. At hoc juvat: ergo
  Et Hecuba et Hecubae nos canes
Allatrent. Gallus sed enim occinit. Occinat: aequumst
  Cantare gallos temperi.

(ii)

'Full fathom five thy father lies'

(*The Tempest*, I. ii)

OCCIDIT, O juvenis, pater et sub syrtibus his est,
  Ossaque concretum paene coralium habet,
Quique fuere oculi vertunt in iaspidas undae:
  In rem Nereidum et Tethyos omnis abit.
Quidquid enim poterat corrumpi corpore in illo
  Malunt aequoream fata subire vicem.
Exsequias Phorcys, quod tu miraberis, illi
  Delphinis ducunt Oceanusque suis.
Fallor an ipsa vadis haec nenia redditur imis?
  Glauci mortalem flet, mihi crede, chorus.

(iii)

'While you here do snoring lie'

(*The Tempest*, II. i)

Vos dum stertitis ore sic supino
Grandes insidiae parantur estque
Fraus quod optat adesse nacta tempus,
Extremis digitis levis minaxque.
Tui, somnum nisi vultis hunc supremum,
Nostra voce nimis periculoso
Expergiscimini, viri, sopore.

(iv)

'Tell me where is Fancy bred'

(*The Merchant of Venice*, III. ii)

ROGO vos Amor unde sit, Camenae:
Quis illum genuit? quis educavit?
Qua vel parte oriundus ille nostra
Sit frontis mage pectorisne alumnus
Consultae memorabitis, sorores.
Amorem teneri creant ocelli;
Pascunt qui peperere; mox eumdem
Aversi patiuntur interire.
Nam curas abiisse ita in feretrum!
Amorem tamen efferamus omnes,
Quem salvere jubemus et valere
Sic, O vos pueri atque vos puellae:
Eheu heu, Amor, ilicet, valeto.
Eheu heu, Amor, ilicet, valeto.

(v)

The Same

στροφή· χορευτὴς α´

τίς ἔρωτος, τίς ποτ᾽ ἆρ᾽ ἁ πατρὶς ἦν;
τίς δέ νιν τίκτει, τίς ἔθρεψεν, ἀνδρῶν ἢ θεῶν;
πότερ᾽ αὐτὸν καρδίας ἢ κεφαλᾶς ἐτήτυμον εἴπω
τὸν καὶ πάλαι ὡς ἐπιστρωφῶντα μᾶλλον
τόπον; οὐ γάρ, οὐκ ἔχω πᾶ τάδε θεὶς δὴ τύχοιμ᾽ ἄν.

ἀντιστροφή· χορευτὴς β´

τὸν ἔρωτ᾽ ἆρ᾽ οὐχ ἑλικοβλεφάροις
ὡς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι τραφέντ᾽ ἀκούεις παῖδα μέν,

συνέφαβον δ' ἱμέρου καὶ χάριτος τέως νεοθαλοῦς
τηλαυγέσιν ἐν πρόσωπον τοῖς θεάτροις
τέλος ἐκπεσόντα φροῦδον, θανάτῳ φροῦδον ἔρρειν;

ἐπῳδός· κορυφαῖος] φροῦδος ἔρως, φροῦδος ἡμῖν.
ἡμιχόριον α'] ἀλλ' αἴλινον αἴλινον εἴπωμεν, ἄνδρες.
ἡμιχόριον β'] αἴλινον γὰρ αἴλινον εἴπωμεν.
χορός] αἰαῖ,
φροῦδος ἔρως τὸ λοιπόν, φροῦδος ἡμῖν
ἔρως.

(vi)

'Orpheus with his lute made trees'

(*King Henry VIII*, III. i)

ORPHEUS fertur et arbores canendo
Et pigros nive concitasse montes.
Si quid luserat ille, vitis uvas
Extemplo referebat, herba flores.
Diceres Zephyros eoque Phoebum
Conspirasse diem in sereniorem
Et ver continuare sempiternum.
Tum venti posuere, tum resedit
Omnis fluctus ab obsequente ponto.
Est hoc imperium artis atque musae:
Importunior aegriorque nuper
Cura quae fuerat, loquente plectro
Conticescere vel mori necessest.

(vii)

The Same

στροφή] λόγος Ὀρφέως λύραν καὶ δένδρεσιν χορᾳγεῖν
καὶ νιφοκτύπαν ὄρεων κορυφαῖσιν θαμά, δαμείσαις πόθῳ,
κελαδοῦντι δ' εὐθὺς ἀνθῆσαι ῥόδοισίν θ' ἁλίου τε γᾶν καὶ
ψακάδος οὐρανίου βλαστήμασι καλλικάρποις
ἀντιστροφή] χιόνος κρύος μεσούσας. πόντιον δὲ κῦμα
τῶν τ' ἐριβρόμων ἀίοντ' ἀνέμων πνεύματα γαλάνᾳ πέσεν.
κιθάρᾳ δὲ ταῖς τε Μούσαις ὡς ἔνεστ' εἰπεῖν τὸ πανσίλυπον
ἀδύνατον· κατεκοίμασ' αὐτίκα πάντα λάθα.

EDITORS' NOTES

PREFACE TO NOTES

(*First Edition*)

BY

ROBERT BRIDGES

AN editor of posthumous work is bounden to give some account of the authority for his text; and it is the purpose of the following notes to satisfy inquiry concerning matters whereof the present editor has the advantage of first-hand or particular knowledge.

The sources are four, and will be distinguished as A, B, D, and H, as here described.[1]

Sources

A is my own collection, a MS. book made up of autographs—by which word I denote poems in the author's handwriting—pasted into it as they were received from him, and also of contemporary copies of other poems. These autographs and copies date from '67 to '89, the year of his death. Additions made by copying after that date are not reckoned or used.[2]

B is a MS. book into which, in '83, I copied from A certain poems of which the author had kept no copy. He was remiss in making fair copies of his work, and his autograph of 'The Deutschland' having been (seemingly) lost, I copied that poem and others from A at his request. After that date he entered more poems in this book as he completed them, and he also made both corrections of copy and emendations of the poems which had been copied into it by me. Thus, if a poem occur in both A and B, then B is the later and, except for overlooked errors of copyist, the better authority. The last entry written by G. M. H. into this book is of the date 1887.

D is a collection of the author's letters to Canon Dixon, the only

[1] To these sources must now be added the two note-books (1863–6) catalogued by Mr. Humphry House as C. I and C. II (see *Note-books and Papers of G. M. H.* (1937), pp. xv. and 423), and also the Farm Street MSS. [W. H. G.]

[2] See note to No. 26 (p. 219).

other friend who ever read his poems, with but few exceptions whether of persons or of poems. These letters are in my keeping;[1] they contain autographs of a few poems with late corrections.

H is the bundle of posthumous papers that came into my hands at the author's death. These were at the time examined, sorted, and indexed; and the more important pieces—of which copies were taken—were inserted into a scrap-book. That collection is the source of a series of his most mature sonnets, and of almost all the unfinished poems and fragments. Among these papers were also some early drafts.

Method

The latest autographs and autographic corrections have been preferred. In the very few instances in which this principle was overruled, as in Nos. 1 and 27,[2] the justification will be found in the note to the poem. The finished poems from 1 to 51 are ranged chronologically by the years, but in the section 52–74 a fanciful grouping of the fragments was preferred to the inevitable misrepresentations of conjectural dating.[3] G. M. H. dated his poems from their inception, and however much he revised a poem he would date his recast as his first draft. Thus 'Handsome Heart' was written and sent to me in '79; and the recast, which I reject, was not made before '83, while the final corrections may be some years later; and yet his last autograph is dated as the first 'Oxford '79'.

Author's prosody

Of the peculiar scheme of prosody invented and developed by the author a full account is out of the question. His own preface together with his description of the metrical scheme of each poem—which is always, wherever it exists, transcribed in the notes—may be a sufficient guide for practical purposes. Moreover, the intention of the rhythm, in places where it might seem doubtful, has been indicated by accents printed over the determining syllables: in the later poems these accents correspond generally with the author's own marks; in the earlier poems they do not, but are trustworthy translations.

Marks

It was at one time the author's practice to use a very elaborate

[1] Now published in *The Correspondence of G. M. H. and R. W. D.*, edited by C. C. Abbott (1935).

[2] In the present edition Nos. 19 and 51.

[3] See Introduction, pp. xv–xvi.

system of marks, all indicating the speech-movement:[1] the autograph (in A) of 'Harry Ploughman' carries seven different marks, each one defined at the foot. When reading through his letters for the purpose of determining dates, I noted a few sentences on this subject which will justify the method that I have followed in the text. In 1883 he wrote: 'You were right to leave out the marks: they were not consistent for one thing, and are always offensive. Still there must be some. Either I must invent a notation applied throughout as in music or else I must only mark where the reader is likely to mistake, and for the present this is what I shall do.' And again in '85: 'This is my difficulty, what marks to use and when to use them: they are so much needed and yet so objectionable. About punctuation my mind is clear: I can give a rule for everything I write myself, and even for other people, though they might not agree with me perhaps.' In this last matter the autographs are rigidly respected, the rare intentional aberration being scrupulously noted. And so have I respected his indentation of the verse; but in the sonnets, while my indentation corresponds, as a rule, with some autograph, I have felt free to consider conveniences, following, however, his growing practice to eschew it altogether.

Punctuation

Apart from questions of taste—and if these poems were to be arraigned for errors of what may be called taste, they might be convicted of occasional affectation in metaphor, as where the hills are 'as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet', or of some perversion of human feeling, as, for instance, the nostrils' relish of incense 'along the sanctuary side', or 'the Holy Ghost with warm breast and with ah! bright wings', these and a few such examples are mostly efforts to force emotion into theological or sectarian channels, as in 'the comfortless unconfessed' and the unpoetic line 'His mystery must be instressed stressed', or, again, the exaggerated Marianism of some pieces, or the naked encounter of sensualism and asceticism which hurts the 'Golden Echo'.—[2]

Mannerism

Apart, I say, from such faults of taste, which few as they

[1] See my *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, vol. i (1944), p. 94. [W. H. G.]

[2] On all these points I have disagreed with Bridges in op. cit., pp. 190, 208–9, 57, and 210, respectively. [W. H. G.]

numerically are yet affect my liking and more repel my sympathy than do all the rude shocks of his purely artistic wantonness— apart from these there are definite faults of style which a reader must have courage to face, and must in some measure condone before he can discover the great beauties. For these blemishes in the poet's style are of such quality and magnitude as to deny him even a hearing from those who love a continuous literary decorum and are grown to be intolerant of its absence. And it is well to be clear that there is no pretence to reverse the condemnation of those faults, for which the poet has duly suffered. The extravagances are and will remain what they were. Nor can credit be gained from pointing them out: yet, to put readers at their ease, I will here define them: they may be called Oddity and Obscurity; and since the first may provoke laughter when a writer is serious (and this poet is always serious), while the latter must prevent him from being understood (and this poet has always something to say), it may be assumed that they were not a part of his intention. Something of what he thought on this subject may be seen in the following extracts from his letters. In Feb. 1879, he wrote: 'All therefore that I think of doing is to keep my verses together in one place—at present I have not even correct copies—, that, if anyone should like, they might be published after my death. And that again is unlikely, as well as remote. . . . No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling *inscape* is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped.' And again two months later: 'Moreover the oddness may make them repulsive at first and yet Lang might have liked them on a second reading. Indeed when, on somebody returning me the *Eurydice*, I opened and read some lines, as one commonly reads whether prose or verse, with the eyes, so to say, only, it struck me aghast with a kind of raw nakedness and unmitigated violence I was unprepared for: but take breath and read it with the ears, as I always wish to be read, and my verse becomes all right.'

Style

Oddity

As regards Oddity then, it is plain that the poet was himself fully alive to it, but he was not sufficiently aware of his obscurity, and he could not understand why his friends found his sentences so difficult: he would never have believed that, among all the ellipses and liberties of his grammar, the one chief cause is his habitual omission of the relative pronoun; and yet this is so, and the examination of a simple example or two may serve a general purpose:

Obscurity

This grammatical liberty, though it is a common convenience in conversation and has therefore its proper place in good writing, is apt to confuse the parts of speech, and to reduce a normal sequence of words to mere jargon. Writers who carelessly rely on their elliptical speech-forms to govern the elaborate sentences of their literary composition little know what a conscious effort of interpretation they often impose on their readers. But it was not carelessness in Gerard Hopkins: he had full skill and practice and scholarship in conventional forms, and it is easy to see that he banished these purely constructional syllables from his verse because they took up room which he thought he could not afford them: he needed in his scheme all his space for his poetical words, and he wished those to crowd out every merely grammatical colourless or toneless element; and so when he had got into the habit of doing without these relative pronouns—though he must, I suppose, have supplied them in his thought,—he abuses the licence beyond precedent, as when he writes (no. 41) 'O Hero savest!' for 'O Hero that savest!'.

Omission of relative pronoun

Another example of this (from the 5th stanza of no. 47) will discover another cause of obscurity: the line

Identical forms

'Squander the hell-rook ranks sally to molest him'

means 'Scatter the ranks that sally to molest him': but since the words *squander* and *sally* occupy similar positions in the two sections of the verse, and are enforced by a similar accentuation, the second verb deprived of its pronoun will follow the first and appear as an imperative; and there is nothing to prevent its being so taken but the contradiction that it makes in the meaning; whereas the grammar should expose and enforce the meaning, not have to be

determined by the meaning. Moreover, there is no way of enunciating this line which will avoid the confusion; because if, knowing that *sally* should not have the same intonation as *squander*, the reader mitigates the accent, and in doing so lessens or obliterates the caesural pause which exposes its accent, then *ranks* becomes a genitive and *sally* a substantive.

Here, then, is another source of the poet's obscurity; that in aiming at condensation he neglects the need that there is for care in the placing of words that are grammatically ambiguous. English swarms with words that have one identical form for substantive, adjective, and verb; and such a word should never be so placed as to allow of any doubt as to what part of speech it is used for; because such ambiguity or momentary uncertainty destroys the force of the sentence. Now our author not only neglects this essential propriety but he would seem even to welcome and seek artistic effect in the consequent confusion; and he will sometimes so arrange such words that a reader looking for a verb may find that he has two or three ambiguous monosyllables from which to select, and must be in doubt as to which promises best to give any meaning that he can welcome; and then, after his choice is made, he may be left with some homeless monosyllable still on his hands. Nor is our author apparently sensitive to the irrelevant suggestions that our numerous homophones cause; and he will provoke further ambiguities or obscurities by straining the meaning of these unfortunate words.

Homophones

Finally, the rhymes where they are peculiar are often repellent, and so far from adding charm to the verse that they appear as obstacles. This must not blind one from recognizing that Gerard Hopkins, where he is simple and straightforward in his rhyme is a master of it—there are many instances,—but when he indulges in freaks, his childishness is incredible. His intention in such places is that the verses should be recited as running on without pause, and the rhyme occurring in their midst should be like a phonetic accident, merely satisfying the prescribed form. But his phonetic rhymes are often indefensible on his own principle. The rhyme to

Rhymes[1]

[1] See Introduction, p. xxiv (footnote).

communion in 'The Bugler' is hideous, and the suspicion that the poet thought it ingenious is appalling: *eternal,* in 'The Eurydice', does not correspond with *burn all*, and in 'Felix Randal' *and some* and *handsome* is as truly an eye-rhyme as the *love* and *prove* which he despised and abjured;—and it is more distressing, because the old-fashioned conventional eye-rhymes are accepted as such without speech-adaptation, and to many ears are a pleasant relief from the fixed jingle of the perfect rhyme; whereas his false ear-rhymes ask to have their slight but indispensable differences obliterated in the reading, and thus they expose their defect, which is of a disagreeable and vulgar or even comic quality. He did not escape full criticism and ample ridicule for such things in his lifetime; and in '83 he wrote: 'Some of my rhymes I regret, but they are past changing, grubs in amber: there are only a few of these; others are unassailable; some others again there are which malignity may munch at but the Muses love.'

Euphony and emphasis

Now these are bad faults, and, as I said, a reader, if he is to get any enjoyment from the author's genius, must be somewhat tolerant of them; and they have a real relation to the means whereby the very forcible and original effects of beauty are produced. There is nothing stranger in these poems than the mixture of passages of extreme delicacy and exquisite diction with passages where, in a jungle of rough root-words, emphasis seems to oust euphony; and both these qualities, emphasis and euphony, appear in their extreme forms. It was an idiosyncrasy of this student's mind to push everything to its logical extreme, and take pleasure in a paradoxical result; as may be seen in his prosody where a simple theory seems to be used only as a basis for unexampled liberty. He was flattered when I called him περιττότατος, and saw the humour of it—and one would expect to find in his work the force of emphatic condensation and the magic of melodious expression, both in their extreme forms. Now since those who study style in itself must allow a proper place to the emphatic expression, this experiment, which supplies as novel examples of success as of failure, should be full of interest; and such interest will promote tolerance.

The fragment, on a piece of music, No. 67,[1] is the draft of what

[1] See below, No. 110, and the note on p. 259.

appears to be an attempt to explain how an artist has not free-will in his creation. He works out his own nature instinctively as he happens to be made, and is irresponsible for the result. It is lamentable that Gerard Hopkins died when, to judge by his latest work, he was beginning to concentrate the force of all his luxuriant experiments in rhythm and diction, and castigate his art into a more reserved style. Few will read the terrible posthumous sonnets without such high admiration and respect for his poetical power as must lead them to search out the rare masterly beauties that distinguish his work.

NOTES

Abbreviations used:

R. B. Dr. Robert Bridges (Editor of the First Edition, 1918).

C. W. Charles Williams (Editor of the Second Edition, 1930).

H. H. Mr. Humphry House (Editor of *Note-books and Papers of G. M. H.*, 1937).

W. H. G. The present Editor. All notes *not* followed by initials are by W. H. G.

Letters, I. *The Letters of G. M. H. to R. B.*, edited by C. C. Abbott, 1935.

Letters, II. *The Correspondence of G. M. H. and R. W. Dixon*, edited by C. C. Abbott, 1935.

Letters, III. *Further Letters of G. M. H.*, edited by C. C. Abbott, 1938.

Note-books. The Note-books and Papers of G. M. H., 1937.

Lahey. *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (biography), by G. F. Lahey, S.J., 1930.

Study, I or II. *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition*, by W. H. Gardner, vol. i, 1944, vol. ii, 1949.

Page 1. AUTHOR'S PREFACE. This is from B, and must have been written in 1883 or not much later. The punctuation has been exactly followed, except that I have added a comma after the word *language* in the first line of page 10, where the omission seemed an oversight.—[R. B.]

p. 8, l. 15, *rove over*. This expression is used here to denote the running on of the sense and sound of the end of a verse into the beginning of the next; but this meaning is not easily to be found in the word.

The two words *reeve* (pf. *rove*, which is also a pf. of *rive*—) and *reave* (pf. *reft*) are both used several times by G. M. H., but they are both spelt *reave*. In the present context *rove* and *reaving* occur in his letters, and the spelling *reeve* in 'The Deutschland', xii. 8, is probably due to the copyists.

There is no doubt that G. M. H. had a wrong notion of the meaning of the nautical term *reeve*. No. 63, l. 10 (the third passage where *reeve*, spelt *reave*, occurs, and a nautical meaning is required—see the note there—) would be satisfied by *splice* (nautical); and if this notion were influenced by *weave, wove*, that would describe the interweaving of the verses. In the passage referred to in 'The Deutschland' *reeve* is probably intended in its dialectal or common speech significance: see Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*, where the first sense of the verb given is to bring together the 'gathers' of a dress: and in this sense *reeve* is in common use.—[R. B.]

EARLY POEMS (1860–1875?)

1. 'THE ESCORIAL.' School prize poem, dated 'Easter 1860'. The imperfect copy (in the possession of the family) is in the hand of the father, Manley Hopkins, to disguise authorship; the ninth stanza was for some reason omitted. The notes were written by Gerard in an elaborately affected hand. 'Though wholly lacking the Byronic flush the poem looks as if influenced by the descriptions in *Childe Harold*. . . . The history seems competent and the artistic knowledge precocious.'—[R. B.] The meaning of the motto (Theocritus, Idyll VII, l. 41) is 'and I compete like a frog against the cicadas.'—[C. W.]

The following notes are all by G. M. H.

Stanza 2. At the battle of St. Quentin, between the French and Spaniards, Philip II vowed the Escorial to St. Laurence, the patron saint of the day, if he gained the victory.

St. 3. St. Laurence is said to have been roasted to death on a gridiron.

St. 4. The Escorial was built in the form of a gridiron—the rectangular convent was the grate, the cloisters the bars, the towers the legs inverted, the palace the handle.

The building contained the royal Mausoleum; and a gate which was opened only to the new-born heir-apparent, and to the funeral of a monarch.

St. 5. * Philip endeavoured to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands.

St. 6. Philip did not choose the splendid luxuriance of the Spanish Gothic as the style of architecture fitted for the Escorial.

St. 7. Nor the Classic.

St. 7. * The Parthenon, &c., were magnificently coloured and gilded.

St. 7. † The horsemen in the Panathenaic processions.

St. 8. * The Alhambra, &c.

St. 8. The Architect was Velasquez; the style Italian classic, partly Ionic, partly Doric. The whole is sombre in appearance, but grand, and imposing.

St. 10. The interior was decorated with all the richest productions of art and nature. Pictures, statues, marble, fountains, tapestry, &c. (*He* refers to Philip).

St. 10. † Alluding to Raphael's "Lo Spasimo" which is, I believe, in the Escorial.

St. 11. ‡ Alluding to the dark colouring of landscapes to be seen in Rubens, Titian, &c.

St. 11. ¶ A beautiful youth drowned in the Nile: the statue has the position described.

St. 11. ‖ Hyacinthus. § The Belvedere Apollo.

St. 12. The Escorial was adorned by succeeding kings until the Peninsular War, when the French, as a piece of revenge for their defeats, sent a body of dragoons under La Houssaye, who entered the Escorial, ravaged and despoiled it of some of its greatest treasures. The monks then left the convent. Since that time it has been left desolate and uninhabited. The 12th stanza describes this.

St. 12. * Alluding to the practice of arranging swords in circles, radiating from their hilts.

St. 13. † The Escorial is often exposed to the attacks of the storms which sweep down from the mountains of Guadarrama.

2. 'A VISION OF THE MERMAIDS.' Dated 'Christmas 1862'. The autograph (in the possession of the family) is headed by a very elaborate circular pen-and-ink drawing, 6 inches in diameter,—a sunset sea-piece with rocks and formal groups of mermaidens, five or six together, singing as they stand (apparently) half-immersed in the shallows as described

'But most in a half-circle watch'd the sun,' &c.

R. B. adds: 'This poem betrays the influence of Keats, and when I introduced the author to the public in Miles's book [*Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets*, 1893, 2nd imp. 1906], I quoted from it, thinking it useful to show that his difficult later style was not due to inability to excel in established forms. The poem is altogether above the standard of school prizes.' R. B.'s belief that this was a school prize poem lacks foundation. The Highgate School records contain no mention of it, or of any prize for poetry awarded between 1860 (see No. 1 above) and 1865, when E. B. Birks won a prize for a Tercentenary Ode on the School. I agree with H. H. that on general grounds 'A Vision of the Mermaids' is a most unlikely subject for the Head, Dr. Dyne, to have chosen. Competition poems were not submitted in autograph; and it is practically certain that such a poem would not have been illustrated. (For these facts I am indebted to H. H.)

The poem was published in a limited facsimile edition in 1929.

3. 'WINTER WITH THE GULF STREAM.' This is a revised version, dated 1871, of the poem published in *Once a Week*, 14 Feb. 1863, and reproduced in *Letters*, III, Note B, p. 285. R. B. says (p. 101 of 2nd Ed.): 'G. M. H. told me that he wrote it when he was at school; whence I guess that he altered it too much to allow of its early dating.' But the alterations are not so numerous as to impugn its present chronological position.—St. 4, l. 2, *clammy*, clear in autograph (not 'damming' as in 2nd Ed.).—St. 5, l. 2, I have added the full stop.— l. 3, *bugle*, shaped like a buffalo horn.—St. 9. *Pactolus*, the golden river which healed Midas.

4. 'SPRING AND DEATH.' From an autograph, undated, in the possession of the family. This poem strongly suggests the influence of the father, Manley Hopkins, whose fanciful vein it resembles. G. M. H. copied out a number of his father's verses, but this piece is not in either of the latter's printed collections, *The Philosopher's Stone* (1843) and *Spicilegium Poeticum* (circa 1890). Lines 9–11 undoubtedly smack of G. M. H.; and with the last couplet cf. the theme of No. 55.

5. 'A SOLILOQUY OF ONE OF THE SPIES LEFT IN THE WILDERNESS.' From the Oxford note-book C. I, July 1864. First printed in

The Criterion, Oct. 1935, then in *Note-books and Papers of G. M. H.* As Mr. House explains, the written draft begins with the stanza now printed third; the two printed as the opening occur together lower down and are isolated. It seems likely that as with 'Pilate' (No. 76) Hopkins had begun the poem without an introduction and supplied one later. I support House's view that 'there is no other obvious beginning'. As it stands, the poem has a satisfying completeness. The Biblical sources are Exodus xii et seq. and Numbers xiii–xiv.

6. 'New Readings.' An early draft, from the note-book C. I, July 1864, was first printed in *The Criterion*, Oct. 1935, then in *Note-books*. The version now given is from a presumably later copy in A; this MS. is not an autograph, but was made (as R. B. says in a note) by V. S. S. Coles. (The copyist may have inserted the unusual capitals.)—The influence of George Herbert is apparent. Of G. M. H. an Oxford friend (W. E. Addis) once said: 'Love of Herbert was his strongest tie to the English Church' (Lahey, p. 19).

7. '*He hath abolished the old drouth.*' C. I, July 1864; immediately follows, and is probably included under title of, 'New Readings' (No. 6). The metrical form suggests a connexion with 'A Voice from the World'. For the thought cf. Rev. xiv. 3–4. With ll. 8–9 and 16–17 cf. the sestet of No. 32.

8. '*Where art thou friend.*' C. II, April 25–7, 1865; first printed in *The Criterion*. H. H. thinks that this sonnet is connected with Digby Mackworth Dolben, the young religious enthusiast and poet whom G. M. H. met for the first and only time in Feb. 1865. 'In March,' says Mr. House, 'Hopkins had a religious crisis which led to his first confession and the beginning of the daily spiritual notes . . . the sonnet is obscure because Dolben was closely bound up with the religious crisis' (*Note-books*, p. xxi). Immediately before and after the sonnet there are enigmatic allusions to Dolben which seem to support H. H.'s opinion. Yet in *Letters*, I, p. 16, we read: 'I looked forward to meeting Dolben and his becoming a Catholic more than to anything'

(Aug. 30, 1867). It is just possible that the poem was addressed to some fascinating stranger: 'His face was fascinating me last term: I generally have one fascination or another on. Sometimes I dislike the faces wh. fascinate me but sometimes much the reverse . . .' (ibid., p. 8). Cf. 'The Lantern out of Doors' (No. 34).

9. 'THE BEGINNING OF THE END.' Early draft in Oxford note-book C. II, May 6–8, 1865. A line is drawn under the third sonnet, and the next entry looks like the beginning of another sequence:

   'Some men may hate their rivals and desire
   Secretive moats, knives, smothering-cloths, drugs, flame;
   But I am so consumèd with my shame
   I dare feel envy scarcely, never ire.
   O worshipful the man that she sets higher.'

   Sonnets and fragment first printed in *The Criterion*, Oct. 1935, then in *Note-books*. Present text of the first and third sonnets is from undated but undoubtedly later autographs in A: a note by R. B. says: 'These two sonnets must *never* be printed.' In the first, however, I retain the italicized '*less*' and '*more*' of C. II.—For theme and treatment cf. the Elizabethan sequences and also George Meredith's *Modern Love* (1862), which G. M. H. had read.

10. 'THE ALCHEMIST IN THE CITY.' From the note-book C. II, May 15, 1865. As symbolism, conscious or unconscious, this poem throws light on two sides of G. M. H.'s nature. Cf. 'The Windhover' (No. 36) and Nos. 56 and 74. (See *Study*, I, chap. i.)

11. '*Myself unholy*.' Hitherto unpublished; C. II, June 24, 1865. Line 4 is the more forceful and characteristic alternative to 'Or unsalt streams to teasing waters shoaly'. The alternative to l. 10 is very weak: 'Knowing them well I can but see the fall.'

12. 'TO OXFORD. Low Sunday and Monday, 1865.' Copied into C. II on June 26. First printed in *The Criterion*, Oct. 1935. Above the poems G. M. H. wrote: 'The two following sonnets were sent to Addis, also that on Easter Communion, but I have now only the rough copies of the first two, which are not quite right.'—(i) l. 10, *towers musical*, cf. No. 110, 'On a piece of music'.

13. 'EASTER COMMUNION. Lent 1865.' C. II, first draft March 2–12; text from copy entered on June 26.

Lines 3–4, *You striped in secret,* &c. This passage may be literal or figurative; it is probably both. Ascetic flagellation was not unknown among extreme Anglo-Catholics in the 1860's; but cf. No. 73: 'But be the war within . . .'—l. 14, cf. Isaiah xxxv. 3.

14. '*See how Spring opens.*' From the note-book C. II, June 26, 1865. First printed in *The Criterion*, Oct. 1935. Cf. Milton's sonnet 'On His Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three'.

Line 14, this may refer to the diary entry of March 12: 'A day of the great mercy of God.' After his conversion in 1866 G. M. H. wrote: 'The silent conviction that I was to become a Catholic has been present to me for a year perhaps, as strongly, in spite of my resistance to it . . . as if I had already determined it' (*Letters*, III, p. 17).

15. '*My prayers must meet a brazen heaven.*' From Oxford note-book C. II, Sept. 7, 1865. With this poem cf. the later, more 'terrible' desolations of Nos. 64 and 69.

16. '*Let me be to Thee.*' C. II, Oct. 22, 1865. The previous entry says: 'Note that if ever I should leave the English Church the fact of Provost Fortescue (Oct. 16 and 18, 1865) is to be got over.'

17. 'THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.' Immediately follows No. 16 in C. II, Oct. 1865.

Stanza 2, l. 1, *My national old Egyptian reed,* &c. This allusion to the 'bruised' or 'broken' reed of Egypt (2 Kings xviii. 21; Isaiah xxxvi. 6, &c.) seems to mean that the 'national' religion of the Established Church had failed to satisfy G. M. H. (See note to No. 14, l. 14).—l. 2, *vine*, cf. 'I am the Vine', &c.

St. 3, l. 2. I have inserted 'see' after 'must', feeling convinced that this is what the poet intended to write.—l. 6, an expression of belief in the Real Presence.

18. 'BARNFLOOR AND WINEPRESS.' First printed in *The Union Review*, 1865 (vol. iii, p. 579). Rough draft in *Note-books*, pp. 24–6; two other completed versions, both in another hand: one, dated 1865, in the possession of the family; the other in A. Text adopted is

the one G. M. H. printed, except in the following instances, where the reading of one or more of the other texts seems preferable: Stanza 1, l. 3, 'first fruits'; l. 6, 'thrashing floor'; l. 7, 'this head'.—St. 2, l. 3, 'pierced' for *fenced*. With the theme of the poem cf. George Herbert's *The Bunch of Grapes*.

19. 'FOR A PICTURE OF ST. DOROTHEA.' Written when an exhibitioner at Balliol College. Contemporary autograph in A, and another almost identical in H, both undated. Text from A. This poem was afterwards expanded, shedding its relative pronouns, to 48 lines divided among three speakers, 'an Angel, the proto-notary Theophilus, (and) a Catechumen': the grace and charm of original lost:—there is an autograph in A and other copies exist. This was the first of the poems that I saw, and G. M. H. wrote it out for me (in 1866?).—[R. B]. I too reject the dramatic version in favour of this and No. 25 (see note on p. 218). Though I accept the later date, two quatrains entered in C. II in March 1865 are possibly the first conception of the Dorothea poems.

20. 'HEAVEN-HAVEN.' Contemporary autograph, on same page with last, in H. Text is from a slightly later autograph undated in A. The different copies vary.—[R. B.] An earlier draft (July 1864) is in the note-book C. I under the title 'Rest'; following this are the unfinished verses of No. 78—a deliberate contrast.

21. 'THE NIGHTINGALE.' From an autograph in the possession of the family, dated Jan. 18, 19, 1866.—St. 6, l. 1, *cut*, the version in A has *out*.

22. 'NONDUM.' From a MS. at Campion Hall, Oxford, and dated Lent, 1866. Another copy in A.

23. 'EASTER.' From a MS. at Campion Hall. Another copy in A, which has a comma at the end of St. 4, l. 2. (Date, 1866?)

24. 'THE HABIT OF PERFECTION.' Two autographs in A; the earlier dated Jan. 18, 19, 1866. The second, which is a good deal altered, is apparently of same date as text of No. 20. Text follows this later version. Published in Miles.—[R. B.] Another version undated and titled 'The Kind Betrothal', is at Campion Hall; considerable differences in text.

Line 11, *ruck and reel*, variegated throng, and vortex of material interests. 'The Kind Betrothal' has: 'These pièd shows . . .'—l. 12, *Coils, keeps*, ensnares, confuses, engulfs.—l. 13, *hutch*, place of storing.—l. 18, *keep*, upkeep.—l. 24, *unhouse*, &c., take the Host from the tabernacle of the altar (Cath.).—ll. 27–8, cf. Matt. vi. 28–9.

25. 'Lines for a Picture of St. Dorothea.' This, undated, from a MS. at Campion Hall, is a later version of No. 19, but not the dramatic version to which Dr. Bridges refers in his note.—[C. W.]

The following is a specimen of his signature at this date:

Gerard M. Hopkins.
July 24, 1866.

According to the hagiographers, St. Dorothea (martyred *c.* 303 under Diocletian) was first tortured, then sentenced to death by Sapricius, governor of Caesarea in Cappadocia. Asked where Christ was, she replied, 'In Paradise, where fruits, flowers, grass, and all such delights are ever fresh.' A lawyer present, named Theophilus, jeeringly asked her to send him from Paradise some apples and roses. Dorothea promised to do so. Just before her execution, an angel appeared in the form of a beautiful youth and carrying three apples and three roses. These she bade him take to Theophilus, whereupon the lawyer acknowledged Christ and was himself martyred. Here, as in No. 19, it is apparently Dorothea herself, in angelic form, who appears to Theophilus; hence the latter's doubt, in stanza 5, as to whether the apparition is 'him' or 'her'.

St. 7, l. 1, *dip in blood*, &c. Her martyrdom commutes death to eternal life.—l. 6, *another Christian*, i.e. Theophilus.

26. 'Ad Mariam'. Printed in the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, Feb. 1894, under a letter from the correspondent signed 'O. S. J.', in which

it is said to have been written in 1884. Of this poem R. B. wrote: 'This is . . . in direct and competent imitation of Swinburne: no autograph has been found; and, unless Fr. Hopkins's views of poetic form had been provisionally deranged or suspended, the verses can hardly be attributed to him without some impeachment of his sincerity; and that being altogether above suspicion, I would not yield to the rather strong presumption which their technical skill supplies in favour of his authorship. It is true that the "Rosa Mystica" is somewhat in the same light lilting manner; but that was probably common to most of these festal verses, and "Rosa Mystica" is not open to the positive objections of verbal criticism which would reject the "Ad Mariam". He never sent me a copy of either of these pieces, as he did of his severer Marian poems (Nos. 42 and 60), nor mentioned them as productions of his serious Muse' (2nd Ed., pp. 102–3).—R. B.'s opinion is supported by C. W. and Prof. Abbott; but the present editor does not subscribe to it. Both internal evidence and probability suggest that G. M. H. wrote 'Ad Mariam' as 'May Lines' during his first stay at Stonyhurst between 1870 and 1873, his intention being to please Catholics who (like many others) admired Swinburne's metres but deplored his *motifs*. 'O. S. J.' might well have mistaken the date of composition. (See *Study*, II, chap. i.)—St. 3, l. 7, *Aidenn*, Eden (Heb.).

27. 'ROSA MYSTICA.' This is certainly one of the 'two or three little presentation pieces' mentioned by G. M. H. in his letter to R. W. Dixon of Oct. 5, 1878. Published in *The Irish Monthly*, May 1898, and again in Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*, 2nd series, p. 183.—[R. B.] MS. at Campion Hall.

POEMS (1876–1889)

28. 'THE WRECK OF THE DEUTSCHLAND.' Text from B, title from A (see description of B on p. 202). In 'The Spirit of Man' the original first stanza is given from A, and varies; otherwise B was not much corrected. Another transcript, now at St. Aloysius' College, Glasgow, was made by the Rev. F. Bacon after A but before the correction of B. This was collated for me by the

Rev. Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., and gave one true reading. Its variants are distinguished by G in the notes to the poem.—[R. B.] In A the poem is signed 'Brân Maenefa' (see Note to No. 135, p. 267).

In a letter to R. W. Dixon, Oct. 5, 1878, G. M. H. wrote: '... when in the winter of '75 the *Deutschland* was wrecked in the mouth of the Thames and five Franciscan nuns, exiles from Germany by the Falck Laws, aboard of her were drowned I was affected by the account and happening to say so to my rector he said that he wished some one would write a poem on the subject. On this hint I set to work and, though my hand was out at first, produced one. I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm which now I realized on paper ... I do not say the idea is altogether new ... but no one has professedly used it and made it the principle throughout, that I know of ... However, I had to mark the stresses ... and a great many more oddnesses could not but dismay an editor's eye, so that when I offered it to our magazine *The Month* ... they dared not print it.'

Synopsis of the Poem (by W. H. G.)

Part the First (stanzas 1–10):

Meditation on God's infinite power and masterhood, on the direct mystical 'stress' or intuitive knowledge by which man, the dependent finite creature, apprehends the majesty and terror, the beauty and love of his Maker. Not only through beauty and joy do we know Him. Since the Incarnation and Passion, the human heart has become sensitized to the deeper mystery of suffering and loss—the paradox of God's mastery and mercy. Adoration to Him! May he subjugate and save His rebellious creature, man.

Part the Second.

(Stanzas 11–17): Sudden, unexpected disaster overtook the *Deutschland*, with her emigrants and exiles bound for America. A hurricane of wind and snow drove her on to a sandbank. For a whole night without succour, the passengers and crew of the crippled and settling ship were buffeted by the elements: many were drowned.

(Stanzas 17–31): Amid the tumult and horror, the voice of a nun is heard calling on Christ to 'come quickly'. (She was one of five Franciscan exiles: surely Five, the number of Christ's wounds, is the symbol of Sacrifice and the heavenly Reward.) But what did she mean? Her cry came from the heart of all suffering humanity. Man seeks deliverance not from danger (which is stimulating) but from the remorseless daily round of toil and disappointment. That deliverance comes only from Christ, who succeeded by failure; His Passion holds the promise of heaven in an otherwise 'unshapeable' existence (st. 29). This nun read the symbol aright: the pain and tragedy of life elucidate, and are themselves elucidated by, the Redemption. In the nun the meaning of Christ is reborn (a second Virgin Birth!). Touched by the finger of God (as the poet had been) she had created faith and hope in those around her.

(Stanzas 32–5): Return to the theme of Part the First: the poet adores the majesty and inscrutable wisdom of God. The dead nun, prophetess of the Faith indomitable and resurgent, is asked to intercede for the conversion of 'rare-dear Britain'.

Stanza 1. Here, as throughout the poem, the meaning is 'fetched out' by the stressing; and the stressing is indicated partly by the meaning, partly by alliteration, assonance, and internal rhyme:

'Thóu màstering mé
Gòd! gíver of bréath and bréad;
Wórld's stránd, swáy of the séa;
Lórd of líving and déad;'

In Part the First the distribution of the stresses in the eight-line stanza is 2–3–4–3–5–5–4–6; in Part the Second the first line has *three* stresses, as the alignment of A and B (printed in the 1st Edition and now restored) clearly shows.—l. 5: 'Thou hast bóund bónes and véins in me . . .'.—l. 8, *finger*, cf. st. 31, l. 6.

St. 2, l. 5, *night*, probably refers to some crisis in the poet's conversion. —l. 8, *stress*, cf. st. 8: 'Gúsh!—flúsh the man . . .' or 'Gùsh!—flúsh the mán . . .'.

St. 3, l. 4, *that spell,* in that brief bout.—l. 7, *carrier-witted,* i.e. with the instinct of the carrier pigeon; cf. No. 51: '*homing* nature'.

St. 4, l. 7, *voel.* Father Bliss tells me that the Voel is a mountain not far from St. Beuno's College in N. Wales, where the poem was written: and Dr. Henry Bradley that *moel* is primarily an adj. meaning *bald*: it becomes a fem. subst. meaning *bare hill,* and preceded by the article *y* becomes *voel,* in modern Welsh spelt *foel.* This accounts for its being written without initial capital, the word being used generically; and the meaning, obscured by *roped,* is that the well is fed by the trickles of water within the flanks of the mountains.—Both A and B read *planks* for *flanks*; G gives the correction.—[R. B.] To the present editor *roped* suggests the long silvery runnels down the mountain-sides—a common sight in N. Wales after rain. The two metaphysical images (hour-glass and well) convey the idea that as the physical life disintegrates the spiritual life is built up—by faith and grace.

St. 5, l. 7, *instréssed, stréssed,* seems to mean: 'It must be emphasized that God's Nature is a mystery; the antinomy of His love and stern masterhood must be borne in upon the mind, driven home by sensory experience and mystical illumination and then "kept at stress" by faith: it cannot be comprehended by pure reason.'

St. 6, l. 1, *Nót out of his blíss,* elucidated by st. 7, ll. 5 and 6: the revelation of God in beauty and in suffering dates from the Incarnation and the Passion.—l. 7, *rides time . . .*, a pregnant ambiguity: 'It cuts across history yet persists in time.'

St. 7, ll. 7–8, and st. 8. *Though felt before,* &c. To me this passage means: 'Though the lightning-stress of mystical revelation has been felt in all ages, its main discharge into the world was from the dark cloud of Christ's Passion. It is the heart in extremity which best understands and proclaims the beauty and terror of that Sacrifice. Some are forced to cry *How bitter!* Others taste only the sweetness. But, sour or sweet, the result is overwhelming conviction.' Cf. the indirect commentary in *Note-books,* p. 128.

St. 8, l. 6, *Brím, in a flash, fúll,* an effective tmesis. (Cf. No. 67, l. 15.)

St. 11, l. 5: 'But wé dréam we are róoted to éarth—Dúst!'—l. 8,

cringe, bend, sink; cf. Shakespeare's 'bending sickle' (Sonnet cxvi); *blear*, lustreless(?), and depriving of lustre.

St. 12, l. 7, *bay*, used in architectural sense.—l. 8, *reeve*, gather.

St. 13, l. 7: 'Wíry and whìte-fíery and whírlwind-swivellèd snów.'

St. 14, ll. 3–4. Here occurs the first example of a rhyme which depends on running over to the next line:

leeward/ drew her D—.

Such a rhyme is used also in st. 31, twice,

of them/ of the M—: Providence/ of it and S—

and in 35:

door D—/ Reward: and in other poems. Hopkins had found these 'linked rhymes' in early Welsh poetry (see *Study*, II, chap. iii). —l. 4, *Kentish Knock*, a sandbank near the mouth of the Thames.

St. 14, l. 7, *whorl*, screw-propeller.—l. 8, *wind*, steer; *these*. G has *there*; but the words between *shock* and *these* are probably parenthetical.—[R. B.] As I read it, *these* includes both the high seas and also the loss of propulsive and steering power.

St. 16, l. 3. Landsmen may not observe the wrongness: see again No. 41, st. 9. I would have corrected this if the euphony had not accidentally forbidden the simplest correction.—[R. B.] The misused idiom is a flaw; but the context elucidates the meaning.—[W. H. G.]—l. 7, *foam-fleece*, followed by a full-stop in A and B, by a comma in G.—[R. B.]—l. 8, *burl*, a favourite word with Hopkins, used always in the sense of 'roundness', 'fullness'; cf. *buck*, jump with arched back.

St. 17, l. 3. Note the effect of rapidity and confusion.

St. 18, l. 5, *after*, used with verbal force, as in 'After him!'—l. 8, *the good you have there of your own?* An important key to the symbolism of the poem. (Cf. 'read the unshapeable shock night' in st. 29.)

St. 19, l. 3, *hawling*, thus spelt in all three versions.—[R. B.]—l. 4, *sloggering*, delivering heavy blows.—l. 6, *fetch*, shift, expedient.

St. 20, l. 5, *Gertrude* (*c.* 1256–*c.* 1302), the German saint and mystic who lived in a convent near Eisleben, Luther's birthplace.

St. 21, l. 2. G omits *the*.—[R. B.]—ll. 5–6, *Orion . . . unchancelling*, &c. I quote from *Study*, I, p. 60: 'So God was, after all, the Prime Mover: he was the Hunter who beat these nuns from their monastic covert in Germany so that their faith and fortitude might be tried by ordeal and death.'

St. 22, l. 1, *finding*, 'device', 'invention' (?—cf. Ger. *Erfindung*); the emblem by which we 'find' Christ (cf. St. 1, l. 8). For *sake* see note on No. 45, l. 10.—l. 8, *rose-flake*, cf. No. 27, st. 6, ll. 3–4.

St. 23, l. 4, *Lovescape*, the pattern of Christ's five wounds, the stigmata received by St. Francis.

St. 24, l. 2, *forehead*, St. Beuno's College stands on a hill in the Vale of Clwyd.—l. 8, *to her*, 'held tightly to her breast', and/or 'she identifies her own suffering (*cross*) with that of Christ'—as the sequel suggests.

St. 26, ll. 5 and 6. The semicolon is autographic correction in B; the stop at *Way* is uncertain in A and B, is a comma in G.—[R. B.] —l. 8. Cf. 1 Corinthians ii. 9.

St. 27, l. 6. The nun's plight was not conducive to earnest meditation.—l. 8, *burly*, bluster (from 'hurly-burly').

St. 28, ll. 1–4. The bold aposiopesis merges 'the frantic efforts of the drowning to save themselves and the poet's attempt to evoke and express the vision of the nun' (*Study*, I, p. 62). The effect of hysteria is probably deliberate.

St. 29, l. 2, *single eye*, cf. Luke xi, 34.—l. 3, *night* [*sic.*]—[R. B.] For the symbolism see Synopsis, p. 221.—ll. 7 and 8. The images 'describe the combination of steadfastness, fear, and high example in the tall nun' (*Study* I, p. 185).—[W. H. G.]—l. 8. Two of the required stresses are on *Tarpeian*.—[R. B.]

St. 30, l. 5. Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Dec. 8.—l. 6, *so to conceive thee*, i.e. the nun, also a virgin, had re-conceived and re-delivered Christ.

St. 31, l. 8, *grain for thee*, cf. No. 32, ll. 12 and 13.

St. 32, l. 2, *Yore-flood*, the old, i.e. Noachian deluge; or perhaps an allusion to Genesis, i. 2.—ll. 3–4, *The recurb*, &c., the stemming and restemming of wave and tide; cf. Job xxxviii. 8–11.—l 5,

motionable mind, the variable ocean suggests the restless, oscillating mind of man, which finds stability and peace only in God (*granite*, l. 6)—l. 8, *Death*, refers to the braggart of st. 11, ll. 1–4; *bodes*, 'knows what will happen but does not therefore forestall the free acts of men.' (J. J. Boyle, S.J.)

St. 33. This stanza deals with the 'Salvific Will of God'—His desire that all sinners should be saved, through grace and the Church.—l. 4, *lower than death*, souls in Purgatory.—l. 8, *fetched*. The subj. of this verb is *giant* (l. 7), its obj. is the rel. pron. omitted after *mark* (l. 6); the words between *risen* and *fetched* are parenthetical.

St. 34, l. 8, *shire*. G has 'shore'; but *shire* is doubtless right: it is the special favoured landscape visited by the shower.—[R. B.]

St. 35. The heavily charged lines produce the effect of symphonic climax and finale.

29. 'PENMAEN POOL.' Early copy in A. Text, title, and punctuation from autograph in B, dated 'Barmouth, Merionethshire. Aug. 1876'. But that autograph writes *leisure* for *pleasure* in first line; *skulls* in st. 2; and in st. 8, *month* has a capital initial. Several copies exist, and vary.—[R. B.]

Stanza 3, l. 2. *Cadair Idris* is written as a note to *Giant's Stool*.—[R. B.]

St. 8, l. 4. Several variants. Two good copies read *darksome danksome*; but the early copy in A has *darksome darksome*, which B returns to.—[R. B.]

St. 9, l. 3. A has *But praise it*, and two good copies *But honour it*.—[R. B.]

30. 'THE SILVER JUBILEE: in honour of the Most Reverend James first Bishop of Shrewsbury. St. Beuno's, Vale of Clwyd, 1876, I think.' A.—Text and title from autograph in B. It was published with a sermon by Father John Morris, S.J., on the same occasion. Another copy in H.—[R. B.] See also Nos. 135 and 136.

31. 'GOD'S GRANDEUR. Standard rhythm counterpointed.' Two autographs, Feb. 23, 1877; and March 1877; in A.—Text is from corrections in B. The second version in A has *lightning* for *shining* in l. 2, explained in a letter of Jan. 4, 1883. B returns to original

word.—[R. B.] In A, l. 1 is counterpointed: 'The world is charged with the grandeur of God.' The first word in l. 5 is written 'Generations'.

Line 2, *shook foil.* In the letter mentioned above, G. M. H. writes: 'I mean foil in its sense of leaf or tinsel . . . Shaken goldfoil gives off broad glares like sheet lightning and also, and this is true of nothing else, owing to its zigzag dints and creasings and network of small many cornered facets, a sort of fork lightning too' (*Letters*, I, pp. 168–9).

32. 'THE STARLIGHT NIGHT. Feb. 24, '77.' Autograph in A.—'Standard rhythm opened and counterpointed. March, '77.' ['opened' means that both octave and sestet are opened with a 'sprung' line.] A.—Later corrected version 'St. Beuno's, Feb. '77' in B.—Text follows B. The second version in A was published in Miles's book *Poets and Poetry of the Century*.—[R. B.]

Line 4, *delves*, pl. of obs. 'delf', mine, pit.—l. 6, *whitebeam . . . abeles*, trees which sparkle or are beaten to a sudden whiteness when the wind turns up the silvery undersides of their leaves.—l. 9, *What?*, i.e. 'You ask, *What price shall I offer?*' In a version in H we find 'patience'; and the second half of this line is marked '*rallentando*'. (Cf. note to No. 38, l. 4.)—l. 12, *barn*, cf. Matt. xiii. 30.—l. 13 *shocks*, sheaves of corn; *piece-bright paling*. Cf. Additional Poems, No. 7, stanza 4 (p. 289) and also the note on this stanza (p. 293). For the thought cf. Journal, 17 Aug. 1874 (*Note-books*, p. 205).

33. 'SPRING. (Standard rhythm, opening with sprung leadings) May 1877.' Autograph in A.—Text from corrections in B, but punctuation from A. Was published in Miles's book from incomplete correction in A.—[R. B.]

34. 'THE LANTERN. (Standard rhythm, with one sprung leading and one line counterpointed.)' Autograph in A.—Text, title, and accents in lines 13 and 14, from corrections in B, where it is called 'companion to No. 26 (=50), St. Beuno's '77'.—[R. B.]

Line 4, *wading*, cf. O.E. *wadan*, walk, and also Spenser's 'Vertue gives

her selfe light, through darknesse for to wade.' (*F.Q.*, I. i. 12.)—

l. 5. Counterpointed thus: 'Men go by me⌒whom . . .'—ll. 9 and 10. The verb is 'wind eye after', and Hopkins says: 'I mean that the eye winds/ only in the sense that its focus or point of sight winds and that coincides with a point of the object and winds with that. For the object, a lantern passing further and further away and bearing now east now west of one right line, is truly and properly described as winding' (*Letters*, I, p. 66).

35. 'THE SEA AND THE SKYLARK. Originally "Walking by the Sea". Standard rhythm, in parts sprung and in others counterpointed, Rhyl, May '77.' A. This version deleted in B, and the revision given in text written in with new title.—G. M. H. was not pleased with this sonnet [i.e. the *first* version—W. H. G.], and wrote the following explanation of it in a letter 1882: '*Rash fresh more* (it is dreadful to explain these things in cold blood) means a headlong and exciting new snatch of singing, resumption by the lark of his song, which by turns he gives over and takes up again all day long, and this goes on, the sonnet says, through all time, without ever losing its first freshness, being a thing both new and old. *Repair* means the same thing, renewal, resumption. The *skein* and *coil* are the lark's song, which from his height gives the impression of something falling to the earth and not vertically quite but tricklingly or wavingly, something as a skein of silk ribbed by having been tightly wound on a narrow card or a notched holder or as twine or fishing-tackle unwinding from a *reel* or *winch* or as pearls strung on a horsehair: the laps or folds are the notes or short measures and bars of them. The same is called a *score* in the musical sense of score and this score is "writ upon a liquid sky trembling to welcome it", only not horizontally. The lark in wild glee *races the reel round*, paying or dealing out and down the turns of the skein or *coil* right to the earth *floor*, the ground, where it lies in a heap, as it were, or rather is all wound off on to another winch, reel, bobbin or spool in Fancy's eye, by the moment the bird touches earth and so is ready for a fresh unwinding at the next flight. *Crisp* means almost *crisped*, namely with notes.'—[R. B.] Hopkins had no cause to be displeased with the revised version.

36. 'The Windhover. (Falling paeonic rhythm, sprung and outriding.)' Two contemporary autographs in A.—Text and dedication from corrected B, dated St. Beuno's, May 30, 1877.—In a letter June 22, 1879: 'I shall shortly send you an amended copy of The Windhover: the amendment only touches a single line, I think, but as that is the best thing I ever wrote I should like you to have it in its best form.'—[R. B.] For G. M. H.'s distinction between paeons and outriding feet see note to No. 38. In the present poem the heavily stressed outriding feet are distinguished from the smoother paeons by the looped outrides (from A and B):

'I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing . .'

Other outrides are: l. 6, 'skate's heel'; l. 11, 'lovelier, more dangerous'; l. 12, 'wonder of it'. In l. 9, the comma formerly printed after *plume* has been omitted, as it does not appear in B. In l. 10, B has 'AND' ; the intended scansion seems to be:

'Buckle! AND the fire . . . breaks from thee then . . .', where 'AND' takes a non-metrical stress.

Line 4, *rung . . . wing:* the bird's rippling, rapidly beating wings rang (like a bell) as it hovered; there is also a suggestion of steeply banked circling, as if on a wing-tip, for 'ring on the rein' is said of a horse that circles about its trainer at the end of a long rein.—l. 10, *Buckle!* In one or all of its diverse but possible meanings (1. 'fasten together'; 2. 'engage the enemy'; 3. 'bend, crumple'), this imperative (or possibly indicative) verb seems to apply *directly* to the kestrel and *obliquely* to Christ, to Whom the poem is dedicated (cf. 'O mý chevalíer' and 'áh my déar'—ll. 11 and 13).

Through Christ, moreover, 'Buckle' comes home again to the poet-disciple himself, for the adv. 'here' (l. 9) can mean 'in this bird' and in my heart 'in hiding' (l. 7), i.e. dedicated to Christ but 'emotionally repressed', perhaps 'shrinking from danger'. Thus, in the sestet, the concept of disciplined physical activity merges into that of disciplined spiritual activity—the beauty of sacrifice (l. 14). See *Study*, I, pp. 180–4.—l. 12, *sillion*, furrow.—l. 14. In B scanned thus: 'Fall, gáll themsélves, and gásh góld-vermílion.' For light on the symbolism, cf. Nos. 63 and 73.

37. 'PIED BEAUTY. Curtal Sonnet: sprung paeonic rhythm. St. Beuno's, Tremeirchion. Summer '77.' Autograph in A.—B agrees.—[R. B.].

Line 2, *brinded*, early form of 'brindled', streaked.

38. 'HURRAHING IN HARVEST: Sonnet (sprung and outriding rhythm. Take notice that the outriding feet are not to be confused with dactyls or paeons, though sometimes the line might be scanned either way. The strong syllable in an outriding foot has always a great stress and after the outrider follows a short pause. The paeon is easier and more flowing). Vale of Clwyd, Sept. 1, 1877.' Autograph in A. Text is from corrected B, punctuation of original A. In a letter 1878 he wrote: 'The Hurrahing sonnet was the outcome of half an hour of extreme enthusiasm as I walked home alone one day from fishing in the Elwy.' A also notes 'no counterpoint'.—[R. B.]

The outrides marked in the MSS. are as follows: l. 1, barbarous; l. 2, wind-walks; l. 8, Rapturous . . . greeting; l. 9, azurous; l. 10, Majestic . . . stalwart; l. 14, hurls for him . . . earth for him. See 'Author's Preface', p. 9, and *Study*, I, chap. iii.)

Line 4. In A the last three words are marked '*rall*' (i.e. *rallentando*).—ll. 12 and 13. The scansion is:

'Wánting; whích two whén they ońce méet,
The héart réars wińgs bóld and bólder . . .'

39. 'THE CAGED SKYLARK. (Falling paeonic rhythm, sprung and outriding.)' Autograph in A. Text from corrected B which is dated

'St. Beuno's, 1877'. In line 13 B writes *úncúmberèd.*—[R. B.] Four outrides are marked in A: l. 4, drudgery; l. 8, barriers; l. 10, babble and; l. 14, footing it.

Line 2, *bone-house*, the body; cf. O.E. *bán-hús* (*Beowulf*, l. 2508).—l. 5, *aloft on turf.* The cage is hung aloft, and it has long been customary to place inside the cage of a skylark 'a turf full of clover' (cf. Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, IV. ii: 'Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? &c.', which probably supplied G. M. H. with his original *motif*).—l. 7, *deadly*, death-like.

40. 'IN THE VALLEY OF THE ELWY. (Standard rhythm, sprung and counterpointed.)' Autograph in A. Text is from corrected B, which dates as contemporary with No. 39, adding 'for the companion to this see No. 58'.—[R. B.]

Line 1. In B marked thus: 'I remember a house. . . .' So also l. 9: '. . . waters, meadows, . . .'—ll. 3 and 7 are scanned: '. . . breathed at very entering'; 'Will, or mild nights the new morsels . . .' G. M. H. called this imposing of sprung and counterpointed rhythms upon standard rhythm 'the most delicate and difficult business of all'.

Of the thought in the octave G. M. H. says: 'The kind people of the sonnet were the Watsons of Shooter's Hill, nothing to do with the Elwy . . . The frame of the sonnet is a rule of three sum *wrong*, thus: As the sweet smell to those kind people so the Welsh landscape is NOT to the Welsh; and then the author and principle of all four terms is asked to bring the sum right' (*Letters*, I, pp. 76–7).

41. 'THE LOSS OF THE EURYDICE.' A contemporary copy in A has this note: 'Written in sprung rhythm, the third line has 3 beats, the rest 4. The scanning runs on without break to the end of the stanza, so that each stanza is rather one long line rhymed in passage than four lines with rhymes at the ends.'—B has an autograph of the poem as it came to be corrected (1883 or after), without the

above note and dated 'Mount St. Mary, Derbyshire, Apr. '78.'—Text follows B.—The injurious rhymes are partly explained in the old note.—[R. B.] For a different opinion on the rhymes see *Study*, I, pp. 147–9.

Line 8, *forefalls*, the forward (i.e. seaward) slope of a hill; or cliffs dropping to the 'foreshore'.—ll. 23 and 24. The linked rhyme should be read fairly quickly but without distortion of the sounds; then 'electric' gathers up and *electrifies* the more slowly pronounced correspondences in 'wrecked her? he/ C—'. The device is nearer to Welsh *cynghanedd* than to conventional English rhyme.—l. 35, *Shorten sail.* The seamanship at fault: but this expression may be glossed by supposing the boatswain to have sounded that call on his whistle. [R. B.]—l. 37: 'Thís was thát féll capsíze,'—l. 47, *Cheer's death*, i.e. despair. [R. B.]—l. 50, *Right, rude of feature*, seems to be a personification, obscured by inversion: 'he thought he heard Right, rude of feature, say . . .'. Read aloud, the passage would be ambiguous.—l. 53, *It is even seen.* In a letter May 30, 1878, he explains: 'You mistake the sense of this as I feared it would be mistaken. I believed Hare to be a brave and conscientious man, what I say is that *even* those who seem unconscientious will act the right part at a great push . . .' [R. B.]—l. 68, *rivelling*, literally, 'causing to wrinkle'. I quote *Study*, I, p. 131: 'The wide invisible air is shrunken into a visible corrugation, puckered by the driving wind into successive gusts of thick snowflakes, which at the same time force the shipwrecked Sydney Fletcher to screw up his face in a painful effort to see.'—l. 89, *bygones*, i.e. the Reformation and the confiscation of Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals by the Protestants. Hence 'Robbery's hand' in l. 91. The poet complains that shrines once revered are now neglected; and the 'curse' of this is brought out by the present disaster—so many fine men cut off without absolution.—l. 101, *A starlight wender*, i.e. the island was so Marian that the folk supposed the Milky Way was a fingerpost to guide pilgrims to the shrine of the Virgin at Walsingham. *And one*, that is Duns Scotus, the champion of the Immaculate Conception. See Sonnet No. 44. [R. B.]—l. 105, *Well wept.* Grammar is as in 'Well hit!

well run!' &c. The meaning 'You do well to weep'. [R. B.]—l. 112, O *Hero savest.* Omission of relative pronoun at its worst. *O Hero that savest.* The prayer is in a mourner's mouth, who prays that Christ will have saved her hero, and in stanza 29 the grammar triumphs.—[R. B.]

42. 'THE MAY MAGNIFICAT. (Sprung rhythm, four stresses in each line of the first couplet, three in each of the second. Stonyhurst, May '78.)' Autograph in A.—Text from later autograph in B. He wrote to me: 'A Maypiece in which I see little good but the freedom of the rhythm.' In penult stanza *cuckoo-call* has its hyphen deleted in B, leaving the words separate.—[R. B.]

Stanza 6, l. 1, *bugle blue*, i.e. blue like the flower of the plant called 'bugle' (*Ajuga reptans*), which blossoms in May.—St. 11, l. 1, *greybell*, i.e. the bluebell opening.

43. 'BINSEY POPLARS, felled 1879. Oxford, March 1879.' Autograph in A. Text from B, which alters four places. l. 8, *weed-winding*: an early draft has *weed-wounden*.—[R. B.] The number of stresses to the line (varying from 6 down to 2) is clearly indicated by the indentation: e.g., l. 3—'Áll félled, félled, are áll félled'; and

'Whére we, éven whére we méan
To ménd her we énd her,
Whén we héw or délve:' ll. 16–18

In H, l. 8 was scanned as six-stress, but in B it reads:

'On meadow and river and wind-wandering weed-winding bank.'

44. 'DUNS SCOTUS'S OXFORD. Oxford, March 1879.' Autograph in A. Copy in B agrees but dates 1878.—[R. B.]

Johannes Duns Scotus (1266 or 1274–1308), the important Scholastic philosopher rightly called the Subtle Doctor, is supposed to have studied and lectured at Oxford about 1301. In Aug. 1872 Hopkins first came upon Scotus's two commentaries on the *Sentences* of Lombard (the *Opus Oxoniense*) and was immediately 'flush with a new stroke of enthusiasm. It may come to nothing or it may be a mercy from God. But just then when I took in any inscape of the sky or sea I thought of Scotus' (*Note-books*, p. 161).

For the influence upon G. M. H. of the Scotist theory of knowledge see *Study*, I, pp. 21–31.

The rhythm is sprung and outriding; B shows 11 outrides.

Line 4, *coped*, &c., set off one against the other and well matched. —l. 12, *realty*, i.e. 'reality'.—l. 14, see note to No. 41, l. 101.

45. 'HENRY PURCELL. (Alexandrine: six stresses to the line. Oxford, April 1879.)' Autograph in A with argument as printed. Copy in B is uncorrected except that it adds the word *fresh* in the last line.—[R. B.] For a reproduction of the A version see *Study*, I, p. 101.—[W. H. G.]

' "Have fair fallen." *Have* is the sing. imperative (or optative if you like) of the past, a thing possible and actual both in logic and grammar, but naturally a rare one. As in the 2nd pers. we say "Have done" or in making appointments "Have had your dinner beforehand", so one can say in the 3rd pers. not only "Fair fall" of what is present or future but also "Have fair fallen", of what is past. The same thought (which plays a great part in my own mind and action) is more clearly expressed in the last stanza but one of the *Eurydice*, where you remarked it.' Letter to R. B., Feb. 3, 1883.—[R. B.]

Line 1, *fair*, cf. *K. John*, I. i. 78: 'Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me.'—l. 3, *with the reversal*, &c., 'May Purcell have died a good death . . . so that the heavy condemnation under which he outwardly lay for being out of the true Church may in consequence of his good intentions have been reversed' (*Letters*, I, pp. 170–1). —l. 6, *nursle*, foster (from Spenser).—[W. H. G.]

'The sestet of the Purcell sonnet is not so clearly worked out as I could wish. The thought is that as the seabird opening his wings with a whiff of wind in your face means the whirr of the motion, but also unaware gives you a whiff of knowledge about his plumage, the marking of which stamps his species, that he does not mean, so Purcell, seemingly intent only on the thought or feeling he is to express or call out, incidentally lets you remark the individualising marks of his own genius.

'*Sake* is a word I find it convenient to use . . . it is the *sake* of "for the sake of", *forsake*, *namesake*, *keepsake*. I mean by it the being a

thing has outside itself, as a voice by its echo, a face by its reflection, a body by its shadow, a man by his name, fame, or memory, *and also* that in the thing by virtue of which especially it has this being abroad, and that is something distinctive, marked, specifically or individually speaking, as for a voice and echo clearness; for a reflected image light, brightness; for a shadow-casting body bulk; for a man genius, great achievements, amiability, and so on. In this case it is, as the sonnet says, distinctive quality in genius.... By *moonmarks* I mean crescent-shaped markings on the quill-feathers, either in the colouring of the feather or made by the overlapping of one on another.' Letter to R. B., May 26, 1879.—[R.B.]

l. 11, *so some great stormfowl* . . . A time-clause and a conditional clause separate this subject from the continuation of the main clause: '. . . but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with wonder.' (*but* = 'only').—l. 13, *wuthering*, 'a Northcountry word for the noise and rush of wind' (*Letters*, I, p. 83).

46. 'PEACE: Oxford, 1879.' Autograph in B, where a comma after *daunting* is due to following a deletion. *To own my heart* = *to my own heart* (l. 4). *Reaving Peace* (l. 7), i.e. when he reaves or takes Peace away, as No. 58, l. 12. An early draft dated Oct. 2, 1879, has *taking* for *reaving*.—[R. B.] In l. 9 *plumes*, &c., grows feathers, becomes the dove of Peace.

47. 'THE BUGLER'S FIRST COMMUNION. (Sprung rhythm, overrove, an outride between the 3rd and 4th foot of the 4th line in each stanza.) Oxford, July 27, (?) 1879.' A.—My copy of this in B shows three emendations. First draft exists in H. Text is A with the corrections from B. At nine lines from end, *Though this*, A has *Now this*, and *Now* is deliberately preferred in H.—B has some uncorrected miscopyings of A. *O for, now, charms* of A (stanza 9) is already a correction in H. I should like a comma at end of first line of 5th stanza and an interjection-mark at end of that stanza. —[R. B.]

Most of the outrides in the last lines of all the twelve stanzas will be detected without trouble; each occurs in the third foot, e.g.:

St. 1: 'Shåres their bést gifts súrely, fall hów things wíll,'

St. 2: 'Cáme, I sáy, this dáy to it—to a Fírst Commúnion.'

Stanza 3, l. 4, *housel*, the consecrated elements of the Eucharist (here = the wafer). Outride = 'hóusel his . . .'

St. 4, l. 1, *sendings*, i.e. of grace.

St. 5, l. 2, *Squander*, cause to scatter, i.e. to disperse. For the omission of the rel. pron. after *ranks*, see Preface to Notes, p. 206.

St. 6, l. 4: 'Híes héadstrong to its wéllbeing of a self-wíse self-wíll.'

St. 10, l. 1, *me quickenings lift*, a 'classical' transposition, = *least quickenings lift me*; or *me quickenings* may be a substantival compound.

St. 12, l. 2, *brandle*, obs. for 'shake'; *ride and jar*, shock and clash (as of a cavalry charge)—note the many military images in this poem.—l. 4, *Fórward-líke*, &c. 'Presumptuous of me, and perhaps my fears are premature; but however, that is just how I feel about this lad. And belike (or 'like enough') heaven turned a favourable ear to my pleas' (*Study*, I, p. 133).

48. 'MORNING MIDDAY AND EVENING SACRIFICE. Oxford, Aug. '79.' Autograph in A. Copied by me into B, where it received correction. Text follows B except in ll. 19 and 20, where the correction reads *What Death half lifts the latch of, What hell hopes soon the snatch of.* And punctuation is not all followed: original has comma after the second *this* in ll. 5 and 6. On June 30, 1886, G. M. H. wrote to Canon Dixon, who wished to print the first stanza alone in some anthology, and made *ad hoc* alterations which I do not follow. The original seventeenth line was *Silk-ashed but core not cooling*, and was altered because of its obscurity. 'I meant (he wrote) to compare grey hairs to the flakes of silky ash which may be seen round wood embers . . . and covering a core of heat. . . . *Your offering, with despatch, of* is said like "your ticket", "your reasons", "your money or your life . . .". *It is:* "Come, your offer of all this (the matured mind), and without delay either!" '—[R. B.]

Line 2, *wimpled lip*, the 'Cupid's bow', beautifully 'rippled' in the middle of the upper lip.—l. 4, *all . . . fellowship*: cf. *Rom. & Jul.*, I. iii. 83: 'every married lineament'.—l. 6, *fuming*, passing away like smoke (cf. Spenser, *F.Q.*, II. iv. 26).

49. 'ANDROMEDA. Oxford, Aug. 12, '79.' A—which B corrects in two places only. Text rejects the first, in l. 4 *dragon* for *dragon's*: but follows B in l. 10, where A had *Air, pillowy air*. There is no

comma at *barebill* in any MS., but a gap and sort of caesural mark in A. In a letter Aug. 14, 1879, G. M. H. writes, 'I enclose a sonnet on which I invite minute criticism. I endeavoured in it at a more Miltonic plainness and severity than I have anywhere else. I cannot say it has turned out severe, still less plain, but it seems almost free from quaintness and in aiming at one excellence I may have hit another.'—[R. B.]

The symbolism of this sonnet, clearly suggested in the first line, is explained in the following notes (cf. *Study*, I, pp. 185–6):

Line 1, *Time's Andromeda*, the Church of Christ; *rock rude*, St. Peter (cf. Matt. xvi. 18: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church. . . .' Cf. also No. 28, st. 29, ll. 7–8.)—l. 4, *dragon's food*, Devil's prey.—l. 7, *wilder beast from West*, the new powers of Antichrist, which for G. M. H. would include rationalism, Darwinism, the new paganism of Swinburne and Whitman, possibly Nietzsche.—l. 9, *Her Perseus*, Christ.—l. 13, *Then to alight disarming*, i.e. at the second Advent. As R. B.'s note on the odd punctuation of the last line in A would suggest, *disarming* probably governs *thongs and fangs*; and for me the whole passage means that Christ, having conquered Sin and Death ('With Gorgon's gear') will come unexpectedly ('no one dreams') and with retributory sword ('barebill') to redeem His Church—to sever her bonds ('thongs') and destroy her enemies ('fangs'). As the text stands, the ambiguity of *disarming* is significant: 'the Redeemer's coming will allay fears, deprive Evil of its power, and bring final peace' (*Study*, loc. cit.).

50. 'The Candle Indoors. (Common rhythm, counterpointed.) Oxford, '79.' A. Text takes corrections of B, which adds, 'companion to No. 10' (= 34). A has in l. 2 *With a yellowy*, and 5 *At that*.—[R. B.]

Line 4, *to-fro tender trambeams*, &c., the delicate lines of light (caused by the eyelashes) which converge upon the candle-flame and are subservient to ('truckle at') the least motion of the eyelid.—l. 8. The stroke after *There* (from B) indicates a slight pause necessary to the sense.—ll. 9–14. Cf. Matt. v. 13–16, and vii. 1–5.

51. 'The Handsome Heart.' (Common rhythm counterpointed.)

Oxford, '79.' A_1.—In Aug. of the same year he wrote that he was surprised at my liking it, and in deference to my criticism sent a revise, A_2.—Subsequently he recast the sonnet mostly in the longer 6-stress lines, and wrote that into B.—In that final version the charm and freshness have disappeared: and his emendation in evading the clash of *ply* and *reply* is awkward; also the fourteen lines now contain seven *whats*. I have therefore taken A_1 for the text, and have ventured, in l. 8, to restore *how to*, in the place of *what*, from the original version which exists in H. In 'The Spirit of Man' I gave a mixture of A_1 and A_2. In l. 5 the word *soul* is in H and A_1: but A_2 and B have *heart*. *Father* in second line was the Rev. Father Gerard himself. He tells the whole story in a letter to me (*Letters*, I, p. 86).—[R. B.]

Line 1, *your choice*; the boy, having refused a monetary reward for helping the priest in the sacristy, had at last consented to accept a book.—l. 6, *Doff darkness*, i.e. in its literal application to the soul, 'remove the stain of Original Sin'. Lines 7–8 say that the natural, uncorrupted will, when once it knows the Good, is prone to pursue it. Following Duns Scotus, G. M. H. always stressed not only the *freedom* of the will but also its primacy over the intellect. —l. 12, *buy*, i.e. by prayer (cf. No. 32, l. 9).—l. 13. The aposiopesis expresses the poet-priest's sudden anxiety lest the boy should not train his will to resist evil.

52. 'AT THE WEDDING MARCH. (Sprung rhythm.) Bedford, Lancashire, Oct. 21, '79.' A. Autograph uncorrected in B, but title changed from 'At a Wedding' to that in text.—[R. B.]

53. 'FELIX RANDAL. (Sonnet: sprung and outriding rhythm; six-foot lines.) Liverpool, Apr. 28, '80.' A. Text from A with the two corrections of B. The comma in l. 5 after *impatient* is omitted in copy in B.—[R. B.] There are altogether 15 outrides, many of which are necessary guides to the rhythm, e.g.:

Line 1: 'Félix Rándal the fárrier, | O he is déad then? my dúty all énded',

Line 3: 'Píning, píning, till tíme when | réason rámbled in it ánd some'

comma at barebill in any MS., but a gap and sort of caesural mark in A. In a letter Aug. 14, 1879, G. M. H. writes, 'I enclose a sonnet on which I invite minute criticism. I endeavoured in it at a more Miltonic plainness and severity than I have anywhere else. I cannot say it has turned out severe, still less plain, but it seems almost free from quaintness and in aiming at one excellence I may have hit another.'—[R. B.]

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Line 1: 'Félix Rándal the fárrier, ꞌ O he is déad then? my dúty all énded',

Line 3: 'Píning, píning, till tíme when ꞌ réason rámbled in it ánd some'

Lines 7 and 8: 'Mónths eárlier, since I had our swéet reprieve and ránsom
Téndered to him. Áh well, God rést him ! áll road éver he offénded!'

Line 11: '. . . my héart, child, Félix, poor Félix Rándal;'

Line 13: 'When thóu at the rándom grim fórge, pówerful amídst péers.'

A full scansion (based on a collation of A, B, and H) is given in *Study*, I, p. 102.

Line 8, *all road ever* (dial.), in whatever way.—l. 13, *random* (archit.), built with stones of irregular shapes and sizes.—l. 14, *fettle*, prepare.

54. 'BROTHERS. (Sprung rhythm; three feet to the line; lines free-ended and not overrove; and reversed or counter-pointed rhythm allowed in the first foot.) Hampstead, Aug. 1880.' Five various drafts exist. A_1 and A_2 both of Aug. 1880. B was copied by me from A_1, and author's emendations of it overlook those in A_2. Text therefore is from A_2, except that the first seven lines, being rewritten in margin afresh (and confirmed in letter of Apr. 1881 to Canon Dixon), as also corrections in ll. 15–18, these are taken. But the B corrections of ll. 22, 23, almost certainly imply forgetfulness of A_2. In last line B has correction *Dearly thou canst be kind*; but the intention of *I'll cry* was original, and has four MSS. in its favour.—[R. B.]

55. 'SPRING AND FALL. (Sprung rhythm.) Lydiate, Lancashire, Sept. 7, 1880.' A. Text and title from B, which corrects four lines, and misdates 1881. There is also a copy in D, Jan. 1881, and see again Apr. 6, 1881. In l. 2 the last word is *unleafing* in most of the MSS. An attempt to amend the second rhyme was unsuccessful. —[R. B.]

Line 8, *worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie*. I take *wanwood* to be a noun (the meaning 'bloodless' being combined with the older meaning 'dark', 'gloomy'—O.E. *wann*). *Leafmeal* I take for an adverb, made 'by substitution' from *piecemeal* on the analogy of Shakespeare's *inch-meal* and *limb-meal*: hence it suggests the leaves falling one by

one, then rotting to form pale, mealy fragments. Deleted line in B has: 'Though forests low and leaf-meal lie.'—l. 11, *are the same*, i.e. are *all* the same.—l. 13, *ghost*, spirit (of the living), with a proleptic suggestion of 'phantom'—the living spirit foreknowing, through sensory experience, its own state after death. Lines 8 and 14 connect the Fall of the Leaf with the Fall of Man: 'and unto dust shalt thou return' (Genesis iii. 18).

56. 'INVERSNAID. Sept. 28, 1881.' Autograph in H. I have found no other trace of this poem.—[R. B.]

Line 3, *coop*, a hollow or enclosed place; *comb*, crest; or water pouring, 'combing', over and through obstacles (see G. M. H.'s sketch in *Note-books*, p. 106).—l. 6, *twindles*, seems to be a coinage, from 'twists' and 'dwindles'; but cf. obs. 'twindle', a twin.—l. 9, *degged* (Lancs. dial.), sprinkled.—l. 11, *heathpacks*, heather; *flitches*, ragged, russet flakes, tufts or clumps (cf. *Study*, I, p. 117).

57. '*As kingfishers*.' Text from undated autograph in H, a draft with corrections and variants. In ll. 3 and 4 *hung* and *to fling out broad* are corrections in same later pencilling as l. 5, which occurs only thus with them. In sestet the first three lines have alternatives of regular rhythm, thus:

> 'Then I say more: the just man justices;
> Keeps grace and that keeps all his goings graces;
> In God's eye acts, &c.'

Of these lines, in 9 and 10 the version given in text is later than the regular lines just quoted, and probably preferred: in l. 11 the alternatives apparently of same date.—[R. B.]

In this 'Scotist' sonnet G. M. H. deals with the ontological significance of natural, individual, and characteristic activity.

l. 3, *tucked*, (obs.) plucked.—l. 7, *Selves*, a verb meaning 'fulfils its own individuality'.—l. 12, *Christ*, &c. 'God the Son assumes *all* Nature; hence the individual, intrinsic degree of Christ sums up the degrees of all men. The whole sonnet is a poetic statement of the Scotist concept that individual substances, according to the metaphysical richness of their being, make up one vast hierarchy with God as their summit.' (*Study*, I, p. 27.)

58. 'RIBBLESDALE. Stonyhurst, 1882.' Autograph in A. Text from later autograph in B, which adds 'companion to No. 10' (= 40). There is a third autograph in D, June 1883, with different punctuation which gives the comma between *to* and *with* in l. 3. The dash after *man* is from A and D, both of which quote 'Nam expectatio creaturae', &c., from Romans viii. 19. In the letter to R. W. D. he writes: '*Louchèd* is a coinage of mine, and is to mean much the same as slouched, slouching, and I mean *throng* for an adjective as we use it in Lancashire.' But *louch* has ample authority, see the 'English Dialect Dictionary'.—[R. B.]

Line 1, *landscape*, thus in MS.; *throng*, dense, thick.—l. 10, *heir*, cf. Romans viii. 17.—l. 11, *selfbent*, self-interest, obstinate individualism.—l. 12, *reave*, taken with 'bare' = strip, despoil.

59. 'THE LEADEN ECHO AND THE GOLDEN ECHO. Stonyhurst, Oct. 13, '82.' Autograph in A. Copy of this with autograph corrections dated Hampstead 1881 [*sic*] in B.—Text takes all B's corrections, but respects punctuation of A, except that I have added the comma after God in l. 19 of 'The Golden Echo'. For the drama of Winefred, see among posthumous fragments, No. 105. In Nov. 1882 he wrote to me: 'I am somewhat dismayed about that piece and have laid it aside for a while. I cannot satisfy myself about the first line. You must know that words like *charm* and *enchantment* will not do: the thought is of beauty as of something that can be physically kept and lost and by physical things only, like keys; then the things must come from the *mundus muliebris*; and thirdly they must not be markedly oldfashioned. You will see that this limits the choice of words very much indeed. However I shall make some changes. *Back* is not pretty, but it gives that feeling of physical constraint which I want.' And in Oct. 1886 to R. W. D., 'I never did anything more musical.'—[R. B.]

Under text in A is a note by G. M. H.: 'I have marked the stronger stresses, but with the degree of the stress so perpetually varying no marking is satisfactory. Do you think all had best be left to the reader?'

'The Leaden Echo.' l. 1, *ke͒ep . . . la͒ce*, thus in MS.—l. 4, *Down*, follows

frowning in previous line.—l. 9, *Be beginning*; with the suggestion of a bell here and in last four lines cf. *yonder* in 'The Golden Echo'.

'The Golden Echo.' l. 1, *Spare!* = Forbear!—l. 2, (*Hush there!*), someone is weeping.—l. 5, *Tall*, combines the sense 'high' with the older sense 'comely', 'handsome'.—l. 10, *wimpled-*, see note No. 48, l. 2.—l. 11, *fleece of beauty*. G. M. H.'s gloss on 'fleecèd bloom' in No. 105 (p. 156) would seem to apply here too: 'I mean the velvetiness of roseleaves, flesh, and other things, *duvet*' (*Letters*, I, p. 215).—l. 13, *own best being*, the resurrected body will reassume its most comely form.—l. 17, *soaring sighs*, thus in A.—ll. 22–3, *Nay, what we had*, &c. Explained by G. M. H.: 'Nay more: the seed that we so carelessly and freely flung into the dull furrow, and then forgot it, will have come to ear meantime, &c.' (*Letters*, I, p. 159).—l. 26, *fashed*, (Scot.) troubled, vexed; *cogged*, deceived, cheated.

60. 'Mary Mother of Divine Grace Compared to the Air we Breathe. Stonyhurst, May '83.' Autograph in A.—Text and title from later autograph in B. Taken by Dean Beeching into 'A Book of Christmas Verse' 1895 and thence, incorrectly, by Orby Shipley in 'Carmina Mariana'. Stated in a letter to R. W. D. June 25, 1883, to have been written to 'hang up among the verse compositions in the tongues . . . I did a piece in the same metre as *Blue in the mists all day*.' Note Chaucer's account of the physical properties of the air, 'Hous of Fame', ii. 256 et seq.—[R. B.]

In this poem G. M. H. says that just as the atmosphere sustains the life of man and tempers the power of the sun's radiation, so the immaculate nature of Mary is the softening, humanizing medium of God's glory, justice, and grace. Through her the ineffable Godhead becomes comprehensible—sweetly attuneable to the limited human heart.

Line 5, *-flixed*, -furred (*flix* = fur on breast of rabbit or beaver).—l. 40, *has let dispense*, &c., i.e. God dispenses His providence in accordance with her intercessory prayers.—l. 53, *Yet no part*, &c. The grace all comes from Christ, not from Mary herself.—ll. 70–2. Cf. No. 57, ll. 12–14.—ll. 103–9. 'Such "bare glory" was the

wrath, vengeance and destruction attributed to "god of old". It was the advent of Christ and the Holy Family that made meekness and love the prime aspirations of the religious in the Western world' (*Study*, I, p. 188).

61. 'TO WHAT SERVES MORTAL BEAUTY? (Common rhythm highly stressed: sonnet.) Aug. 23, '85.' Autograph in A.—Another autograph in B with a few variants from which A was chosen, the deletion of alternatives incomplete. Thirdly a copy sent to R. W. D., apparently later than A, but with errors of copy. The text is guided by this version in D, and *needs* in l. 9 is substituted there for the *once* in A and B, probably because of *once* in l. 6.—Original draft exists in H, on same page with 39 and 40 (= 63 and 64 in this edition).—[R. B.]

In D the poet writes: '(sonnet: alexandrines: the mark ⌐¬ over two neighbouring syllables means that, though one has and the other has not the metrical stress, in the recitation-stress they are to be about equal).' Examples are: l. 1, 'To what serves mortal beauty'—l. 3, 'See: it does this: keeps warm'—l. 6, 'windfalls of war's storm,'—ll. 10–11, 'love's worthiest, were all known;/ World's loveliest—men's selves.' This explains the term 'highly stressed' in A.

Line 2, *the O-seal-that-so feature*. The rejected 'face feature-perfect' of H shows the intention; the compound epithet in text suggests an invitation to painter or photographer, and seems to derive from *Hamlet*, III. iv. 60–2:

> 'A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.'

—l. 7, *Gregory*, i.e. Pope Gregory I, 'the Great' (*c.* 590–604), who, on seeing the blue-eyed, fair-haired slaves for sale in the Roman Forum, said *Non Angli sed Angeli* ('Not Angles but angels'), and sent Augustine to Christianize Britain.—l. 11, *selves*. *Self* . . . The Scotist *haecceitas* again; see Introduction, p. xviii, and cf. No. 57 and note (p. 239).—[W. H. G.]

The following is G. M. H.'s signature at this date:

your affectionate friend
Gerard M. Hopkins S.J.
May 29 1885.

—[R. B.]

62. 'SPELT FROM SIBYL'S LEAVES. (Sonnet: sprung rhythm: a rest of one stress in the first line.)' Eight stresses to the line: called by G. M. H. 'the longest sonnet ever written'. Cf. *Letters*, I, p. 246: 'Of this long sonnet above all remember what applies to all my verse, that it is, as living art should be, made for performance and that its performance is not reading with the eye but loud, leisurely, poetical (not rhetorical) recitation, with long rests, long dwells on the rhyme and other marked syllables, and so on. This sonnet shd. be almost sung: it is most carefully timed in *tempo rubato*.'—[W. H. G.] Autograph in A—another later in B, which is taken for text. Date unrecorded.—[R. B.] But as Mr. Humphry House says in *Note-books*, p. 425, early drafts of this poem appear in the 'Dublin Note-Book' and belong to the end of 1884 or beginning of 1885; they are contemporary with first drafts of Caradoc's soliloquy (see No. 105). Hence the earliest possible date is 1885.

Line 1, *attuneable*, susceptible (and conducive) to harmony. [W. H. G.] —ll. 5 and 6, *astray* thus divided to show the rhyme. [R. B.]—l. 6, *throughther*, an adj., now confined to dialect. It is the speech form of *through-other*, in which shape it eludes pursuit in the Oxford Dictionary. Dr. Murray compares Ger. *durcheinander*. Mr. Craigie tells me that the classical quotation for it is from Burns's 'Halloween', st. 5, *They roar an' cry a' throughther*.—[R. B.]; *pashed*, beaten.—l. 7, *Disremembering* (Irish), forgetting; *round*, (obs.) whisper to. [W. H. G.]—l. 8, *With*, i.e. I suppose, *with your*

warning that, &c.; the heart is speaking. [R. B.]—l. 9, *beak-leaved* is not hyphened in MS.—[R. B.]; *damask*, i.e. damascene, pattern. —l. 10, *oracle*. This word, which reverts to the title, suggests the Cumaean Sibyl who conducted Aeneas into the underworld (*Aeneid*, vi). [W. H. G.]—l. 11, *part, pen, pack*, imperatives of the verbs, in the sense of sorting 'the sheep from the goats'. [R. B.]—l. 12. A has *wrong right*, but the correction to *right wrong* in B is intentional. [R. B.]—l. 14, *sheathe-* in both MSS., but I can only make sense of *sheath-*, i.e. 'sheathless and shelterless'. The accents in this poem are a selection from A and B.—[R. B.]

63. (THE SOLDIER.) 'Clongowes, Aug. 1885.' Autograph in H, with a few corrections which I have taken for lines 6 and 7, of which the first draft runs:

> 'It fancies; it deems; dears the artist after his art;
> So feigns it finds as, &c.'

The MS. marks the caesural place in ten of the lines: l. 2, after *Both*; l. 3, at the full stop; l. 11, after *man*.—[R. B.] In l. 6, which was written beneath the poem in H and followed by a question mark in brackets, there are actually seven stresses! R. B.'s note, '*fancies, feigns, deems*, take three stresses', will not stand; we must read: 'It fáncies, feigns, deems, déars!', or else give a half-stress to 'deems', in order to preserve the six-stress pattern.—[W. H. G.]—In l. 7 I have added a comma at *smart*. In l. 10 I have substituted *handle* for *reave* of MS.; see note on *reave*, pp. 210–11; and in l. 13, have hyphened *God made flesh*. No title in MS.—[R. B.] For obvious nautical reasons, and with ample support from critics, the present editor has restored *reeve* (thus corrected in spelling) to l. 10. (See *Concise Oxford Dictionary*.)

Line 6, *dears the artist after his art*, i.e. holds the artist dear for the sake of his art.—l. 8. In MS.:

> 'And scarlet wear the spirit of war there express.'

—l. 9, *Mark Christ our King*, &c. The sestet was 'inspired by the Ignatian analogy between a great temporal king and the spiritual King, Christ' (*Study*, I, p. 18). Cf. *The Spiritual Exercises*, Second

Week: 'My will is to conquer the whole land of the infidels: therefore whoever shall wish to come with me must be content to eat as I do, and so to drink and dress, etc., as I do. In like manner he must labour as I do by day, and watch at night, etc., so that in like manner afterwards he may share with me in the victory . . .' So Christ says to every man: 'My will is to conquer the whole world and all mine enemies, and so to enter into the glory of my Father . . .' Cf. 2 Timothy ii. 3: 'Thou therefore endure hardships, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

64. (CARRION COMFORT.) Autograph in H, in three versions: 1st, deleted draft; 2nd, a complete version, both on same page with 61 and 63; 3rd, with 65 on another sheet, final (?) revision carried only to end of l. 12 (two detached lines on reverse). Text is this last with last two lines from the 2nd version. Date must be 1885, and this is probably the sonnet 'written in blood', of which he wrote in May of that year.—I have added the title and the hyphen in *heaven-handling*.—[R. B.]

Rhythm: sprung and outriding; six stresses to the line. The following outrides elucidate the rhythm: l. 3, 'In me ór'; l. 5, 'térrible'; l. 8, 'témpest, me héaped there'; l. 12, 'héaven-handling'; l. 13, 'Me? or mé' and 'whích one?' In l. 10 read 'Nay in áll'. In line 6, *rock* is a verb; 'wouldst rock' governs 'foot'.

65. *No worst.* Autograph in H, on same page as third draft of 64. One undated draft with corrections embodied in the text here.—l. 5, at end are some marks which look like a hyphen and a comma: no title.—[R. B.]

Rhythm: five stresses to the line; standard, but freely sprung in parts. Line 6 is marked thus:

'Woe, wórld-sorrow; on an áge-old ánvil wínce and síng—'.

Line 8 has 'fell'.

This sonnet is the first to sound the uttermost depths of what St. Ignatius calls 'desolation'; this is 'a darkening of the soul, trouble of mind, movement to base and earthly things, restlessness of various agitations and temptations, moving to distrust, loss

of hope, loss of love; when the soul feels herself thoroughly apathetic, sad, and as it were separated from her Creator and Lord' (*Spiritual Exercises*, First Week, 'Discernment of Spirits'). Cf. sonnets Nos. 68, 69, 70, 71, 74, 75, and 122. For the Shakespearian 'underthought' of Nos. 65, 69, and 71 see *Study*, I, p. 175 et seq.

Line 5, *herds-long*, i.e. troubles 'come not single spies, but in battalions'.—l. 6, *world sorrow*, cf. Ger. *Weltschmerz* and also No. 28, st. 27, ll. 2–4 and Synopsis.— l. 8, *force*, perforce.

66. 'TOM'S GARLAND. Sonnet: common rhythm, but with hurried feet: two codas. Dromore, Sept. '87.' With full title, A.—Another autograph in B is identical. In l. 9 there is a strong accent on *I*.—l. 10, the capital initial of *country* is doubtful.—Rhythmical marks omitted.—[R. B.] G. M. H.'s model for this sonnet with two codas was Milton's satirical 'caudated' sonnet, 'On the New Forcers of Conscience'. The 'hurried feet' marked in the MSS. are: l. 3, 'By him and rips . . .'; l. 5, 'Low be it: lustily he his low lot (feel'; l. 10, 'Country is honour enough in all us'.—[W. H. G.]

The author's own explanation of this poem may be read in a letter written to me from 'Dublin, Feb. 10, '88: . . . I laughed outright and often, but very sardonically, to think you and the Canon could not construe my last sonnet; that he had to write to you for a crib. It is plain I must go no further on this road: if you and he cannot understand me who will? Yet, declaimed, the strange constructions would be dramatic and effective. Must I interpret it? It means then that, as St. Paul and Plato and Hobbes and everybody says, the commonwealth or well-ordered human society is like one man; a body with many members and each its function; some higher, some lower, but all honourable, from the honour which belongs to the whole. The head is the sovereign, who has no superior but God and from heaven receives his or her authority: we must then imagine this head as bare (see St. Paul much on this) and covered, so to say, only with the sun and stars, of which the crown is a symbol, which is an ornament but not a covering; it has an enormous hat or skull-

cap, the vault of heaven. The foot is the day-labourer, and this is armed with hobnail boots, because it has to wear and be worn by the ground; which again is symbolical; for it is navvies or day-labourers who, on the great scale or in gangs and millions, mainly trench, tunnel, blast, and in other ways disfigure, "mammock" the earth and, on a small scale, singly, and superficially stamp it with their footprints. And the "garlands" of nails they wear are therefore the visible badge of the place they fill, the lowest in the commonwealth. But this place still shares the common honour, and if it wants one advantage, glory or public fame, makes up for it by another, ease of mind, absence of care; and these things are symbolised by the gold and the iron garlands (O, once explained, how clear it all is!) Therefore the scene of the poem is laid at evening, when they are giving over work and one after another pile their picks, with which they earn their living, and swing off home, knocking sparks out of mother earth not now by labour and of choice but by the mere footing, being strongshod and making no hardship of hardness, taking all easy. And so to supper and bed. Here comes a violent but effective hyperbaton or suspension, in which the action of the mind mimics that of the labourer—surveys his lot, low but free from care; then by a sudden strong act throws it over the shoulder or tosses it away as a light matter. The witnessing of which lightheartedness makes me indignant with the fools of Radical Levellers. But presently I remember that this is all very well for those who are in, however low in, the Commonwealth and share in any way the common weal; but that the curse of our times is that many do not share it, that they are outcasts from it and have neither security nor splendour; that they share care with the high and obscurity with the low, but wealth or comfort with neither. And this state of things, I say, is the origin of Loafers, Tramps, Cornerboys, Roughs, Socialists and other pests of society. And I think that it is a very pregnant sonnet, and in point of execution very highly wrought, too much so, I am afraid.... G. M. H.' (*Letters*, I, pp. 272–4.)—[R. B.]

67. 'HARRY PLOUGHMAN. Dromore, Sept. 1887.' Autograph in A.—Autograph in B has several emendations written over without

deletion of original. Text is B with these corrections, which are all good.—[R. B.]

Line 3, *knee-nave*, i.e. -boss, -knob, = knee-cap.—l. 7, *curded*, bunched, thickened. [W. H. G.]—l. 10, *features* is the verb. [R. B.]—l. 13, *'s* is *his*. I have put a colon at *plough*, in place of author's full stop, for the convenience of the reader. [R. B.]—l. 14, *-bridle* suggests 'twist' and 'rise'. [W. H. G.]—l. 15 = *his lily-locks windlaced*. Cf. 'Saxo cere- comminuit -brum' of Ennius. [R. B.]—l. 17, *Them*. *These* in A.—In the last three lines the grammar intends: 'How his churl's grace governs the movement of his booted (in bluff hide) feet, as they are matched in a race with the wet shining furrow overturned by the share.' G. M. H. thought well of this sonnet and wrote on Sept. 28, 1887: 'I have been touching up some old sonnets you have never seen and have within a few days done the whole of one, I hope, very good one and most of another; the one finished is a direct picture of a ploughman, without afterthought. But when you read it let me know if there is anything like it in Walt Whitman; as perhaps there may be, and I should be sorry for that.' And again on Oct. 11, 1887: 'I will enclose the sonnet on Harry Ploughman, in which burden-lines (they might be recited by a chorus) are freely used: there is in this very heavily loaded sprung rhythm a call for their employment. The rhythm of this sonnet, which is altogether for recital, and not for perusal (as by nature verse should be), is very highly studied. From much considering it I can no longer gather any impression of it: perhaps it will strike you as intolerably violent and artificial.' And again on Nov. 6, '87: 'I want Harry Ploughman to be a vivid figure before the mind's eye; if he is not that the sonnet fails. The difficulties are of syntax no doubt. Dividing a compound word by a clause sandwiched into it was a desperate deed, I feel, and I do not feel that it was an unquestionable success.'—[R. B.] (The 'compound' is, presumably, 'windlaced' in l. 15, and the meaning: 'see his locks, which are fair as lilies, laced, plaited, by the wind)'.

The A version is reproduced in facsimile in *Letters*, I, p. 262. The 'highly studied' rhythm is brought out by seven reading-

marks analogous to musical notation. Besides the hurried feet and outrides seen in earlier poems, there are (1) ′ = 'metrical stress'; (2) ^ = 'strong stress'; which does not differ much from (3) ⌒ = 'pause or dwell on a syllable, which need not, however, have the metrical stress'; (4) ~ = 'quiver or circumflexion, making one syllable nearly two . . .'; and (5) ⁀ = 'slur', tying two syllables into the time of one. The following lines illustrate their use:

Line 1. 'Hard as hurdle arms, with a broth of goldish flue'

Line 4. 'Head and foot, shoulder and shank—' (B has 'shoulder')

Line 6. 'Stand at stress . . .'

Line 8. 'Soared or sank—' (B has 'or')

Lines 9–10. 'Though as a beechbole firm, finds his, as at a rollcall, rank

And features in flesh what deed he each must do—'

Line 12. 'He leans to it, Harry bends, look . . . . . waist

In him, all quail to the wallowing o' the plough . . .'

Line 16. 'Churlsgrace, too, child of Amansstrength . . .'

Line 17. 'Them—broad in bluff hide . . .'

68, 69, 70, 71. These four sonnets (together with No. 111) are all written undated in a small hand on the two sides of a half-sheet of common sermon-paper, in the order in which they are here printed. They probably date back as early as 1885, and may be all, or some of them, those referred to in a letter of Sept. 1, 1885: 'I shall shortly have some sonnets to send you, five or more. Four of these came like inspirations unbidden and against my will. And in the life I lead now, which is one of a continually jaded and harassed mind, if in any leisure I try to do anything I make no way—nor with my work, alas! but so it must be.' I have no certain nor single identification of date.—[R. B.]

Owing to the uncertainty of date, I see no reason to change

the order of these sonnets. It should be noted, however, that the experimental vigour of Nos. 66 and 67 probably *followed* the 'desolations' of Nos. 68–71.

68. '*To seem the stranger*'. H, with corrections which my text embodies.—[R. B.]

Line 3, *in Christ not near*, i.e. they were not Roman Catholics; his parents had been 'shocked' by his conversion. (*Letters*, III, pp. 19–20).—l. 5, *whose honour*, cf. No. 118.—l. 8, *wars*. Though bitterly opposed to Gladstone's policy, G. M. H. was sympathetic towards Irish grievances.—l. 9, MS. has: 'now I am at a third'—[W. H. G.]—l. 14, *began*. I have no other explanation than to suppose an omitted relative pronoun, like *Hero savest* in No. 41. The sentence would then stand for 'leaves me a lonely (one who only) began'. No title.—[R. B.]

69. '*I wake and feel.*' H, with corrections which text embodies: no title.—[R. B.]

Line 2, *hours*, thus in MS. (= dissyllable).—l. 12, *Selfyeast*, &c. The spirit should be a leaven to the material self; but now it is soured by his 'selfstuff' (rejected for 'dull dough' of text).—l. 14, *but worse*, i.e. the damned are in a worse plight, though at times G. M. H. could hardly believe it.

70. 'PATIENCE.' As 69.

Line 2, *Patience is*. The initial capital is mine, and the comma after *ivy* in line 6. No title.—[R. B.]—l. 10, *dearer*, used in the Shakespearian sense—'more seriously'.—l. 14, *combs*, honeycombs.

71. '*My own heart.*' As 69.

Line 6, I have added the comma after *comfortless*; that word has the same grammatical value as *dark* in the following line. 'I cast for comfort, (which) I can no more find in my comfortless (world) than a blind man in his dark world. . . .' [R. B.]—l. 9, *Jackself*, i.e. G. M. H.'s everyday, hard-working self. [W. H. G.]—l. 11, MS. accents *let*. [R. B.]—l. 11, *let joy size*, &c. I quote *Study*, I, p. 116, n. 3: 'The meaning is: (*a*) "Be a little more casual, relax for health's sake"; and (*b*) "Be reconciled to having your pleasure whenever and however God wills it".' [W. H. G.]—ll. 13 and

14, the text here from a good correction separately written (as far as *mountains*) on the top margin of No. 111. There are therefore two writings of *betweenpie*, a strange word, in which *pie* apparently makes a compound verb with *between*, meaning, 'as the sky seen between dark mountains is brightly dappled', the grammar such as *intervariegates* would make. This word might have delighted William Barnes, if the verb 'to pie' existed. It seems not to exist, and to be forbidden by homophonic absurdities. [R. B.]—But for G. M. H. the verb 'to pie' *did* exist—as a 'back-formation' from 'magpie' or 'pied': in *Note-books*, p. 176, he speaks of 'white pieings' on the 'dull thunder-colour' of pigeons (cf. No. 45, l. 12).

72. 'HERACLITEAN FIRE. (Sprung rhythm, with many outrides and hurried feet: sonnet with two [*sic*] codas.) July 26, 1888. Co. Dublin. The last sonnet [this] provisional only.' Autograph in A. —I have found no other copy or trace of draft. The title is from A.—[R. B.]

For the rhythm of these six-stress lines no elaborate notation is needed:

'Cloud-púffball, torn túfts, tossed píllows | flaunt fórth, then chévy on an aír-
built thóroughfare: heaven-róysterers, in gáy-gangs they thróng; they glítter in márches . . .'

Title: according to Heraclitus (*c*. 535–*c*. 475 B.C.) all things are in a state of flux, being differentiations produced by strife (πόλεμος) of a single mobile principle—fire.—l. 1, *chevy*, scamper, chase.—l. 4, *Shivelights*, strips of light (cf. *Tit. And.*, II. i. 87). [W. H. G.]—l. 6, construction obscure: *rutpeel* may be a compound word, MS. uncertain. [R. B.]—ll. 5–9 mean that the wet mud, squeezed into road-ruts and footprints, is dried, pummelled and dust-blown by the boisterous wind, so that the marks of man are obliterated. [W. H. G.]—l. 8, ? omitted relative pronoun. If so = 'the manmarks that treadmire toil foot-fretted in it'. MS. does not hyphen or quite join up *foot* with *fretted*.—l. 12, MS. has no caesural mark.—[R. B.] The scansion (A) is: 'Bóth are in an ún-fáthomable | áll is in an enórmous dárk.'—l. 14, *disseveral*, another

deft coinage (= separate and aloof).—l. 18, *foundering deck*, cf. the symbolism of the 'Deutschland'.—l. 23, *Jack*, a common fellow; *patch*, a paltry fellow, fool. The conclusion in text is the poet's correction of '. . . patch, matchwood, is immortal diamond,/Diamond.' [W. H. G.]—On Aug. 18, 1888, G. M. H. wrote: 'I will now go to bed, the more so as I am going to preach tomorrow and put plainly to a Highland congregation of MacDonalds, Mackintoshes, Mackillops, and the rest what I am putting not at all so plainly to the rest of the world, or rather to you and Canon Dixon, in a sonnet in sprung rhythm with two codas.' And again on Sept. 25, 1888: 'Lately I sent you a sonnet on the Heraclitean Fire, in which a great deal of early Greek philosophical thought was distilled; but the liquor of the distillation did not taste very greek, did it? The effect of studying masterpieces is to make me admire and do otherwise. So it must be on every original artist to some degree, on me to a marked degree. Perhaps then more reading would only *refine my singularity*, which is not what you want.' Note that the sonnet has three codas, not two.—[R. B.] For an exegesis of this poem see *Study*, I, pp. 161–4.

73. St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. Text from autograph with title and 'upon the first falling of his feast after his canonisation' in B. An autograph in A. sent Oct. 3 from Dublin asking for immediate criticism, because the sonnet had to go to Majorca: 'I ask your opinion of a sonnet written to order on the occasion of the first feast since his canonisation proper of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, a laybrother of our Order, who for 40 years acted as hall porter to the College of Palma in Majorca; he was, it is believed, much favoured by God with heavenly light and much persecuted by evil spirits. The sonnet (I say it snorting) aims at being intelligible.' And on Oct. 9, 1888, 'I am obliged for your criticisms, "contents of which noted", indeed acted on. I have improved the sestet. . . . [He defends 'hew'] . . . at any rate whatever is markedly featured in stone or what is like stone is most naturally said to be hewn, and to *shape*, itself, means in old English to hew and the Hebrew *bara* to create, even, properly means to hew. But life and living things are not naturally said to be hewn: they grow, and their growth is

by trickling increment. . . . The (first) line now stands "Glory is a flame off exploit, so we say".'—[R. B.]

74. 'JUSTUS ES, &c. Jer. xii. 1 (for title), March 17, '89.' Autograph in A.—Similar autograph in B, which reads l. 9, *Sir, life on thy great cause.* Text from A, which seems the later, being written in the peculiar faint ink of the corrections in B, and embodying them.—Early drafts in H.—[R. B.] In a letter to R. B. (March 20, '89) G. M. H. says: 'Observe, it must be read *adagio molto* and with great stress.'—Line 11, *fretty*, with fretted leaves.

75. 'To R. B. April 22, '89.' Autograph in A. This, the last poem sent to me, came on April 29.—No other copy, but the working drafts in H.—In l. 6 the word *moulds* was substituted by me for *combs* of original, when the sonnet was published by Miles; and I leave it, having no doubt that G. M. H. would have made some such alteration.—[R. B.] The present editor feels obliged to restore the original word, which G. M. H. probably used in the two-edged sense of (1) clean, unravel, and (2) store, mature—as in a honeycomb; cf. No. 70: 'Patience fills/ His crisp *combs* . . .'

UNFINISHED POEMS, ETC.

76. Fragments of 'PILATE'. From Oxford note-book C. I. Text as printed by H. H. in *Note-books*. Drafts of all the fragments now printed were made in June 1864, though, as H. H. says, 'the printed text of the last two and a half stanzas is from a fair copy made in October and therefore represents the poem in a more finished form. The order of the parts is uncertain: stanzas 2–7 run continuously and numbers are given from the MS. There is no stanza numbered 1: it is only conjectured that '"The pang of Tartarus . . ." was meant to begin the poem; and it is impossible to say how much is missing' (op. cit., p. xviii). The punctuation of the MS. is kept.—[H. H.]

77. 'A VOICE FROM THE WORLD.' C.I and C.II, June 1864–Jan. 1865. At least five sections of the poem are missing. In *Note-books* (p. xiv) H. H. says: 'There is no clue to the ultimate arrangement of the parts . . . and only the text of the first section was revised.' See note by H. H. on p. 278.

78. *'I must hunt down the prize.'* From Oxford note-book C. I, July 1864. See note to No. 20. Apropos of the first draft of 'Heaven-Haven' and its sequel (the present poem), Mr. R. G. Howarth, of Sydney, quotes the last lines of Sir Thomas More's address to Fortune:

> Trust shall I God, to enter in a while,
> His haven of heaven sure and uniforme.
> Ever after thy calm, looke I for a storme.

79. *'Why should their foolish bands.'* Same source, 'July-August, 1864.' A well-aimed thrust against lugubrious, un-Christian funerals. Line 7, *fray*, frighten.

80. *'Why if it be so.'* Immediately follows No. 79, and may be a development of the same theme. Both were written in Wales.

81. *'It was a hard thing.'* From note-book C. I, same date as No. 79.

82. SIX EPIGRAMS. Nos. i–v from C. I, 'August 1864'; No. vi from C. II, Dec. 1864 or Jan. 1865. The last, included in raised commas, may have been intended as a speech for one of the longer poems.

83. *'I am like a slip of comet.'* From C. II, 'Sept. 13–14, 1864'. This is possibly part of a speech for the projected play *Floris in Italy* (cf. No. 91). First printed in *The Criterion*, Oct. 1935.

84. *'No, they are come.'* Same source, 'Sept. 1864'. The sentence beginning in l. 9 seems the best of three variants, the original being:

> 'You see the unsteady flush
> Heave through their flaring columns.'

In l. 11, *capes* is a variant of 'mantles'.

85. *'Now I am minded.'* From note-book C. II, same date as No. 84.

86. *'The cold whip-adder.'* Same source, Oct. (?) 1864. First printed in *The Criterion*, Oct. 1935.

87. Fragments of 'RICHARD'. From the note-book C. II. Numbering of fragments is mine: (i) entered Oct. or Nov. (?) 1864; (ii) follows it. Last two belong to July 16–24, 1865.—(i), l. 16, *Haemony* from Lat. Haemonia=Thessaly.—(ii), l. 8, *much*, so in MS.—(iv),

l. 9, *Great butter-burr leaves*, &c. The flowers of the common butter-bur (*Petasites vulgaris*) 'appear in early spring, and are succeeded by downy, kidney-shaped leaves, 1–5 feet in diameter, which, by shading the ground, check the growth of all other plants'. Johns.—[H. H.]

88. 'THE QUEEN'S CROWNING.' Same source, Dec. 1864. In *Note-books* (p. 358) H. H. says: 'The ending of this ballad has an obvious likeness to 'Sweet William's Ghost' (Child, No. 77); the lily and the rose are common to several ballads; in 'The Gipsy Laddie' (Child, No. 200) the second and fourth lines of all stanzas but one rhyme on "e", "y" sounds. See Andrew Lang's "Recipe to forge a Border Ballad". Farrer, *Literary Forgeries*, xxvi.'

Stanza 14, l. 1, comma added by Ed.—l. 2, rejected alternative is 'They made him kneel on knee'.

89. '*Tomorrow meet you?*' Immediately follows No. 88 in C. II.

90. 'THE SUMMER MALISON.' From note-book C. II, Feb. or Mar. 1865.

Stanza 2, l. 6, the apostrophe, not in MS., seems necessary.

91. Fragment of 'FLORIS IN ITALY'. From C. II, Sept. 1865. Other inchoate or roughly-sketched fragments include a comic scene in prose and a storm-scene 'with a half-mad man outside the cave of a dead hermit'—[H. H.]. The play was begun in Aug. 1864.

92. '*How looks the night?*' From C. II, Sept. 1864. Hitherto unpublished.

93. 'SHAKSPERE.' From C. II, Sept. 13, 1865. Hitherto unpublished.

94. '*Trees by their yield.*' Same source, 'Sept. 28, 1865'. G. M. H. wrote above the text: 'A verse or more has to be prefixed.' With ll. 1–4 cf. Sonnet No. 74.

95. 'THE COMPLAINT.' G. M. H.'s autograph, in possession of the family; undated and unsigned, on a half-sheet of note-paper which appears to have been through the post. Handwriting suggests Oxford period. G. M. H.'s eldest sister, Milicent, was born on Oct. 17, 1849. H. H. says: 'There is no reason to believe that Milicent between the age of 14 and 18 was given to writing

occasional verse or was capable of conceits of this kind.' I agree with H. H.'s assumption that these verses were Gerard's engaging, indirect way of saying he was sorry.

96. '*Moonless darkness stands between.*' From C. II, Dec. 25, 1865. In last line MS. has 'Xmas'. Hitherto unpublished.

97. 'The earth and heaven, so little known.' Published here for the first time from C. II, Jan. 5, 1866. There is no external clue to the poet's final intention.

98. 'SUMMA.' This poem had, I believe, the ambitious design which its title suggests. What was done of it was destroyed, with other things, when G. M. H. joined the Jesuits. My copy is a contemporary autograph of sixteen lines written when he was still an undergraduate; I give the first four. A.—[R. B.] The remaining twelve lines have now been added. With the thought cf. *Letters*, III, pp. 8–9, and I, pp. 27–8.

99. 'MOONRISE. June 19, 1876.' H. Note at foot shows intention to rewrite with one stress more in the second half of each line, and the first is thus rewritten 'in the white of the dusk, in the walk of the morning'.—[R. B.]

Line 5, *cusp*, sharp point (of the moon); *fanged*, gripped, held (dial.).

100. 'THE WOODLARK.' Draft on one sheet of small notepaper in H. Fragments in some disorder.—[R. B.] The new arrangement in the text is that given by Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., in *The Month*, June 1936. Fr. Bliss says: 'It will be seen that for the three missing lines (I do not know what will be thought of me!) I have supplied lines of my own, enclosing them in rather unnecessary square brackets. The excuse for this impiety is a pious one: I would have the effect of a lovely piece of verse to be, at least for a moment, not interrupted by gaps in its strain.' Where most would fail, Fr. Bliss has, I think, succeeded.—[W. H. G.] The word *sheath* (l. 19) is printed for *sheaf* of MS., and *sheaf* recurs in corrections. Dating of July 5, 1876.—[R. B.]

Line 23, *rudred*, rosy-cheeked.

101. '*What being.*' Two scraps in H. I take the apparently later one, and have inserted the comma in l. 3.—[R. B.]

102. 'CHERRY BEGGAR.' Undated draft with much correction, in H. Text is the outcome.—[R. B.] The probable date is 1879.

103 and 104. These are my interpretation of the intention of some unfinished disordered verses on a sheet of paper in H.—[R. B.] On the back is a draft of 'Binsey Poplars' (1879)—[W. H. G.] In 104, l. 1, *furl* is I think unmistakable: an apparently rejected earlier version had *Soft childhood's carmine dew-drift down.*—[R. B.] Line 3, *swarthed*, darkened (from 'swarthy').—l. 11, *wind-long*, cf. 'groundlong babyhood' in No. 122.

105. 'ST. WINEFRED'S WELL.' G. M. H. began a tragedy on St. Winefred Oct. 1879, for which he subsequently wrote the chorus, No. 59 above. He was at it again in 1881, and had mentioned the play in his letters, and when, some years later, I determined to write my *Feast of Bacchus* in six-stressed verse, I sent him a sample of it, and asked him to let me see what he had made of the measure. The MS. which he sent me, Apr. 1, 1885, was copied, and that copy is the text of this book, from A, the original not being discoverable. It may therefore contain copyist's errors [but see *Note-books*, p. 425. Another copy, in the father's hand (?), exists in H.—W. H. G.]. Twenty years later, when I was writing my *Demeter* for the lady-students of Somerville College, I remembered the first line of Caradoc's soliloquy, and made some use of it. On the other hand, the broken line *I have read her eyes* in my 1st part of *Nero* is proved by date to be a coincidence, and not a reminiscence.—Caradoc was to 'die impenitent, struck by the finger of God'.—[R. B.] Winefred (*c.* A.D. 650) was the daughter of Teuyth (Teryth) and niece of St. Beuno, who instructed her in Christian piety. According to the legend, the chieftain Caradoc severed her head from her body as she was fleeing, in defence of her chastity, to Beuno's chapel. The saint restored her to life, and the famous spring gushed from the spot where her head fell. Later she became an abbess, and died fifteen years after her miraculous resuscitation (see Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. ii, Nov. 3).

Of the rhythm G. M. H. says: 'It is in an alexandrine verse, which I sometimes expand to 7 or 8 feet, very hard to manage but

very effective when well used' (*Letters*, II, p. 143). Again, '... each half line is by nature a dimeter, two bars of four feet, of which commonly one foot is silent or lost at the pause. You will find it sometimes employed in full ... as the feeling rises the rhythm becomes freer and more sprung' (ibid. I, p. 212). In both A and H the caesural pauses are clearly indicated in all but a few lines; in H nearly half the total number of A's alexandrines are each written as *two* lines, the second starting with a capital. Caesural marks added to printed text follow H.

A normal 'alexandrine' is:

'Whát is it, Gwén, my gírl? ‸ ׀ whý do you hóver and háunt me? ‸' (p. 153).

One line is marked thus in H:

'I cán scour thee, fresh burnish thee, ׀ sheathe thee‿in thy dark lair; these drops' (p. 155).

No lines are clearly marked with 7 or 8 stresses, but the following (stresses from H) seem to be expanded to 7 and 8 feet respectively:

'Or they go rich as roseleaves ׀ hence that loathsome cáme hither!' (p. 159);

'Déed-bound I am; one deed tréads all dówn here ׀ cramps all doing. What do? Not yield,' (p. 157).

106. 'On St. Winefred.' Autograph in H, together with a Latin version. Above both the English and the Latin, which are on separate sheets, is the heading 'A.M.D.G.', and underneath the subscription 'L.D.S.' [Laus Deo Semper.]—[C. W.]

107. ('Margaret Clitheroe.') She was pressed to death at York in 1586. Autograph in H, undated and without title.—[C. W.]

Line 2, *in the chief of bliss*. First version was, 'out of sight with bliss'. —l. 18, *clinching-blind*. The judge who sentenced her was named Clinch.—l. 22, *Thecla*, i.e. St. Thecla. See note to Additional Poems, &c., No. 8.—l. 54, *The Utterer*, &c., the Holy Trinity.

108. '*Repeat that*'. From a scrap in H without date or title.—[R. B.]

109. '*The child is father*.' From a newspaper cutting with another poor comic triolet sent me by G. M. H. They are signed BRAN. His comic attempts were not generally so successful as this is.—[R. B.]

110. 'ON A PIECE OF MUSIC.' Autograph in H, undated. The present text is a new interpretation of stanzas written, without final arrangement, on two separate sheets; it is a compromise between C. W.'s version and that given by Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., in *The Month*, Feb. 1936. The stanza printed last was probably intended, originally, to begin the poem: st. 3, in brackets, was a later variant of it and could be omitted. The subject of the poem, as R. B. says in his Preface (p. 208), is that the artistic individuality is something beyond the artist's control; but the second half of the poem develops the counter-*motif* of st. 2:—though pure art may be 'good' and morally neutral, the man underlying the artist has moral obligations; and moral beauty (the 'right') is the higher perfection. (Cf. *Study*, I, pp. 28–31.)

111. 'ASH-BOUGHS' (my title). In H in two versions; first as a curtal sonnet (like 37 and 46) on same sheet with the four sonnets 68–71, and preceding them: second, an apparently later version in the same metre on a page by itself; with expanded variation from seventh line, making thirteen lines for eleven. I print the whole of this second MS., and have put brackets to show what I think would make the best version of the poem: for if the bracketed words were omitted the original curtal sonnet form would be preserved and carry the good corrections.—The uncomfortable *eye* in the added portion was perhaps to be worked as a vocative referring to the first line (?).—[R. B.]

Rhythm: sprung, five-stress lines; rhythm-marks extend to l. 5 only and appear to be experimental:

'Not of all my eyes see, wandering on the world,

Is anything a milk to the mind so, so sighs deep

Poetry to it, as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.

Say it is ash-boughs: whéther on a Decémber day and furled

Fast or they in clammyish lashtender combs creep . . .'

Line 5, *lashtender*, cf. No. 87 (iv), ll. 5–6.—l. 9, *Mells*, mixes.

112. '*The times are nightfall.*' Revised and corrected draft in H. The first two lines are corrected from the original opening in old syllabic verse:

> 'The times are nightfall and the light grows less;
> The times are winter and a world undone;'

—[R.B.] The fragment seems to be a first sketch for No. 62.

113. '*Hope holds to Christ.*' In H, a torn undated scrap which carries a vivid splotch of local colour.

Line 4, a variant has *A growing burnish brighter than.*—[R. B.]—l. 9, *darkles*, remains in darkness.

114. 'To his Watch.' H. On a sheet by itself; apparently a fair copy with corrections embodied in this text, except that the original eighth line, which is not deleted, is preferred to the alternative suggestion, *Is sweetest comfort's carol or worst woe's smart.*—[R. B.]

Line 7, *One spell*, &c., 'We have only one spell on earth and must use that one well'.

115. '*Strike, churl.*' H, on same page with a draft of part of No. 69.

Line 4, *Have at* is a correction for *aim at.*—This scrap is some evidence for the earlier dating of the four sonnets.—[R. B.] See note to Nos. 68–71.

116. '*Thee, God, I come from.*' Unfinished draft in H. Undated, probably 1885, on same sheet with first draft of No. 61.

Line 2, *day long*. MS. as two words with accent on *day.*—[R. B.]—ll. 6–7, *thy stress*, &c., cf. the 'Deutschland', stanzas 1 and 5–8.—[W. H. G.]—l. 17, above the words *before me* the words *left with me* are written as alternative, but text is not deleted. All the rest of this hymn is without question. In l. 19 *Yea* is right. After the verses printed in text there is some versified *credo* intended to form part of the complete poem; thus:

> 'Jesus Christ sacrificed
> On the Cross. . . .
> Moulded, he, in maiden's womb,
> Lived and died and from the tomb
> Rose in power and is our
> Judge that comes to deal our doom.'—[R. B.]

117. '*To him who.*' Text is an underlined version among working drafts in H.

Line 6, *freed* = got rid of, banished. This sense of the word is obsolete; it occurs twice in Shakespeare, cf. *Cymb.* III. vi. 79, 'He wrings at some distress . . . would I could free 't!'.—[R. B.]

118. '*What shall I do.*' Sent me in a letter with his own melody and a note on the poem. 'This is not final of course. Perhaps the name of England is too exclusive.' Date Clongowes, Aug. 1885. A.—[R. B.]. With H, the song exists complete with accompaniment by W. S. Rockstro.

119. 'ON THE PORTRAIT, &c. Monastereven, Co. Kildare, Christmas, 1886.' Autograph with full title, no corrections, in A. Early drafts in H.—[R. B.]

Stanza 2, l. 4, *heft*, from 'heave'; suggests 'aspiration', 'ambition'.

St. 3, l. 4, *burling*, cf. dial. 'burl', to pour; also purling, swirling.

St. 7, l. 1, *list*, in obs. sense of 'pleasure', 'desire', as well as modern sense of 'tilt'.—ll. 3–4. Like Scotus, G. M. H. is trying to reconcile freedom and necessity (see *Study*, I, pp. 31–2).

St. 8, ll. 1 and 3. In *Study*, I, p. 141, the ellipses are explained: '*Your feast of*; "Your feast of physical beauty, as for instance . . .". *Worst will the best.* "The worst (vices, men) will always prey upon, vitiate, the best (qualities, people)."'

120. '*The sea took pity.*' Undated pencil scrap in H.—[R. B.]

121. 'EPITHALAMION.' Four sides of pencilled rough sketches, and five sides of quarto first draft, on 'Royal University of Ireland' candidates' paper, as if G. M. H. had written it while supervising an examination. Fragments in disorder with erasures and corrections; undated. H.—The text, which omits only two disconnected lines, is my arrangement of the fragments, and embodies the latest corrections. It was to have been an Ode on the occasion of his brother's marriage, which fixes the date as 1888. It is mentioned in a letter of May 25, whence the title comes.—I have printed *dene* for *dean* (in two places). In l. 9 of poem *cover* = *covert*.—[R. B.]

Line 4, *dene*, dell, valley; *clough* (ravine) . . . *cleave*, both from O.E. *cleofa*, a cleft.—l. 11, *of* may be *at*, MS. uncertain.—[R. B.]—p. 172, l. 14, *coffer*, box-like basin in a river.—l. 15, *selfquainèd*. G. M. H. used 'quain' as a form of 'quoin' (= coign), external angle of a wall, wedge-shaped block; but also, possibly, as a back-formation from 'quaint' to indicate (as noun or verb) the fine caprice of natural forms and markings, e.g.—'And if you look at big pack-clouds overhead you will soon find a strong large *quaining* and squaring in them which makes each pack impressive and whole' (see *Journal*, Mar.–Apr., 1871).—l. 38, *shivès*, slivers.

122. '*The shepherd's brow.*' In H. Various consecutive full drafts on the same sheet as No. 75, and date April 3, 1889. The text is what seems to be the latest draft: it has no corrections. Thus its date is between 74 and 75. It might be argued that this sonnet has the same right to be recognized as a finished poem with the sonnets 68–71, but those had several years' recognition whereas this must have been thrown off one day in a cynical mood, which he could not have wished permanently to intrude among his last serious poems.—[R. B.] This sonnet is the last of five full drafts, so it is obvious that G. M. H. took it seriously. The fourth part of *Gulliver* is not placed among Swift's fragments, and this poem is important as expressing a mood the obverse of which is the highest Christian idealism. Yet R. B. was surely right in refusing it a place between Nos. 72 and 73; there it would have struck a jarring note and would have been widely misunderstood. In *Letters*, I, p. 148, G. M. H. says: 'A cynical vein much indulged coarsens everything in us.' Indulged only once, and by such a man as Hopkins, it becomes significant.

Line 8, *viol*, cf. Isaiah xiv. 11: 'Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols'; and 12: 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer . . .'.—ll. 13–14. The aposiopesis marks the culmination of disgust: 'And I that . . . but why mention my own earnestness? Life is a grotesque masquerade, and my own fervours, trials and tantrums are equally trifling.'

123. From the school note-book B. II; date, 1862–3?

124. 'FROM THE GREEK.' C. II, March 1865. The original is:

Εἴ με φιλοῦντα φιλεῖς, δισσὴ χάρις· εἰ δέ με μισεῖς,
τόσσον μὴ μισῇς, ὅσσον ἐγώ σε φιλῶ.—Anonymous.

125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130. The autographs of these poems were discovered in Feb. 1947 by Rev. D. A. Bischoff, S.J., in the Jesuit house at Farm Street, London. Besides the fair copies (125, 127, 128) I now print all the rough drafts which yield coherent texts, omitting only some inchoate scraps of Latin verse. The poems in Latin were almost certainly written in the period 1864–7, while G. M. H. was still at Balliol; the English verses were probably written between Sept. 1867 and April 4, 1868, when the poet was teaching at the Oratory School, Edgbaston. All these manuscripts will eventually be lodged at Campion Hall, Oxford.

125. 'INUNDATIO OXONIANA.' At top left of *recto* 'Mr. Hopkins' is written in another hand; pencilled subscription 'G. M. Hopkins'. Undated; but there was a flood in Oxford in 1865, and the river rose to unusual heights; yet it gained only a passing mention in Jackson's Oxford Journal for that year, and is not mentioned at all under 'Inundations' in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates.*

At the end of l. 20 I have added a comma. In the fourth line from the end there is a faint line scored through the *-um* of *limum* and another through the *m* of *sequacem.*

Classicists whom I have consulted are not unanimous about this poem; but the majority feel that the style, involved and obscure, is not due to metrical difficulties: 'it seems to be deliberate, and is therefore of interest in any study of the writer's development.'

126. ELEGIACS: *Tristi tu, memini.* Undated, on a sheet containing very rough drafts of No. 127 and other Latin verses. Variant of first couplet has a colon after *fuisti* (l. 1) and 'Non illo' for *Illo nec* (l. 2). On another sheet is what appears to be a condensed variant of the whole:

Tristis eras dum me venturum, Cythna, putares.
Et veni et redeo: jam quoque tristis eris.

Adsum gratus ego necopini apparitor ignis,
Inter ego gelidas stella serena nives.

127. ELEGIACS: AFTER *The Convent Threshold.* Undated; no title. See Appendix for Christina Rossetti's poem, and cf. No. 77, 'A Voice from the World'.

128. HORACE: *Persicos odi.* Autograph undated, on notepaper, no title. *Verso* of sheet (a corner of which is missing) shows part of a letter which mentions the visits of Fr. Ignatius Ryder to the Oratory, Edgbaston, and concludes: 'I do not expect to be long here: if I get a vocation to the priesthood. . . .' (See *Letters*, III, pp. 38 and 85.)

Line 1, MS. uncertain: the poet may have intended a compound, 'Persian-perfect'.

129. HORACE: *Odi profanum volgus.* Pencilled on seven sides, with many corrections and variants. After initial 'Why', first half of last stanza is left blank. Text embodies what seem to be the latest variants, with the following exceptions:

Stanza 1, l. 2: 'Grace love your lips!—'

St. 3, ll. 1–2:

'Say man than man may rank his rows
Wider, more wholesale;'

St. 6, l. 1: 'Sleep that comes light and not afraid'

The first stanza is preceded by the following unrelated quatrain:

'Not kind! to freeze me with forecast,
Dear grace and girder of mine and me.
You to be gone and I lag last—
Nor I nor heaven would have it be.'

If, as I suppose, this contains an allusion to his impending vocation to the priesthood, there may be a subliminal connexion with Nos. 128 and 129, both of which commend the simple life.

130. JESU DULCIS MEMORIA. Undated; no title. Written in ink and pencil on three sides, with many variants. The stanzas here translated, drawn from two different versions of this Latin hymn, have been arranged by me as one poem. Stanzas 5 and 6, found on a separate sheet and in reverse order, have been combined with

the others to form what seems to me a satisfactory climax. The earlier variants, which I reject, are as follows:

Stanza 1 (concluding lines):

'Not honey and honeycomb come near
The sweetness though when He is here.'

St. 2:

(i) 'There's no such touching music heard,
There's never spoke so glad a word,
So sweet a thought there is not one . . .'

(ii) 'No music so can touch the ear,
No news is heard of such sweet cheer,
So dear a thought there is not one . . .'

St. 3:

'Thou art the hope, Jesu my sweet,
The soul has in its sighing-fit;
The loving tears on Thee are spent,
The inner cry for Thee is meant.'

St. 5:

(i) 'Who taste of Thee will hunger more,
Who drink be thirsty as before:
What else to ask they never know,
But Jesus' self, they love Him so.'

(ii) 'Jesu, like dainties to the heart
Daylight and running brooks Thou art . . .'

Written probably at the same time and in the same mood as No. 130 is the following:

Ecquis binas

O for a pair like turtles wear,
O wings my spirit could put on!
And where I see the sweet cross-tree
I in an instant would be gone.

131. 'S. THOMAE AQUINATIS RHYTHMUS.' Autograph in H, undated. There are three versions, (1) which seems to be an early draft, (2) a draft partially deleted, but not much unlike the present text, (3) the text given here. In this there are two undeleted alternatives: (1) st. vi, l. 1, has as a note '*or* Like what tender tales tell of the Pelican', (2) st. vii, l. 1, brackets 'shrouded' with

'veiled' as of equal possibility. [C. W.]—St. vi, l. 1, the legendary 'pious' Pelican suckled its young on blood from its own breast.

132. 'ORATIO PATRIS CONDREN.' Autograph in H, undated. This version is written on the back of a page containing part of a deleted draft of No. 131. There are two other drafts, one in ink on a sheet containing the Latin original; the other in pencil on a separate leaf. The title is given in the first as '*To Jesus living in Mary*: a prayer of Fr. Condren of the French Oratory of St. Philip Neri'. There is also an autograph in B, both of English and Latin, which substitutes for ll. 5–6 one of the H variants, i.e.:

'In those most perfect ways Thou wendest,
In the virtues of that life Thou spendest,'—[C. W.]

133. 'O DEUS, EGO AMO TE.' Autograph in H, undated. There are two versions, one with several variations, the other unaltered on the same sheet as and at the conclusion of No. 131. In this original, l. 7 reads 'sufferedst lance and lance'; 'nails and lance' has been substituted here from the other versions.—[C. W.] See next note.

134. THE SAME (WELSH VERSION). The unique draft, in H, is in an unknown hand; it is undated and without alterations. The ascription to G. M. H. is based upon internal evidence of style. Welsh title means, 'The Sigh of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indians'. (The original, attributed to this saint, is in any good collection of Latin hymns.) On seeing a copy of the Welsh poem, Sir Idris Bell wrote: 'The Welsh is certainly better than in the *cywydd*, No. 135, and as the metre is of the English type there are no metrical errors.' In a letter to Sir Idris, Mr. T. Parry writes: 'I should say that it is Hopkins's own work, or at least that it can hardly be a product of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, because the metre is much more regular than what is found in the older period. . . . The syntactical structure of lines 1 and 2 in verse iii strike me as being characteristic of Hopkins. You will notice that they contain a "sangiad". The normal order of words would be "Aneirif ddolur a phoen a chwys darfu it eu dwyn". Hopkins, as you know, was very fond of this device. . . . The language is considerably less faulty for the obvious reason that the author was not

compelled to wrestle with *cynghanedd.* The way he has gone astray in the last verse is sufficient proof, I think, that the author was not a Welshman.'

The following errors have been pointed out by the above-named scholars:

Stanza 1, l. 4, *Y berni* should be *A ferni*; *am fyth* should be *am byth* (the usual soft mutation after *am* does not affect *byth*, which is a borrowing from Irish: 'G. M. H. probably realised that "am byth" was irregular, and "corrected" it to "am fyth".'—[T. P.]).

St. 2, l. 1. The reflexive verb is wrongly used in *hymgofleidiaist.* The use of *oll*, here and especially in st. 3, is unidiomatic. In l. 3, MS. has no commas round *hoelion*; they are obviously necessary.

St. 3. At end of l. 1, MS. has a semi-colon; the sense demands a comma. 'Darfu . . . dwyn' form a compound verb, and should normally go closely together.—[T. P.]

St. 5. *Ond megis,* &c. 'A natural Welshman could not possibly avoid bringing in the conjunctive pronoun here—"Megis y ceraist ti fi y caraf . . . etc." I find that a taste for the conjunctive pronouns is always a good test of a writer's mastery of Welsh.'—[T. P.] Line 2 seems to mean: 'I shall love thee, I love thee', which is less natural than l. 19 of No. 133. Moreover, the construction should be 'dy garu'r wyf'.

Mr. Parry concludes: 'Everything considered, I think the poem betrays very definite signs of being the work of a person who has learnt the language but is not sufficiently acquainted with all the details.' See next note.

135. 'CYWYDD.' Autograph (with many corrections) in H. An emended version of the text, with annotations, was first published by me in *Transactions* (1940) of the Cymmrodorion Society. The present text is author's original, with its nineteenth-century orthography unchanged (e.g. 'cyrhaedd' for 'cyrraedd', 'bummed' for 'bumed', and the now discarded circumflex on 'fod', 'hen', 'dyn', &c.).

G. M. H. learnt Welsh while a 'theologian' at St. Beuno's College, N. Wales, between 1874 and 1877. His authorship here is proved by internal evidence and the bardic signature 'Brân Maenefa'

(see notes to Nos. 28 and 109, and cf. 'Maenefa' in No. 99). A *cywydd* is a peculiarly Welsh poem with no English equivalent. It has seven-syllabled lines all of which include *cynghanedd*, the strict system of rules governing stress, alliteration, internal rhyme, and end-rhyme. In G. M. H.'s poem the *cynghanedd* is incorrect in all lines save 7 and 10. Thanks to information supplied by Mr. T. Parry of University College, Bangor, I am now able to correct a number of errors which crept into the text and notes as published in the *Transactions*.

Author's prefatory note: Line 1, *pharcedig*, mod. 'pharchedig'; *D. Th. Brown.* G. M. H. must have intended to dedicate his *cywydd* to James, Bishop of Shrewsbury, whose diocese included the six counties of North Wales, and whose silver jubilee he celebrated in No. 30. In writing 'D. Th. Brown' he must have confused the Christian name of the Bishop of Shrewsbury with that of Dr. Thomas Brown, Bishop of Newport and Menevia, who was first consecrated bishop as early as 1840, and whose jubilee, even after his translation to Newport and Menevia, could not have fallen in 1876. (See *Note-books*, pp. 211, 399, 400.)—l. 2. *cyrhaedd*; 'am gyrhaedd' is deleted.—l. 3. *Jubil*, i.e. 'Jiwbil'; *daiar*, mod. 'daear'.—l. 4. *fwy*, after 'mwy' deleted.—l. 5. *mai gobeithia*, incorrect for 'y gobeithia' or 'ei fod yn gobeithio'; in MS., after *hefyd*, 'ei fod yn' is deleted. In same line *gael i ei*, &c., is ungrammatical: he intends 'hynny i gael ei gyfnewid'; and *o waith* should be 'trwy waith' = 'through the work'.

Cywydd. In a letter of 1877 (*Letters*, III, p. 95) G. M. H. speaks of having 'none but a small and bad [Welsh] dictionary at command'. The St. Beuno's College library (recently transferred to Heythrop Coll., Oxon.) contains two small dictionaries (Thos. Richards's *Thesaurus*, 1753, and W. Spurrell's *Eng.-Welsh Dict.*, 1848), together with the two vols. of W. Owen Pughe's once-authoritative *Welsh-Eng. Dict.* (3rd ed., 1866–73) and the two vols. of the *Eng.-Welsh Dict.* of D. Silvan Evans (1852–8). Mr. T. Parry tells me that almost every Welsh dictionary compiled and published in the nineteenth century drew upon the work of Pughe (first edition 1793–1803); and most of G. M. H.'s peculiar spellings are given

as first preferences only in Silvan Evans. The poet's 'small and bad dictionary' might have been Spurrell's or one of the many editions of a work by Wm. Richards, LL.D.; all of these give unusual words and definitions derived from Pughe.

Line 1, *llewyn*. Mr. Parry writes: 'It is worth noting the meaning given to it by Pughe (1st ed.)—"A point to which anything verges; a radiating point." (Wm. Richards also gives "a radiating point".) This was undoubtedly the meaning which Hopkins attached to the word; St. Beuno's was the focal point, the centre from which the true faith would radiate throughout Wales.'—l. 2. *ffrydan*, not found in Mod. Welsh; but both Spurrell and Pughe give 'ffrydan—a streamlet', and Silvan Evans, s.v. 'a small stream', gives 'ffrydan'. 'It is', says Mr. Parry, 'a perfectly natural formation from *ffrwd*—stream, and the diminutive ending *-an*.'—l. 3. *gadwyd*, for 'a gadwyd'; omission of the relative, and similar contractions, are common with nineteenth-century writers.—l. 7. Under 'a ddwg', &c. is a deleted variant—'gwan yw, nid gan ddŷn'.—l. 10. *drag'wyddawl*, contraction of 'dragywyddawl'; Mod. Welsh 'dragwyddol'.—l. 11. *ddyniol*, Pughe gives the correct form, 'dyno*l*'.—l. 13. *ela*, a spurious form of the 3rd pers. sing. future of 'myned'—to go, as given (Mr. Parry tells me) on p. 88 of W. Owen Pughe's fantastic grammar of the Welsh language (1803).—l. 14. *Fardd*, mutation incorrect; 'llîf' is deleted. For the meaning, see translation of the whole text given below. Mr. Parry writes: 'This use of "llîf" is not very common, but a parallel example is the scriptural "gwlad yn llifeirio o laeth a mêl",—"flowing with . . ." And anyhow, Hopkins was not the man to use words in their common connections only.'—l. 16. *feddygiaeth*, i.e. 'feddyginiaeth'. The form Hopkins uses is given by Pughe and Silvan Evans.—l. 17. *gwela*, form of the 3rd pers. sing. future of 'gweled', as given by Pughe (*Grammar*, p. 109). 'Hopkins obviously seeks a decidedly future meaning; hence the use of the termination *-a*. Cf. "ela" above.' —[T. Parry].—l. 18. *glân îr gwyryfon*. In the *Transactions*, *îr* was wrongly changed to *i'r*. Pughe gives the adj. 'ir' a substantival meaning—'what is pure, what is fresh'; similarly *gwyryfon* can be either noun (plural genitive—'of [the] virgins') or adjective

(plural). Mr. Parry prefers the reading given in translation below, and as a parallel 'stringing of adjectives' without commas cites 'skeined stained veined variety' (*Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves*).—l. 19. *Brân*, probably taken from the character in the second branch of the Mabinogi, *Bendigaid Fran*, Brân the Blessed.—[T. P.]. But there is, perhaps, a puckish humour in the fact that in Welsh *brân* = crow, rook (cf. the motto to No. 1—'a *frog* against the cicadas').

By collating the various suggestions proffered by Sir Idris Bell, Mr. T. Parry, and Mr. M. Harries (of Dynevor School, Swansea) I arrive at the following translation:

'Address to the Very Rev. Dr. Th. Brown, Bishop of Shrewsbury, on his reaching his five and twentieth year, which is known as the Jubilee; and the poet complains that earth and sea give greater testimony to the old religion of North-West Wales than man; and he says also that he hopes that this will be changed through the work of the bishop.

Our focal point here is bright and glad with the streamlet of many a fountain, a holy remnant kept for us by Beuno and Winefred. Under rain or dew, you will hardly find a country beneath heaven which is so luxuriant. Weak water brings faithful testimony to our vale, but man bears no such witness. The old earth, in its appearance, shows an eternal share of virtue; it is only the human element that is faulty; it is man alone that is backward. Father, out of thy hand there will go a poet from whom will flow the beautiful prime good. Thou bringest by faith a sweet healing, the nourishment of religion; and Wales even now will see true saints—pure, holy, virgin.[1]

Brân Maenefa sang this
April the twenty-fourth 1876.'

[1] The possible alternative reading, 'the holy purity of the virgins', might be an allusion to the eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula; for these are mentioned by Tudur Aled, the Welsh poet (d. 1520), in his 'Cywydd i Wenfrewi Santes' (Ode to St. Winefred), a copy of which is among G. M. H.'s papers at Amen House. It is a cutting from the *Montgomeryshire Mercury* of July 8(?) 1875, and includes a translation and commentary signed 'H. W. L.'. For St. Beuno and St. Winefred see note to No. 105.

136. 'AD EPISCOPUM SALOPIENSEM.' Autograph in H, undated. 'A.M.D.G.' (above) and 'L.D.S.' (below). Deleted under the title are the words: 'annum agentem et sui praesulatus et restituti apud Anglos episcoporum ordinis vicesimum quintum, qui jubilaeus dicitur.' The Catholic hierarchy was restored in 1850, and the Silver Jubilee of James Brown, Bishop of Shrewsbury fell in 1876. See Nos. 30 and 135, and notes.

Lines 9–10. Apart from adding a colon after *quadrat,* I print these obscure verses just as they are written.

137. 'AD REVERENDUM PATREM FRATREM THOMAM BURKE O.P., &c. Apr. 23, 1877.' Autograph in H; no corrections. Text has the heading 'A.M.D.G.' and the subscription 'L.D.S.'. This 'presentation piece' may have been called for by G. M. H.'s Rector. Thomas Nicholas Burke (b. 1830), Order of Preachers, was the celebrated Dominican orator who had lectured and preached with great success in America from 1870 to 1873. He returned broken in health, but continued his mission throughout Great Britain until his death at Tallaght, Ireland, in 1882. He visited St. Beuno's in G. M. H.'s last year at the college.

Lines 19–20. The Latinized names are of eminent Dominican theologians, all commentators on Aquinas: *Gudinus* (Antoine Goudin), 1639–95; *Godatus* (Pedro de Godoy), the Spanish bishop, died 1677, who was often linked in writing as in life with the French *Gonetus* (Jean Baptiste Gonet), *c.* 1616–81; *Cajetanus* (Tommaso di Vio), 1468–1534, cardinal, bishop, voluminous thomist exegete and defender of the *Summa Theologica* against the attacks of Scotus.—ll. 23–4, Burke was at one time novice-master at Woodchester.—ll. 33–4, in 1872 Burke had published four lectures, 'The Case of Ireland Stated', in refutation of the English historian, J. A. Froude.—l. 35, *Guenefrida,* for St. Winefred and the healing properties of her Well see Nos. 105, 106, 135, and note on p. 257.

138. 'AD MATREM VIRGINEM.' Autograph, undated, now at Campion Hall, Oxford. Either Stonyhurst 'May Lines' (like Nos. 26, 42, and 60), or (more probably) done at Christmas, 1881, during G. M. H.'s Tertianship. During this Third Year Novitiate,

Jesuits are expected to write verses in 'the tongues', to keep their hand in at such composition.

139. (MAY LINES.) Autograph in H, undated. Text has the heading 'A.M.D.G. et B.M.V.' (Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam et Beatae Mariae Virginis), and the subscription 'L.D.S.'. The epigraph ('*Ab initio*, &c.') is from Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 14. Fr. Vincent Turner, S.J. supports my opinion that these verses are Stonyhurst 'May Lines' (cf. Nos. 26 and 42); he would assign the poem to the period 1882–4, 'when Hopkins was a priest and had read his theology'. As regards diction and subject-matter, Fr. Turner tells me that *post praevisa merita* and *demerita* are stock technical phrases in the theology of predestination, and in this hymn G. M. H. is playing with them and around them. There is subtlety in the poem, and a good deal of theology in the background; 'but immediately it's a song'.

Translation: 'O doubly predestinated, in that from all eternity thou wert Mother of Christ, [predestined] after the foreseeing of the merits of the Innocent One, again [predestined] after [the foreseeing of] the sins of mankind;—though the former privilege is the purer crown, yet it is the latter which the more readily brings home to the heart the gifts of God. In all truth I should marvel at thee as God's mother (*deiparam*); yet I should not savour thee so sweetly: I should confess a virgin made mother, but not in thee one—the only one—for ever unsullied. But to thy two-fold glory there will always be those things which stand fast and those which have fallen away—both the redeemed sins of mankind and the foreseen merits of the Innocent One.'

The last six lines contain a Chiasmus. Fr. Turner adds: 'In this hymn Hopkins does, I think, presuppose the well-known Scotist theory that the Word would have become Incarnate (though *in carne impassibili*, i.e. "incapable of suffering") even if there had been no Fall and therefore independently of redemption. For otherwise there would hardly be any sense in the *Iterum* [a correction of "Alterum"] in l. 7.'

140. LATIN VERSION OF DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON. From *The*

Stonyhurst Magazine, No. 11, July 1881. The well-known original begins, 'Three poets in three distant ages born'.

141. SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE, IN LATIN AND GREEK. Autographs in A. In text I print all extant versions except the following unfinished rendering of 'When icicles hang by the wall', from *Love's Labour's Lost*:

> Institit acris hiemps: glacies simul imbrices ad imas
> Promissa passim ut horret haec! Camillus
> Pastor, primores quotiens miser afflat ore in ungues,
> Ut ore, rore, vix fovet rigentes!
> Grandia ligna foco fert marcipor uvidis struendo
> Vestigiis in atrium secutus
> Aut stupet, e tepido quod presserat ubere ipse, mulctris
> Haesisse tam liquore posse nullo.

In a letter to R. B. of Oct. 13, 1886, G. M. H. says: 'Fr. Mat Russell of ours . . . who edits a little half-religious publication the *Irish Monthly*, wrote to me lately for an opinion of some Latin verses furnished him; and this led to . . . my suddenly turning a lot of Shakspere's songs into elegiacs and hendecasyllabics (my Latin muse having been wholly mum for years) and sending him one copy (and the rest I believe I can and shall get published in the Trinity *Hermathena* by means of Mr. Tyrrell. . . .' Again, on Oct. 21, 1886: 'You will have seen that in one of the pieces were some phrases borrowed from Horace and Virgil. In original composition this is most objectionable, but in translation it is lawful, I think, and may be happy, since there it is question of matching the best of one language with the best, not the newest, of another. These verses cannot appear in *Hermathena*, which admits no translations. Mr. Tyrrell said he liked them much, but did not himself approve of my Catullian rhythms. I employ them of choice, taking Catullus for my warrant only, not my standard, for metrically Catullus is very unsure.'

(i) Text is that printed in the *Irish Monthly*, vol. xv, 1887 (p. 92); it differs slightly in punctuation from that in A.

(ii) Printed in *Irish Monthly*, vol. xiv, 1886 (p. 628). In A, l. 7 is metrically indefensible:

'Exsequias, quod tu miraberis, illi Phorcys.'

(iv) A letter from Prof. A. E. Housman to R. B., of June 29, 1921, comments on this version rather adversely, but on (vi) favourably. (Quoted from *Letters*, I, p. 320.)

(v) Text is from a copy pasted into A over an earlier version, which is shorter by one line (the 4th) in each strophe. Beneath title is written: '(Greek: Dorian rhythm, freely syncopated, as in drama).' For G. M. H.'s 'great discovery' about the nature of Dorian rhythm see *Letters*, I, pp. 233–4, and below, note to (vii). There he says: 'I added two metrical schemes to my Greek verses for you. They are inconsistent; that is to say, one is fuller than the other.' The scheme for (v) fits only the shorter version; the 'fuller' scheme is that given below in note to (vii).

(vi) Line 3. MS. has an unnecessary comma after *vitis*. See note to (iv).

(vii) 'Dorian rhythm, syncopated, with triplets in resolution.' The metrical scheme is as follows:

σχημα

			◡́◡	″–	◡	–́◡	″–	–	–́◡	″–	◡	′–	–	–̄ ∧
–́◡	″–	◡	′–	″◡◡	–	◡́◡	″–	–	◡́◡◡	″–	–	◡	″–	–̄ ∧
◡́◡	″–	◡	–́◡	″–	–	–́◡	″–	–	–́◡	″–	◡	″–	–	–̄ ∧
			◡́◡◡	–		◡́◡	–	–	–◡́◡	–		◡	″–	–

In the Greek autograph the marks ⌐┘ and └┘ (which indicate a long syllable equal to –◡ and –– respectively) are placed over the syllables which *precede* the vertical lines affected, thus: δένδρεσιν (l. 1), οὐρανίου (l. 4); –◡ is (presumably) a trochee equal to –; ∧ stands for a pause equal to –. These metrical signs derive from

the prosodic system of J. H. H. Schmidt's *Griechische Metrik* (1872), though G. M. H. does not follow that system closely. In the letter already quoted he says: 'The Dorian rhythm arises from the Dorian measure or bar. The Dorian bar is originally *a march step in three-time executed in four steps to the bar.* Out of this simple combination of numbers, three and four, simple to state but a good deal more complicated than any rhythm *we* have, arose the structure of most of Pindar's odes and most of the choral odes in the drama. In strict rhythm every bar must have four steps. Now since four were to be taken to three-time, say three crotchets, (1) one crotchet had to be resolved, (2) only one at a time, and that (3) never the last. Hence the two legitimate figures of the Dorian bar were these: ⏑⏑–– (the rising Ionic) and –⏑⏑– (the choriambus).' He admits certain irregularities: ⏑⏑–⏑ (third paeon); –⏑–– (second epitrite); resolution of the first long into three shorts instead of two, 'exactly as we employ triplets in music'; –⏑–⏒ (double trochee). 'When the measure is more loosely used two new licences appear—syncopation, by which syllables are lengthened so that three fill a bar and so that the last of one bar becomes the first of the next; and triple resolution, so that a bar can have five syllables. By means of syncopation the measure can be made dactylic and practically brought into common time. The strict Dorian can only be found in the odes meant to be marched to.' Of his peculiar stressing he says: 'Naturally the strongest place in the Dorian bar is the second crotchet, not the first, and I have so marked it in the schemes I sent, but perhaps it would be best to mark the first as strongest. . . .' Students of prosody will note the influence of these Greek rhythms upon G. M. H.'s own Sprung and Outriding Rhythms. (See *Study*, vol. ii, chap. ii.)

NOTE ON UNPUBLISHED DRAFTS, FRAGMENTS, ETC.

A. *Early Poems*

All the verse from the early note-books C. I and C. II (dating from Sept. 24, 1863, to Jan. 23, 1866) which was published in the *Note-books and Papers* has now been reprinted in this edition, with the single exception of the continuation of Richard Garnett's *The Nix*,

Besides, there are now printed for the first time here, from C. II, the sonnet 'Myself unholy' (No. 11), three further fragments of *Richard* (see No. 87 and note), and also the pieces numbered 92, 93, 96, and 97. It is proposed that, when a second edition of the *Note-books* is needed, these poems and fragments shall not again be repeated there, but that a reference to this edition shall show the chronological place of each in the text, and that, instead, there shall be printed for the first time all the remaining verse from these two pocket-books. The MSS., with all their cancellations, variants, illegibilities and interruptions, are so confused that it is hard to make an exact estimate of the amount of this verse. The figures given in *Note-books* (p. xxii) took into account only the more substantial fragments; but if every isolated line and metrical jotting is included it appears that there still remain unpublished—very roughly indeed—about 450 lines, excluding obvious variants. Some details of the longer and more important fragments, and of those to which Hopkins himself gave a known title, follow here. Hopkins's titles are in italics, first lines or their beginnings in inverted commas.

(i) *The Lover's Stars*. See *Letters*, III, p. 66. 28 alternately rhyming lines in three fragments.

(ii) *Love Preparing to Fly*. 6 epigrammatic lines, possibly complete.

(iii) *Floris in Italy*. See No. 91 and note. Various fragments, all dramatic and all confused. It may prove possible to make a readable text of 40 continuous lines of one scene in blank verse. Other certain fragments only amount to about 19 lines. One longish scene in indifferent prose certainly (and another possibly) belongs to the play. And see item (ix) below.

(iv) Two two-lined epigrams and drafts for another, all in the same series as No. 82 (i–v) of this edition.

(v) *The Rainbow*. A 7½-line fragment of blank verse, apparently meant to be incorporated in a longer poem.

All the above (except the later *Floris* fragments, which run on into C. II) are in C. I and belong to various dates in July, Aug., or early Sept. 1864. All that follow belong to C. II, which was begun on Sept. 9 of that year and continued to Jan. 23, 1866.

(vi) 'O Guinevere....' 12 lines of blank verse certainly suggested by a passage in the prose sense which may possibly belong to *Floris*.

·(vii) *Stephen and Barberie*. A 15-line blank verse fragment explicitly said to be for a poem of this name.

(viii) 'When eyes that cast about the heights of heaven'. Fragment 11 lines long which may be a draft for a sonnet.

(ix) 'O Death, Death, He is come.' Ten lines which may form one stanza of a projected religious poem. *c.* 10 or 11 Mar. 1865.

(x) [*St. Dorothea.*] See Nos. 19 and 25 and notes. Two quatrains divided between two speakers A. and B. This may be the first conception of the poems on this subject: it belongs to *c.* 11 Mar. 1865.

(xi) 'Confirmed beauty will not bear a stress.' 14 lines, apparently a draft for a sonnet not quite finished or brought into shape. Date Apr. 27, 1865.

(xii) *To Oxford*. The third sonnet with this title, sent to V. S. S. Coles: the last two lines are missing. See *Note-Books*, p. xxii. Cf. No. 12.

(xiii) *Castara Victrix* or *Castara Felix*. A list of characters for this proposed play is entered on Aug. 5, 1865, with an isolated line of verse. In September comes a poem of five quatrains headed 'Daphne', which is the name of one of the characters; it is possibly a song for her in the play. Then almost immediately come three separate fragments of scenes which together make 55 lines of blank verse.

Some of the other remaining lines of verse may have been meant to be incorporated in one or other of the poems mentioned above; but many of them were just jottings in metrical form comparable rather to prose notes already printed in *Note-books*.

All poems mentioned by Hopkins in extant letters as begun or projected in the years 1863–8 are now partly accounted for, except the following:

(*a*) 'I have written a thing . . . called *Grass is my Garland*' (*Letters*, I, p. 62, Mar. 1864). Contemporary with C. I; but no lines in this book can be attributed to it: there is very little verse in the book before July.

(*b*) 'I am thinking of a *Judas*, but such a subject is beyond me at present' (*Letters*, III, p. 66). There is no evidence that this was ever begun.

(*c*) 'I am thinking, on account of the nobility of the subject, of writing for the Latin Verse after Mods.' (*Letters*, III, p. 67). The subject for the coming year, 1865, was *Dantis Exsilium*; there is no evidence that the verses were ever begun.

(*d*) *Beyond the Cloister*, mentioned in Jan. 1867 (*Letters*, III, p. 22), is almost certainly a later title of *A Voice from the World*, as Hopkins says in the same letter that part of it was written in the summer of 1864 and that he 'did send this piece first to *Macmillan's* which is always having things of Miss Rossetti'. See No. 77 and Appendix, p. 280.

(*e*) The projected 'play on the subject of Enzio son of the Emperor Frederick' (*Letters*, III, p. 28, Aug. 15, 1867) may never have been more than the mere joke which it still remains.

No fresh evidence has come to light to change the opinion that the verse Hopkins burnt on becoming a Jesuit in 1868 probably included material contemporary with C. I and C. II (better drafts or finished versions) together with such poems as might have been written between Jan. 1866 and Sept. 1868, except Nos. 19–25 of this edition. It seems clear that between 1866 and 1868 he continued and revised some work of which we have the beginnings; and it is remarkable, in view of the deliberate holocaust, that there is so little altogether

unaccounted for; perhaps the biggest loss is the finished version of No. 77, called *Beyond the Cloister*. Such ambitious works as *Floris*, *Richard*, *Stephen and Barberie*, and *Castara Felix* never perhaps got very far; and there are many indications that even in his later time as an undergraduate Hopkins's increasing piety led him to restrict his verse-writing.

B. *Comic Poems*

The other triolet mentioned in R. B.'s note to No. 109 is extant in A. This will be included in the second edition of *Note-books*.

C. *Latin Poems*

Very rough drafts exist of some Latin poems, one in H, and several in the batch of MSS. discovered at Farm Street in Feb. 1947. For the incomplete Latin version of Bridges's sonnet 'In all things beautiful . . .' see *Letters*, I, p. 242.

H. H.
W. H. G.

ADDITIONAL POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

I

Il Mystico

Hence, sensual gross desires,
Right offspring of your grimy mother Earth!
My spirit hath a birth
Alien from yours as heaven from Nadir-fires:
You rank and reeking things,
Scoop you from teeming filth some sickly hovel,
And there for ever grovel
'Mid fever'd fumes and slime and cakèd clot:
But foul and cumber not
The shaken plumage of my spirit's wings.

But come, thou balm to aching soul,
Of pointed wing and silver stole,
With pointed cithern from high choir,
Tresses dipp'd in rainbow fire,
An olive-branch whence richly reek
Earthless dews on ancles sleek;
Be discover'd to my sight
From a haze of sapphire light,
Let incense hang across the room
And sober lustres take the gloom;
Come when night clings to what is hers
Closer because faint morning stirs;

When chill woods wake and think of morn,
But sleep again ere day be born;
When sick men turn, and lights are low,
And death falls gently as the snow;
When wholesome spirits rustle about,
And the tide of ill is out;
When waking hearts can pardon much
And hard men feel a softening touch;
When strangely loom all shapes that be,
And watches change upon the sea;
Silence holds breath upon her throne,
And the waked stars are all alone.
   Come because then most thinly lies
The veil that covers mysteries;
And soul is subtle and flesh weak
And pride is nerveless and hearts meek.

. . . .

Touch me and purify, and shew
Some of the secrets I would know.

. . . .

Grant that close-folded peace that clad
The seraph brows of Galahad,
Who knew the inner spirit that fills
Questioning winds around the hills;
Who made conjecture nearest far
To what the chords of angels are;
And to the mystery of those Things

. . . .

Shewn to Ezekiel's open'd sight
On Chebar's banks, and why they went
Unswerving through the firmament;

Whose ken through amber of dark eyes
Went forth to compass mysteries;
Who knowing all the sins and sores
That nest within close-barrèd doors,
And that grief masters joy on earth,
Yet found unstinted place for mirth;
Who could forgive without grudge after
Gross mind discharging foulèd laughter;
To whom the common earth and air
Were limn'd about with radiance rare
Most like those hues that in the prism
Melt as from a heavenly chrism;
Who could keep silence, tho' the smart
Yawn'd like long furrows in the heart;

. . . .

Or, like a lark to glide aloof
Under the cloud-festoonèd roof,
That with a turning of the wings
Light and darkness from him flings;
To drift in air, the circled earth
Spreading still its sunnèd girth;
To hear the sheep-bells dimly die
Till the lifted clouds were nigh,
In breezy belts of upper air
Melting into aether rare;
And when the silent heights were won,
And all in lone air stood the sun,
To sing scarce heard, and singing fill
The airy empire at his will;
To hear his strain descend less loud
On to ledges of grey cloud,

And fainter, finer, trickle far
To where the listening uplands are;
To pause—then from his gurgling bill
Let the warbled sweetness rill,
And down the welkin, gushing free,
Hark the molten melody;
In fits of music till sunset
Starting the silver rivulet;
Sweetly then and of free act
To quench the fine-drawn cataract;
And in the dews beside his nest
To cool his plumy throbbing breast.
Or, if a sudden silver shower
Has drench'd the molten sunset hour,
And with weeping cloud is spread
All the welkin overhead,
Save where the unvexèd west
Lies divinely still, at rest,
Where liquid heaven sapphire-pale
Does into amber splendours fail,
And fretted clouds with burnish'd rim,
Phoebus' loosen'd tresses, swim;
While the sun streams forth amain
On the tumblings of the rain,
When his mellow smile he sees
Caught on the dank-ytressèd trees,
When the rainbow arching high
Looks from the zenith round the sky,
Lit with exquisite tints seven
Caught from angels' wings in heaven,

Double, and higher than his wont,
The wrought rim of heaven's font,—

Then may I upwards gaze and see
The deepening intensity
Of the air-blended diadem,
All a sevenfold-single gem,
Each hue so rarely wrought that where
It melts, new lights arise as fair,
Sapphire, jacinth, chrysolite,
The rim with ruby fringes dight,
Ending in sweet uncertainty
'Twixt real hue and phantasy.
Then while the rain-born arc glows higher
Westward on his sinking sire;
While the upgazing country seems
Touch'd from heaven in sweet dreams;
While a subtle spirit and rare
Breathes in the mysterious air;
While sheeny tears and sunlit mirth
Mix o'er the not unmovèd earth,—
Then would I fling me up to sip
Sweetness from the hour, and dip
Deeply in the archèd lustres,
And look abroad on sunny clusters
Of wringing tree-tops, chalky lanes,
Wheatfields tumbled with the rains,
Streaks of shadow, thistled leas,
Whence spring the jewell'd harmonies
That meet in mid-air; and be so
Melted in the dizzy bow

That I may drink that ecstacy
Which to pure souls alone may be . . .

2

A Windy Day in Summer

The vex'd elm-heads are pale with the view
Of a mastering heaven utterly blue;
Swoll'n is the wind that in argent billows
Rolls across the labouring willows;
The chestnut-fans are loosely flirting,
And bared is the aspen's silky skirting;
The sapphire pools are smit with white
And silver-shot with gusty light;
While the breeze by rank and measure
Paves the clouds on the swept azure.

3

A Fragment of Anything You Like

Fair, but of fairness as a vision dream'd;
Dry were her sad eyes that would fain have stream'd;
She stood before a light not hers, and seem'd
The lorn Moon, pale with piteous dismay,
Who rising late had miss'd her painful way
In wandering until broad light of day;
Then was discovered in the pathless sky,
White-faced, as one in sad assay to fly
Who asks not life but only place to die.

4

The Peacock's Eye

MARK you how the peacock's eye
Winks away its ring of green,
Barter'd for an azure dye,
And the piece that 's like a bean,
The pupil, plays its liquid jet
To win a look of violet.

5

MISS Story's character! too much you ask,
When 'tis the confidante that sets the task,
How dare I paint Miss Story to Miss May?
And what if she my confidence betray!
What if my subject, seeing this, resent
What were worth nothing if all compliment!
No: shewn to her it cannot but offend;
But candour never hurt the dearest *friend.*
Miss Story has a moderate power of will,
But having that believes it greater still:
And hide it though she does, one may divine
She only nourishes a wish to shine;
Is very capable of strong affection
Tho' apt to throw it in a strange direction;
Is fond of flattery, as any she,
But has not learnt to take it gracefully;
Things that she likes seems often to despise,
And loves—a fatal fault—to patronize;

Has wit enough, but less than female tact,
Sees the right thing to do, and does not act;
About herself she is most sensitive,
Talks of self-sacrifice, yet can't forgive;
She 's framed to triumph in adversity;
Prudence she has, but wise she'll never be;
Her character she does not realize,
And cannot see at all with others' eyes;
(And, well supplied with virtues on the whole,
Is slightly selfish in her inmost soul)
Believes herself religious, and is not;
And, thinking that she thinks, has never thought;
Married, will make a sweet and matchless wife,
But single, lead a misdirected life.

6

Io

FORWARD she leans, with hollowing back, stock-still,
Her white weed-bathèd knees are shut together,
Her silky coat is sheeny, like a hill,
Gem-fleeced at morn, so brilliant is the weather.
Her nostril glistens; and her wet black eye
Her lids half-meshing shelter from the sky.

Her finger-long new horns are capp'd with black;
In hollows of her form the shadow clings;
Her milk-white throat and folded dew-laps slack
Are still; her neck is creased in close-ply rings;
Her hue's a various brown with creamy lakes,
Like a cupp'd chestnut damask'd with dark breaks.

Backward are laid her pretty black-fleeced ears;
The knot of feathery locks upon her head
Plays to the breeze; where now are fled her fears,
Her jailor with his vigil-organ dead?
Morn does not now new-basilisk his stare,
Nor night is blown with flame-rings everywhere.

7
The Elopement

All slumbered whom our rud red tiles
Do cover from the starry spread,
When I with never-needed wiles
  Crept trembling out of bed.
Then at the door what work there was, good lack,
To keep the loaded bolt from plunging back.

When this was done and I could look
I saw the stars like flash of fire.
My heart irregularly shook,
  I cried with my desire.
I put the door to with the bolts unpinned,
Upon my forehead hit the burly wind.

No tumbler woke and shook the cot,
The rookery never stirred a wing,
At roost and rest they shifted not,
  Blessed be everything.
And all within the house were sound as posts,
Or listening thought of linen-winded ghosts.

The stars are packed so thick to-night
They seem to press and droop and stare,
And gather in like hurdles bright,
  The liberties of air.
I spy the nearest daisies through the dark,
The air smells strong of sweetbriar in the park.

I knew the brook that parts in two
The cart road with a shallowy bed
Of small and sugar flints, I knew
  The footway, Stephen said,
And where cold daffodils in April are
Think you want daffodils and follow as far

As where the little hurling sound
To the point of silence in the air
Dies off in hyacinthèd ground,
  And I should find him there.
O heart, have done, you beat you beat so high
You spoil the plot I find my true love by.

8

St. Thecla

THAT his fast-flowing hours with sandy silt
Should choke sweet virtue's glory is Time's great guilt.
Who thinks of Thecla? Yet her name was known,
Time was, next whitest after Mary's own.
To that first golden age of Gospel times
And bright Iconium eastwards reach my rhymes.

Near by is Paul's free Tarsus, fabled where
Spent Pegasus down the stark-precipitous air
Flung rider and wings away; though these were none,
And Paul is Tarsus' true Bellerophon.
They are neighbours; but (what nearness could not do)
Christ's only charity charmed and chained these two.
She, high at the housetop sitting, as they say,
Young Thecla, scanned the dazzling streets one day;
Twice lovely, tinted eastern, turned Greek—
Crisp lips, straight nose, and tender-slanted cheek.
Her weeds all mark her maiden, though to wed,
And bridegroom waits and ready are bower and bed.
Withal her mien is modest, ways are wise,
And grave past girlhood earnest in her eyes.
Firm accents strike her fine and scrolled ear,
A man's voice and a new voice speaking near.
She looked, she listened: Paul taught long that day.
He spoke of God the Father and His Son,
Of world made, marred, and mended, lost and won;
Of virtue and vice; but most (it seemed his sense)
He praised the lovely lot of continence:
All over, some such words as these, though dark,
The world was saved by virgins, made the mark.
He taught another time there and a third:
The earnest-hearted maiden sat and heard,
And called to come at mealtime she would not:
They rose at last and forced her from the spot.

9

In Theclam Virginem

LONGA victa dic, cum multo pulvere rerum,
  Deterior virtus ut queat esse queror;
Quod lateat niveae cunctos ita gloria Theclae
  Et post Mariam fama secunda meam.
Ducitur antiquis Pauli praeconis ab annis,
  Ducitur Eoo carmen ab Iconio.
Bellerophontëam monstrabat fabula Tarson
  At nunc excussus non male Paulus equis.
Finitima Iconio Tarsus, Cilicemque sequuntur
  Rite suae Paulum proxima fata Theclae.
Sederat in patulis longe pulcerrima tectis
  Forte et in apricas verterat ora vias,
Virgineo insignis cultu, sed sponsa, fereque
  Jam matronalis nactaque Thecla virum.
Mollis in his aetas se temperat arte severa
  Castaque composita membra quiete tenet.

NOTES TO ADDITIONAL POEMS, ETC.

1, 2, 3. These three pieces appeared in a letter of G. M. H. to E. H. Coleridge dated 'Sept. 3rd 1862' and were first published in *The Times Lit. Supplmt.*, Sept. 25, 1948.

1, 'IL MYSTICO'. In the letter to E. H. Coleridge, G. M. H. says: 'The best thing I have done lately is *Il Mystico* in imitation of *Il Penseroso*, of which I send you some extracts. It is not finished yet; write back whether you approve.... The description at the beginning is founded on Milton's "The cherub Contemplation".' At the end of the printed text the poet wrote 'etc., etc.'

Lines 75–76. 'In *Il Mystico* I had formerly instead of the lines resembling them which I have put in the enclosed copy, "And when the silent heights were won, Alone in air to face the sun." Now is that or is it not a plagiarism from Tennyson's *Eagle* "Close to the sun in lonely lands," (see the poem)? I am in that state that I want an unprejudiced decision.' (*loc. cit.*)

4. 'THE PEACOCK'S EYE.' From C. I, 'July–August, 1864.'

5. '*Miss Story's character!*' From C. I, 'August–September, 1864.' Probably begun at Maentwrog, Merionethshire, where G. M. H. stayed at a boarding house with his friends, E. Bond and A. E. Hardy. In a letter to A. W. M. Baillie of Aug. 14, 1864, he wrote: 'We have four Miss Storys staying in the house, girls from Reading. This is a great advantage—but not to reading.' Text is second of two drafts; written below is a variant of ll. 19–20:

'Has wit enough, if she would make it known,
And charms—but they shd. be more freely shewn.'

6. 'Io.' From C. I, September, (or later), 1864. 'I have done very little since I wrote last, except three verses, a fragment, being a description of Io (transformed into a heifer). It sounds odd.' (Letter to Baillie, Sept. 10, 1864.)

Title: Zeus fell in love with Io and changed her into a heifer to

conceal her from the jealousy of Hera. The latter obtained the heifer from Zeus and set the herdsman Argos, who had eyes all over his body, to guard her. Argos ('her jailor') was killed by Hermes.—There are several variants:

Line 6: 'She rests half-meshing from the too-bright sky.'

Line 14: 'The feathery knot of locks . . .'

Lines 17–18: the last of three variants, the others being:

(i) 'Day brings not back his basilisking stare
Nor night beholds a single flame-ring flare.'

(ii) 'Night is not blown with flame-rings everywhere,
Nor day new-basilisks his tireless stare.'

7. 'THE ELOPEMENT.' I am indebted to the Rev. D. A. Bischoff, S.J., for the following: 'Early in 1868, two of the fifth form of the Oratory School, Edgbaston, joined with one of the junior masters, J. Scott Stokes, in editing a weekly journal called *The Early Bird or The Tuesday Tomtit.* Each issue was limited to three handwritten copies, the first appearing on Feb. 18th, 1868. It suffered an early death. One of the issues, however, carried these verses by G. M. H., then a junior master at Dr. J. H. Newman's school; they were followed by a parody, "The Robbery", written by R. Bellasis and W. Sparrow. The original handwritten copies have disappeared. The only record of these verses is found in an anonymous essay, "Early Magazines", *The Oratory School Magazine*, No. 13, Nov. 1895, pp. 5–8.'

St. 1, l. 1, *rud red*, i.e. colour of red ochre (rud, ruddle).

St. 4, l. 2, *press*: 1895 text has 'guess'; but in the Oxford notebook C. II under 'Jan. 22, 1866' is an isolated stanza:

'The stars were packed so close that night
They seemed to press and stare
And gather in like hurdles bright
The liberties of air.'

Hence 'guess' was probably due to a misreading of G. M. H.'s handwriting. With lines 1–4 cf. No. 32, l. 13.

8. 'ST. THECLA.' G. M. H.'s autograph of this and No. 9 (the Latin

version facing the English text) was found in 1952 by Fr. R. Burke Savage, S.J., among the papers of the late Fr. Connolly, S.J., editor of *Studies*. The MS. is now in the archives of the Jesuit community at 35, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

Title: Thecla lived at Iconium, Asia Minor. When St. Paul was preaching on the beauty of chastity she listened to him from a window (or roof), and later, leaving her mother and her bridegroom, decided to follow the apostle of Christ. Although the *Acta Pauli et Theclae* (*c.* A.D. 180) have been declared apocryphal, she is considered a martyr by the R.C. Church; for according to old traditions she 'suffered the torments of flames and wild beasts, confessing her faith in Christ, and escaped death only by the miraculous intervention of God'. (R.C. Breviary.)

Lines 8–10, Bellerophon attempted to fly to Heaven on Pegasus, the winged horse; but Zeus by means of a gadfly caused the horse to throw its rider; *these were none*, i.e. merely mythological.—l. 10, cf. Acts ix. 3–4.

APPENDIX

The Convent Threshold[1]

By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THERE 's blood between us, love, my love,
There 's father's blood, there 's brother's blood;
And blood 's a bar I cannot pass:
I choose the stairs that mount above,
Stair after golden skyward stair,
To city and to sea of glass.
My lily feet are soiled with mud,
With scarlet mud which tells a tale
Of hope that was, of guilt that was,
Of love that shall not yet avail;
Alas, my heart, if I could bare
My heart, this selfsame stain is there:
I seek the sea of glass and fire
To wash the spot, to burn the snare;
Lo, stairs are meant to lift us higher:
Mount with me, mount the kindled stair.

Your eyes look earthward, mine look up.
I see the far-off city grand,
Beyond the hills a watered land,
Beyond the gulf a gleaming strand
Of mansions where the righteous sup;

[1] The text is that of the first edition, published in *Goblin Market and other Poems*, 1862.

Who sleep at ease among their trees,
Or wake to sing a cadenced hymn
With Cherubim and Seraphim;
They bore the Cross, they drained the cup,
Racked, roasted, crushed, wrenched limb from limb,
They the offscouring of the world:
The heaven of starry heavens unfurled,
The sun before their face is dim.

You looking earthward what see you?
Milk-white wine-flushed among the vines,
Up and down leaping, to and fro,
Most glad, most full, made strong with wines,
Blooming as peaches pearled with dew,
Their golden windy hair afloat,
Love-music warbling in their throat,
Young men and women come and go.

You linger, yet the time is short:
Flee for your life, gird up your strength
To flee; the shadows stretched at length
Show that day wanes, that night draws nigh;
Flee to the mountain, tarry not.

Is this a time for smile and sigh,
For songs among the secret trees
Where sudden blue birds nest and sport?
The time is short and yet you stay:
To-day while it is called to-day
Kneel, wrestle, knock, do violence, pray;
To-day is short, to-morrow nigh:
Why will you die? why will you die?

You sinned with me a pleasant sin:
Repent with me, for I repent.
Woe's me the lore I must unlearn!
Woe's me that easy way we went,
So rugged when I would return!
How long until my sleep begin,
How long shall stretch these nights and days?
Surely, clean Angels cry, she prays;
She laves her soul with tedious tears:
How long must stretch these years and years?

I turn from you my cheeks and eyes,
My hair which you shall see no more—
Alas for joy that went before,
For joy that dies, for love that dies.
Only my lips still turn to you,
My livid lips that cry, Repent.
Oh weary life, Oh weary Lent,
Oh weary time whose stars are few.

How should I rest in Paradise,
Or sit on steps of heaven alone?
If Saints and Angels spoke of love
Should I not answer from my throne:
Have pity upon me, ye my friends,
For I have heard the sound thereof:
Should I not turn with yearning eyes,
Turn earthwards with a pitiful pang?
Oh save me from a pang in heaven.
By all the gifts we took and gave,
Repent, repent, and be forgiven:
This life is long, but yet it ends;

Repent and purge your soul and save:
No gladder song the morning stars
Upon their birthday morning sang
Than Angels sing when one repents.

I tell you what I dreamed last night:
A spirit with transfigured face
Fire-footed clomb an infinite space.
I heard his hundred pinions clang,
Heaven-bells rejoicing rang and rang,
Heaven-air was thrilled with subtle scents,
Worlds spun upon their rushing cars:
He mounted shrieking: 'Give me light.'
Still light was pour'd on him, more light;
Angels, Archangels he outstripped
Exultant in exceeding might,
And trod the skirts of Cherubim.
Still 'Give me light,' he shrieked; and dipped
His thirsty face, and drank a sea,
Athirst with thirst it could not slake.
I saw him, drunk with knowledge, take
From aching brows the aureole crown—
His locks writhed like a cloven snake—
He left his throne to grovel down
And lick the dust of Seraphs' feet:
For what is knowledge duly weighed?
Knowledge is strong, but love is sweet;
Yea all the progress he had made
Was but to learn that all is small
Save love, for love is all in all.

I tell you what I dreamed last night:
It was not dark, it was not light,
Cold dews had drenched my plenteous hair
Through clay; you came to seek me there.
And 'Do you dream of me?' you said.
My heart was dust that used to leap
To you; I answered half asleep:
'My pillow is damp, my sheets are red,
There's a leaden tester to my bed:
Find you a warmer playfellow,
A warmer pillow for your head,
A kinder love to love than mine.'
You wrung your hands; while I like lead
Crushed downwards through the sodden earth:
You smote your hands but not in mirth,
And reeled but were not drunk with wine.

For all night long I dreamed of you:
I woke and prayed against my will,
Then slept to dream of you again.
At length I rose and knelt and prayed:
I cannot write the words I said,
My words were slow, my tears were few;
But through the dark my silence spoke
Like thunder. When this morning broke,
My face was pinched, my hair was grey,
And frozen blood was on the sill
Where stifling in my struggle I lay.

If now you saw me you would say:
Where is the face I used to love?

And I would answer: Gone before;
It tarries veiled in paradise.
When once the morning star shall rise,
When earth with shadow flees away
And we stand safe within the door,
Then you shall lift the veil thereof.
Look up, rise up: for far above
Our palms are grown, our place is set;
There we shall meet as once we met
And love with old familiar love.

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